Averagely Abnormal Circumstances

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/2155926.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Dogs, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Matthew Brown (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Ficlet Collection, line dancing, Valentine's Day, Fishing, sick, Hospital, Tattoos, Cooking Lessons, Prank Wars, Sleepwalking, Halloween, Drunk Hannibal, Hangover, Christmas, Trapped, Locked In, Ice Skating, Jealousy, twister game, Swimming, Cheating, Kitten, Trapped In Elevator, Claustrophobia, Injury, Possessive Hannibal, Teacher AU, Beverly finds out, Team Sassy Science, Languages, Scrabble, Power Outage, Shopping, Sharing Clothes, Hannibal in casual clothes, Trapped with no food, Season 3 Finale, Post-Finale, Singing, shower, Dogs, Temporary Blindness, Contest, Movie Night, Kidnapping, Protective Hannibal, Roommates, Self-Medication
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-08-18 Updated: 2019-10-11 Words: 70,265 Chapters: 44/?

Averagely Abnormal Circumstances

by Kotana

Summary

Collection of short stories about average events in the unusual lives of Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham.

Basically just fluff? Goofy little stories? I don't know anymore

Taking all requests, slowly but surely

New Chapter: Hannibal self-medicates

*Previous Chapter: Hannibal and Will are Roommates *

Mud

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Thanks for coming with me," Will stated as he walked along the grassy path with his seven dogs wandering around him. His feet sunk a little with every step due to the rainstorm last night, and he was almost positive his dogs would need a bath by the time they got home.

"I enjoy being in your company," Dr. Lecter replied, stepping carefully to avoid the dirt as much as possible.

Will gave a short laugh. "That's the first time anyone's ever told me that," he remarked.

Dr. Lecter just smiled at Will. "That's a shame, too. They truly are missing out on an interesting friendship."

Will shrugged. "Yeah, well I doubt anyone would be willing to walk my dogs with me like you do." He made sure to keep each canine in his peripheral vision as he ventured through the field.

"It's no trouble, I assure you," Dr. Lecter replied. "Would you like to-"

Will jolted around when he heard a sickening splash. The doctor had completely disappeared from sight. "Dr. Lecter?" Will called out.

The ground moved and Will watched as the psychiatrist rose out of a giant mud puddle. Dr. Lecter was covered from head to toe in brown goo, and he clearly wasn't happy about it. He reached up and attempted to wipe the mud out of his eyes, but his dirty hands didn't work very well.

Will stepped closer, careful to avoid the mud puddle. "Dr. Lecter, do you need some help?"

The doctor shook his head and Will saw that his mouth was still covered in the dirty sludge. Since the man had fallen mid-sentence, Will presumed Dr. Lecter had a mouthful of it as well.

Will stifled a laugh, biting his lip. "Dr. Lecter, you can spit out the mud, I don't mind," he offered.

Dr. Lecter shook his head, flinging specks of brown onto the grass.

Will rolled his eyes in amusement. "It's not rude, and I personally don't care. Go ahead."

Dr. Lecter was quiet a moment, contemplating. At last, the man turned completely away from Will before spitting out the mouthful. "My apologies, Will," he said as he turned back around.

Will nodded before looking over the man. “Are you alright? Is anything hurt?” He asked. The usually composed psychiatrist was a mess. Thick mud clung to every inch of his suit, dripping down in heavy chunks. His face was entirely covered, minus the few streaks where he had tried to wipe it off. There was even mud conformed to his hair, causing to it hang down over his forehead.

Dr. Lecter shrugged and his entire composure seemed to droop. “Nothing is harmed but my dignity.”

Will laughed, unable to stifle it any longer.

Dr. Lecter huffed. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to walk back now.”

Will managed to stop laughing, but an amused smirk was still plastered on his face. “Yeah, sure,” he agreed before whistling out for his dogs to follow.

They walked back to the house in silence except for the squishing sound Dr. Lecter’s shoes made with every step. The psychiatrist had cringed when he’d first heard the suctioning noise, but now Will could tell that he was pretending to ignore it.

When they finally reached Will’s house, Dr. Lecter breathed a sigh of relief.

“Thank you for assisting me back, Will. I’ll see you at our next session,” Dr. Lecter stated as he turned to leave.

“Wait, where are you going?” Will called out.

Dr. Lecter spun back around to face Will. “Home. I am in desperate need of a shower,” he replied.

Will let out a breathy laugh. “You’ve gotta be kidding. For one, you’ll get mud all over the interior of your Bentley,” he said, gesturing to the doctor’s current condition.

Dr. Lecter cocked his head in return. “Then I’ll walk.”

Will rolled his eyes and shook his head. “It’s almost an hour to Baltimore by car; it will take you forever to walk there.”

Dr. Lecter frowned, but didn’t argue. “So what do you propose I do?”

Will shrugged and nodded towards his house. “You can shower here and I’ll lend you some clean clothes.”

The doctor looked down at his suit before looking back to Will. “Thank you for the offer, but I refuse to make a mess of your home,” he replied.

Will groaned, running a frustrated hand through his hair. “Dr. Lecter, I don’t care if you get some mud on my floor, my dogs do it all the time.”

“I am not some rogue canine,” Dr. Lecter retorted. “I have more decency than that.”

Will bit back a sarcastic remark, knowing the psychiatrist probably wouldn't appreciate it. "Fine," he said at last. "I have an idea, come on over here." Will walked along to the back of his house and stood in front of the coiled hose. "Take off your jacket, which probably got the muddiest."

Dr. Lecter seemed hesitant, but eventually obeyed. He peeled the blue plaid suit coat off only to reveal an equally filthy vest and undershirt.

Will sighed. "Great. Go ahead and get rid of those layers too, they're just as dirty," he stated.

Dr. Lecter looked down and began to undo his tie, only to have mud drip down his forehead and into his eye.

Will watched slightly amused as the doctor then attempted to wipe the dirt out with his sleeve, which only succeeded in smearing more mud across his face.

"Well you certainly aren't a 'rogue canine', you'd never survive in the wild," Will mocked, sensing Dr. Lecter's exasperation. "To be honest, it's a little pathetic."

Dr. Lecter growled, unable to get his fingers through the mud-caked tie knot. Will laughed before finally stepping forward to help his psychiatrist. His nimble fingers easily undid the knot, minus a few of his normal shakes and twitches. He removed it and threw it to the side carelessly, knowing the fabric was beyond restoration even if it did cost more than Will's entire house.

Dr. Lecter's eyes moved up from his tie to lock briefly with Will's. "Thank you."

Will shrugged it off, feeling the tips of his ears turn red.

The doctor looked back down and started to work on the small vest buttons, but that was going no better than the tie. Will watched as the man's muddy fingers tried to twist the buttons free of the fabric, but they couldn't quite grip the smooth texture.

Will smirked, holding back any more comments. "Here, I can probably get it done faster."

Dr. Lecter dropped his hands in defeat and allowed Will to undo each button. Will finally was able to get the vest off and began on the dress shirt, trying to ignore the doctor's watchful eyes and warm breath. Will usually stayed in his own personal space, but for some reason he found that the psychiatrist's company was far more tolerable than most other people's.

"There," Will stated once he'd detached the final button. He let the shirt hang loosely over the doctor's shoulders and stepped backwards, retaining his personal space. Dr. Lecter smiled in appreciation and shrugged out of the dress shirt.

Will caught himself staring at Dr. Lecter's torso for longer than what would be considered appropriate, and he immediately averted his gaze. His face reddened when he felt the doctor watching him. "Er, you're muddy there too," Will muttered, giving a weak explanation for his rude staring.

"I believe that was apparent at first glance," Dr. Lecter mentioned.

Will pretended he didn't hear the comment, silently cursing the smug psychiatrist. He cleared his throat and brought his eyes back up to meet the doctor, trying to express some confidence in continuing with the task at hand.

"Anyways, I must confess that I didn't expect the mud to get through all the layers of your suit," Will said in a light tone, hoping to get rid of the awkward tension.

Dr. Lecter gave a half-smile. "Well when I am completely submerged, the filth has a tendency to fill in through sleeves and collars, despite my attire," he explained, vague sarcasm hinting in his tone. "Which now I am led to ask, what exactly is your plan? I assume you didn't make me remove half my clothes just to mock my unfortunate situation."

Will laughed, breaking eye contact with the psychiatrist. "Yeah, well to be honest I didn't work this all out yet. But I think what I did have planned would be better executed if you took off all the muddiest garments."

Dr. Lecter narrowed his eyes, unsure.

Will raised an eyebrow. "Don't you trust me, doctor?" Will smirked, knowing the man valued Will's personal ties to him more than his dignity.

"Very well," Dr. Lecter sighed before slipping out of his muddy slacks, leaving him in only his black silk boxers.

Will felt his face heat up and he turned away. He reached down for the water hose on the ground and, after giving it a moment's thought and deciding to be immature, attached the power pressured nozzle. He spun back around to face the doctor, hose aimed forward.

A vague expression of shock and realization crossed Dr. Lecter's face. "Will-," he began, only to be silenced when Will pulled back the trigger.

Will couldn't help but smile as the pressurized water drilled the psychiatrist directly in the face. He watched as Dr. Lecter twisted and squirmed away from the powerful stream. He considered the fact that the water is likely stinging the doctor's skin since he was standing relatively close, but he figured that Dr. Lecter could deal with it.

"Will, wait for a moment!" Dr. Lecter yelled out, turning his back to the water.

Will sighed and released the trigger. "What?"

Dr. Lecter turned back around, water dripping from his hair over his face. He wrapped his arms over his chest, glaring at Will. "There's bound to be a better way to do this."

Will shrugged. "Nothing this easy and efficient. Besides, you were too picky to go in my house and take a shower. And to be honest, it's kind of amusing." With that being said, Will clenched his hand and blasted the doctor in the stomach.

Will had to admit, he didn't have the greatest life and it certainly wasn't fun by any means. But here, in this moment, Will was having the time of his life. He loved seeing the smug, classy psychiatrist look so helpless and pissed.

Once Will was sure he'd sprayed literally every inch of the psychiatrist, he finally turned the hose off. "I'll go get you a towel and some clothes," he stated, smirking at Dr. Lecter as he walked by.

Will took his sweet old time gathering a towel and some of his old clothes. He imagined the doctor standing in the middle of the yard with nothing but boxers on. By the time he made it back outside, Dr. Lecter had already plastered on a visibly fake smile.

"Thank you, Will," he stated coldly, taking the towel and wiping off all the excess water dripping down.

Will sighed. "Are you mad at me now?"

Dr. Lecter gave Will the towel back and began attempting to pull a too-small button up shirt over his shoulders. "I'll admit, I was certainly surprised, and your actions were quite rude," Dr. Lecter replied. "But no, I could never be angry with you."

Will smiled, relaxing when the doctor's gaze softened. He bit his lip to stifle his laughter as he watched Dr. Lecter try to squeeze into Will's clothes. When Dr. Lecter was looking down to work on the buttons of the shirt, Will quickly stepped forward and lightly pressed his lips to the doctor's cheek. He immediately retreated back into his own personal space, feeling his cheeks heat up.

"Uh, sorry for the hose thing," he muttered, looking away.

Will couldn't see it, but Dr. Lecter's lips had curled up into a genuine smile and his eyes showed a light that no one's ever witnessed before.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading, I don't really know where I'm going with all these short story things. Ideas, recommendations, and collaborations are always accepted:)

Next Chapter: No one has ever woken Will up from one of his sleepwalking episodes before, and Hannibal is going to find out why.

Sleepwalking

Chapter Summary

No one has ever woken Will up from one of his sleepwalking episodes before, and Hannibal is going to find out why.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Are you sure this is… okay?"

Hannibal smiled reassuringly at Will. "Of course. This is strictly professional."

Will seemed reluctant. "Alright, well what's the plan anyway?"

Hannibal began walking upstairs to his bedroom, beckoning for Will to follow. "Your sleepwalking habits have become a danger to your own safety. Waking up in the middle of the road miles from home is not something that should be repeated. By sleeping in my home, in bed beside me, I will be here to wake you up if you're beginning to wander," he explained.

Hannibal neglected to mention how he may or may not study Will in his dream-inflicted stupor, but he figured it was for the best.

"No one's ever really woken me up before," Will mentioned. "I thought you weren't supposed to wake sleepwalkers."

Hannibal opened his bedroom door and allowed Will inside, watching as he gaped at the finely decorated interior. "That is only recommended for the safety of other people. You will not be harmed in any way if I wake you up. Disorientated, possibly, but perfectly safe."

Will turned back to face Hannibal, eyes locking for a brief moment. "So that means that you could get hurt instead, right?"

"The only way I could get hurt is if you attacked me. If your brain continues to rest in REM mode while you are sleepwalking, then your consciousness is still in your dream. You will not know what you are doing or why, meaning that if you feel threatened in your mind, you could lash out," Hannibal stated.

Will frowned. "I don't want to hurt you."

Hannibal stepped closer to his patient and gave him a gentle smile. "I doubt you will be able to harm me, but I appreciate your concern." He pulled back the covers of his bed and patted

the mattress, looking to Will for his compliance. “Now would you like to borrow some pajamas?”

Will sighed, giving a weak smile in return. “I’m fine with my undershirt and boxers, if that’s alright with you.”

Hannibal nodded and walked to the bathroom to change into his silk sleepwear, and when he returned Will was already sitting stiffly on the far end of the king sized bed. Hannibal sat down on the opposite side and reached over to turn off the lamp, enveloping the room in darkness. He could already smell the nervous sweat and encephalitis emanating from his patient.

“Goodnight Will,” he whispered.

oOo

Hannibal awoke to the sound of sheets ruffling and bare feet landing on the bedroom floor. He sat up and squinted into the darkness, barely making out Will’s figure in the pale moonlight shining in from the window.

“Will? Are you awake?”

Hannibal received only silence in reply, and he watched as Will began to walk slowly out of the room. Hannibal swung his legs over the side of the bed, running a hand through his hair before standing up to follow his patient.

In the dark, Hannibal misjudged the distance between his bed and the doorway, unceremoniously banging into a few dressers on the way out. He made it to the hallway, where he vaguely saw Will standing at the top of the stairs. He ran his hand across the wall, attempting to locate the light switch.

“Will!” He called out, loud enough to be heard from anywhere throughout the house. Will still seemed unfazed, and he began making his way down the stairs.

Hannibal bit back a curse, giving up on the switch. They were apparently going downstairs anyway. He kept his hand on the railway as he wandered blindly to the stairs. Will was almost at the bottom already, and Hannibal wondered how he was able to maneuver so well in a foreign home in the middle of the night.

Hannibal tried to step downward, only to miss the first stair entirely. After roughly sliding down about six stairs, he caught himself and forced his mind to relax. He mentally pictured his entire floor plan, hoping his memory was enough to get him to the next light.

He stumbled his way down the rest of the stairs and at the bottom, flipped on the light switch located on the left-hand wall. He narrowed his eyes against the sudden brightness before finally catching sight of Will turning the corner into the living room.

The light didn’t seem to have any effect on Will’s sleepwalking, and Hannibal moved quickly to reach Will before he could travel any further.

“Will!” Hannibal called, catching up to his patient. When the man didn’t reply, Hannibal cautiously reached a hand out and placed it on Will’s shoulder.

Will stopped moving immediately.

“Will?” Hannibal whispered, wondering if he’d finally startled the man out of his trance.

Then Will took off running. Hannibal growled and sprinted after him, following him through the kitchen and dining room. Whatever Will was running from in his dream, he sure seemed intent on getting away. Once they had run into a room with slightly more open space, Hannibal took a risk and leaped at his patient.

His landed with a thud on top of Will, successfully pinning him down. Hannibal found himself breathing heavily, and Will seemed to be sweating through his undershirt beneath him. No matter how roughly they had landed, Will still didn’t wake up. Hannibal noticed that he did however seem to fall into a deeper sleep. Hannibal could feel Will’s heartbeat slowing down, and he decided it was safe to get off the smaller man.

Hannibal looked down at Will, his own fatigue beginning to weigh on him. He considered carrying his patient back upstairs, but thought better of it. Too much effort with little or no payoff. He would simply explain in the morning what happened and why they were down here. However, he knew he couldn’t leave Will on the hardwood floor in only a t-shirt and boxers; that would be rude.

Hannibal made the trek back upstairs to gather some blankets. He would have to sleep on the couch beside Will for tonight. He was just carrying the stack of folded blankets downstairs when he heard the front door slam.

Hannibal swore under his breath and dropped the stack, running down the stairs and through the foyer. He had barely enough sense to put on his long coat and shoes before darting outside after Will.

The cold autumn air did nothing to wake Will up, and Hannibal watched the man walk off in the distance. He ran across the pavement, trying to catch up with his patient. Luckily no one was driving at this hour, so at least he didn’t have to worry about any cars crashing into him. None of his neighbors should be awake either, so he won’t get any concerned questions as to why he was chasing a half-dressed man down the street in the middle of the night.

Once Hannibal was close enough to Will, he walked silently up behind him and wrapped two strong arms over the other man’s torso. Will struggled in his grasp, but he still wouldn’t wake up. After thrashing around for a few more minutes, Hannibal felt Will fall limp in his arms.

Hannibal sighed in relief before hoisting Will up over his shoulder. The man was considerably thin, and he didn’t weigh any more than what could be expected. Hannibal managed to shrug out of the opposite shoulder of his coat and wrap it over Will, hoping to give the man some warmth.

At last Hannibal made it back to his house. Walking through the door, he “accidentally” knocked Will’s head on the doorframe. He was unsure as to whether he did it in attempt to

wake the man up or just to get revenge for all of tonight's events. Either way, Will remained fast asleep. The empath simply wouldn't wake up until his subconscious wanted him to.

Hannibal dropped Will onto the floor, not wanting to make the journey upstairs. He knew he couldn't leave his patient alone, Will could easily wander off again. Of course, Hannibal owned restraints for his personal work, but he didn't want to bother trying to explain that to Will in the morning.

Exhaustion and weariness must've been impacting Hannibal's logical thought process, because at that moment he decided it was best just to collapse right next to Will and wrap a tight arm around his waist. If Will even attempted to move, he would most definitely feel it. Once he was sure that Will was secure, Hannibal dozed off.

oOo

"Um… Dr. Lecter?"

When Hannibal felt Will squirm, he instinctively tightened his arm. It took him a moment to realize that his patient had spoken, and was finally awake.

Hannibal opened his eyes to see his patient awkwardly trying to scoot back into his own personal space. Hannibal smiled before releasing his grasp on Will.

"Why are we downstairs on the floor?" Will asked.

"You were sleepwalking last night," Hannibal replied simply.

Will frowned. "I thought you were supposed to wake me up."

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter: (probably going to be a little weird and on the verge of crack, but oh well.) Hannibal has never partaken in a "Line Dance" before, and Will decides to teach him.

(Sorry)

Line Dancing

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has never partaken in a "Line Dance" before, and Will decides to teach him.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long to post this, I was quite hesitant to post it at all. I'm so so sorry for this chapter, it's really fucking stupid and ooc at times, and I wasn't even gonna put it up but whatever. It's probably the worst fic ever written and it's super cheesy and cliche so yeah I'm really sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“No.”

“Come on, Will, please?” Beverly was persistent, her whines loud enough to be heard over the music.

“I’d really rather not. I don’t want to be here at all,” Will muttered. He hated these stupid parties that the BAU always put on, but Jack Crawford made it clear that attending these events were not optional.

At least this year Will had been able to drag Dr. Lecter along with him. The psychiatrist even stood politely in the corner of the room with Will, despite being a very sociable person.

“Just one song,” Beverly pleaded. “I’ll even pay the DJ to play one that you like.”

Will rolled his eyes and tugged nervously at his sleeves. He even hated the suit he was wearing. It was way too tight and uncomfortable. “I don’t want to dance, Bev. To be brutally honest, I can’t dance anyway.”

Beverly groaned. “Okay, I’ll request a line dance of some kind. Then everyone’s doing the same thing so you won’t feel left out or inadequate.”

Will shook his head and looked to Dr. Lecter for help.

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to agree with Miss Katz,” Dr. Lecter stated.

Will glared at him. “Why?”

“Human interaction is a necessary aspect of life. I believe it would be good for your therapy if you made an attempt to be around other people,” the doctor replied.

Will huffed. “By making a fool out of myself and trying to dance?” He looked down, carefully avoiding the psychiatrist’s gaze.

“More or less,” Dr. Lecter agreed. “By inserting yourself among a group of people, you are socializing to some degree. However, due to the music and dancing, you won’t actually have to converse with anyone.”

Will shrugged his shoulders. He hated that the man was making sense. “Fine,” he said at last, turning towards Beverly.

Beverly beamed. “Hannibal, you can come too!”

That brought a small grin to Will’s face. The idea of Dr. Lecter dancing seemed ridiculous.

“No thank you, but I appreciate the offer,” Dr. Lecter replied with a smile.

“If I have to go, so do you,” Will stated. He narrowed his eyes at the man, waiting for his compliance.

Dr. Lecter sighed. “I would prefer it if I stayed here.”

“Let’s go already,” Beverly said, grabbing Will’s hand and dragging him off towards the dance floor.

Will managed to reach out and grasp the lapels of Dr. Lecter’s suit, successfully pulling the man along with him.

Once Will was brought to the center of the crowd, Beverly ran off to talk to the DJ. After a few moments, Will heard a familiar song. He sighed and looked over to Dr. Lecter, who was desperately trying to smooth his jacket where Will had held onto it.

Will groaned when Beverly returned with a grin on her face. Watching her begin to follow along with everyone else who was doing the same dance just made Will regret his existence even more.

Will turned away from her to face Dr. Lecter, who stood perfectly still. Will noticed that the man looked a little confused.

“What’s wrong, Dr. Lecter?” Will called out over the music. “Haven’t you ever heard of the Macarena?”

The psychiatrist frowned upon realizing that everyone else was performing the same motions. “I can’t say that I have.”

Will laughed, averting his gaze. “I guess I could show you if you’d like. It’s really simple, so it’s not like you’ll stand out if you’re not doing it perfectly.”

Dr. Lecter smiled back at Will. “I suppose I could attempt to learn it.”

Will waited for the song to repeat back to the first motion. “You, uh, just move one arm at a time. You stick them out in front of you first, then turn your hands over, move them to your shoulders, head, legs, and hips,” he began to explain, demonstrating each motion as he talked. He felt his cheeks heat up under the doctor’s gaze.

“Then at the end of the sequence, you kinda… roll your hips. Then you jump and turn sideways, and the whole thing repeats,” Will finished. “Do you think you can do that?”

Dr. Lecter seemed hesitant, most likely wondering if there was any way to get himself out of this situation. Will had a lot of difficulties when he tried to empathize with the psychiatrist, but the expression he showed now was quite clear.

“Hey, you’re the one who said coming out here to dance would be good for me, so the least you can do is suffer with me,” Will mentioned.

Dr. Lecter sighed and Will knew he’d won. The man waited for the correct timing of the song before reluctantly sticking his arms out and following along with the group.

Will bit his lip and looked away to stifle his laughter. Everything about Dr. Lecter trying to dance the Macarena was ridiculous. For one thing, the man danced as if he were glued down to a board. Each movement was rugged and stiff. It wasn’t necessarily off-beat, it was just passionless. Not to mention the fact that whenever he had to move his hands behind his head, he did so extremely carefully as to not mess up his perfectly slicked-back hair.

“You know,” Will yelled above the noise, “For doing the same thing as everyone else, you’re doing it a hell of a lot worse.”

Dr. Lecter frowned and narrowed his eyes at Will. “Well what am I doing wrong?”

Will shrugged. “I don’t know. Everything? Try moving your hips more.”

The crowd of people jumped to their side, turning so that Will was behind the psychiatrist. Dr. Lecter still looked stiff, so Will took a deep breath and stepped closer to the man. It helped not having the doctor facing him, but that didn’t stop his entire face from turning red. His hands were shaking worse than usual, but Will still managed to reach forward and rest them on Dr. Lecter’s hips.

Will felt the doctor tense up slightly and twist his neck around, but Will just looked down and avoided the stare. He began to sway Dr. Lecter’s hips to the beat of the music. When the verse ended, he jumped sideways with the rest of the dancers and retreated back into his own personal space.

Will knew that Dr. Lecter was watching him now. He could see the man’s semi-confused gaze out of his peripheral vision. This seemed like the longest verse yet, and Will sighed in relief when the group turned again, leaving Will in front of Dr. Lecter.

About halfway through the motions, Will felt a touch from behind him. A finger trailed along his spine, making his skin tingle. Will stiffened, but he didn't pull away.

When the group turned for the last time, Will could tell that Dr. Lecter was deliberately looking away from him. One time Will managed to catch the older man's eyes, but Dr. Lecter just smiled and looked away, continuing the ridiculous dance.

After what felt like forever, the song ended. Beverly was on the border of hysteria, and Will began to wonder how long she was watching him and the doctor. She winked at him, walking away. Will was about to follow after her to explain himself when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

When Will turned around, he was face to face with Dr. Lecter. The man took Will's hand in his own with a smile.

"Will you allow me to show you how to truly dance?" Dr. Lecter asked, speaking softly in Will's ear.

Anything Will wanted to say got caught in his throat, so he just nodded.

Dr. Lecter motioned to the DJ and instantly a slow melody started playing. All the drunks that were previously on the dance floor stumbled off to renew their buzz, leaving only a few other people besides Will and his psychiatrist.

Will's heart rate accelerated when Dr. Lecter turned back towards him, holding onto Will's hand and wrapping his other arm around Will's waist. He knew his hand had to have felt gross and sweaty, but Dr. Lecter didn't seem to notice. Or if he did, the man didn't appear to care. The doctor pulled Will nearer to him, closing the distance between them.

Dr. Lecter was much more graceful than Will could've ever imagined, and he glided around the floor with ease. Will, on the other hand, stumbled over both his own feet and the doctor's.

To make things even more difficult, Dr. Lecter then began to try and twirl Will. On multiple occasions, Will would lose balance completely and instinctively grab the first thing he could get his hands on. However, no matter how many times Will ended up pulling Dr. Lecter's necktie and nearly choking him, the psychiatrist would just smile down at him.

Before long, the song was ending. Even so, Will managed to trip over Dr. Lecter's leg one last time. His hands darted out, but he missed the tie and felt himself begin to fall.
A strong arm supported Will's back, keeping him just above the ground. As Will met Dr. Lecter's dark eyes, he realized that he'd just stumbled into a very clumsily executed dip.

A million thoughts ran through Will's head, but each and every one was forgotten when Dr. Lecter pulled him into a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry again.

Next Chapter: There's a dog in Hannibal's house. There should never be dogs in Hannibal's house.

(I'm running out of ideas here, guys. Help?)

Intruder

Hannibal awoke to a crash from downstairs. His eyes flicked open and he stayed perfectly still, listening. When he heard another bang, he quickly sat up and reached over onto his bedside table and slid his scalpel out from its hiding place under his alarm clock. With the cold metal held tightly in his fist, he stood up and made is way towards the door.

Hannibal stepped as lightly as he could, and after living in his house for so long, he was able to avoid all of the areas where the floorboards creaked. He silently descended down the staircase and stopped at the bottom, waiting to make his move.

Another clatter came from Hannibal's kitchen, followed by a wet sound that he couldn't identify. He moved quickly and strode over to stalk just around the corner of the kitchen entrance. There was a tapping sound on the linoleum and Hannibal waited until the sound came closer. Once they were within range, Hannibal swung around the bend to attack.

However, what Hannibal didn't expect was for his intruder to be so low to the ground, standing on four legs and covered in matted fur. Hannibal stumbled forward a few steps before regaining his balance and turning to face the filthy canine.

The dog was mostly a golden and white color, with flecks of gray thrown in. That is, of course, minus all the mud and grime caked into its coat. It was relatively thin, which was to be expected from a stray, and it had piercing blue eyes. The animal stared Hannibal down for a few moments before turning around and padding over to the kitchen counter.

On four legs, the dog was about two and a half feet tall, but when it jumped up and rested its front two paws on the granite surface, it stood over four feet. Hannibal was then able to quickly identify the wet sound as the canine's tongue smearing against his countertop.

Hannibal glared down at it with distaste before reluctantly walking over to it, careful to avoid the broken dishes that the animal had caused to fall and break apart. At least that explained all the crashes he'd heard. He stared down at the dog that, in turn, got off the counter and sat back on its haunches, gazing expectantly up at him. Hannibal nudged it with his foot.

"Go."

The dog backed up a step before sitting down again.

Hannibal huffed and exited the kitchen, walking over towards the front door. He whistled, and surprisingly the dog perked up from the other room and ran over. Hannibal opened the door, allowing the cool night wind to blow in. He nudged the dog again.

"Get out, go."

The dog whined, but didn't leave.

Hannibal did a quick examination, checking the dog's eyes, claws, and teeth. It was dirty and uncared for, but not infected with anything. Hannibal sighed before bending down and manually forcing the animal out of the door. He disregarded the dog's pleading gaze and shut the door. He brushed any fur off of his nightshirt before turning to go back to bed.

Before Hannibal could get very far, a high pitched howl loud enough to wake up the entire country sounded from outside. This, of course, was followed by rough scratches on Hannibal's wooded front door.

Hannibal sighed and checked the clock. 3:07 a.m. He waited until 3:31, but the howling continued. He clenched his jaw in irritation, but he still went back downstairs and opened the front door. The last thing he wanted was a bunch of complaints from his neighbors and to have to replace a damaged door.

The animal happily jogged in, running around the corner and into the living room before settling itself on the couch. Hannibal fought the urge to kill the dog right there, and he instead walked over to the phone. He was hesitant when he'd checked the time, but after hearing the dog jump down off the couch only to run over and knock down one of his priceless artworks, he dialed the number.

"Hello?" Will's voice was groggy and it wavered when he spoke. Hannibal assumed it was another nightmare-filled slumber.

"Sorry to bother you at this hour, Will," Hannibal apologized.

Will took a moment to respond, his half-conscious mind unable to react to the conversation just yet. "Uh, yeah it's fine. Is something wrong?"

"I was wondering if I could have your assistance, it appears that a stray dog has found its way into my house." Hannibal explained.

"A dog?" Will asked, every ounce of weariness disappearing from his voice. "I'll be over as soon as I can."

oOo

Hannibal waited the hour that it took for Will to drive over from Wolf Trap, nearly helpless against the wild canine that seemed intent on knocking over absolutely everything in the house. Hannibal sighed in relief when he finally heard a knock on the door.

"Thank you again for coming," Hannibal greeted when he opened the door, letting Will inside.

Will smiled quickly at Hannibal before brushing past him and walking further into the house. "No problem, where's the dog?"

Hannibal followed Will into the living room, an amused smile on his face when he saw the man light up and run towards the canine.

“She looks like a mix between a golden retriever and a husky. She seems pretty healthy, too, despite being underweight,” Will informed.

Hannibal didn’t really care about the creature, and at this point he just wanted it out of his house. “Alright. She’s all yours.”

Will crouched down beside the dog to pet it, and it immediately rolled onto its back. Will smiled before turning back to the psychiatrist. “She came into your house, you should keep her.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “I assure you, I have no interest in caring for that animal.”

Will shrugged. “I mean, I’d love to have her, she’s adorable. Shouldn’t you at least name her? I owe you that since you’re the one who saved her.”

Hannibal huffed. “I didn’t save it from anything, it broke into my house and wouldn’t leave me alone.”

Will was persistent. “Either way, I think you should name her. I’ve named seven dogs already, and this one should be special to you.”

Hannibal glared at the dog. “Fine. She shall be called Nuisance because that is what she is.”

Will grinned and rolled his eyes. “Come on, Dr. Lecter. You can do better than that.”

“No I cannot. Besides, what better is a name than one that fits her personality?” Dr. Lecter argued.

Will stood up from petting the dog and walked over to Hannibal, locking eyes for as long as he could withstand it. “She’s not a nuisance. She’s a dog; you can’t expect her to obey all your household rules, at least not without some training. Now think, what’s something you really care about? If you give her a name that you love and you’ll come to love her.”

Hannibal was quiet for a few long minutes before looking down into the dog’s light blue eyes. He had to admit, the animal was slightly adorable. “Mischa,” Hannibal stated, turning back towards Will. “Now take her back to your house.”

oOo

Hannibal woke up to a heavy weight on his chest. He opened his eyes to see a pile of fur staring back at him. He was positive Will had taken her back to Virginia, so why was she here? Hannibal raised his hand up and stroked the animal, its coat now clean. She leaned into his touch, her tongue flicking out to lick his arm.

She had a new collar on, and Hannibal assumed she’d obtained it from when Will had her. Attached to the back of the collar, in Will’s distinct handwriting, was a note that read:

Mischa wanted to go home

Fishing

“I truly doubt that I’d be any good at it.”

Will ignored Dr. Lecter’s excuse and loaded up his tackle box. “You’ll never know unless you try it.” Will closed the lid and turned back to face the psychiatrist. “Besides, you’re already here, so you might as well come with me.”

Dr. Lecter sighed quietly. “I only came over to bring you some lunch, assuming that you neglected to eat again.”

Will shrugged. “Good, now we already have food packed.” He gathered his fishing poles and propped them up on the table next to the box, already decided that the doctor was going with him. He refused to lose this argument. “Now, if you want to borrow some clothes then I’d be happy to give them to you.”

Dr. Lecter looked down at his blue plaid suit and paisley tie. “Why do I need to change? We’ll be in a boat, so I don’t expect to get wet.”

Will huffed. “Fine, but don’t say I didn’t warn you,” he said, pulling on his own boots and gear. “Let’s go, already.”

oOo

Will drove the small boat away from the dock, smirking to himself. He’d heard Dr. Lecter groan when his shoes submerged in the small puddle gather at the bottom of the boat. However, he knew the doctor wouldn’t admit that he was wrong not to change clothes.

“You do this for enjoyment?” Dr. Lecter muttered when they began to ride through the lake, spraying droplets of water at him.

“Yeah, it’s actually pretty peaceful,” Will replied. “I usually just stand in the shallow area and cast my line, but since I have company now I figured that we could drive out into deeper water and catch the bigger fish.”

Will rolled his eyes when he saw the doctor try and put on a fake smile. He continued to ride the boat out until they got to the deepest area of the lake, where the water was so dark that he couldn’t even see the bottom. He turned off the motor and reached over to the tackle box, taking out a canister of worms. He opened the lid and handed a live worm to Dr. Lecter, who pulled away and grimaced.

“I don’t want that,” Dr. Lecter stated.

Will raised an eyebrow, continuing to hold out the worm. “You need it if you plan on catching anything.”

Dr. Lecter glared at the squirming creature. “I figured that I would just watch you.”

“Fishing is relatively uneventful on its own, it’ll be even worse if you’re just sitting there doing nothing. Come on, I’ll show you how to attach it to the hook,” Will replied, using his other hand to give the doctor a fishing pole.

Dr. Lecter accepted the wooden pole, but he still stared distastefully at the worm. After a few more moments of hesitation, he reluctantly reached out and held the worm between his first finger and his thumb.

Will smiled and took out a new worm of his own. He slowly tied it to his lure, watching the doctor try and follow along. The man wrinkled his nose whenever he had to touch the creature, but eventually he was able to attach it to his own hook.

“There,” Will finished. “Now just throw it into the water.” He launched his lure far off into the distance and immediately afterwards, Dr. Lecter’s was thrown in too.

They sat for hours, light conversation tossed in occasionally along with some of Dr. Lecter’s subtle complaints. However, even when it fell to a silence between them, it was never awkward. For reasons he couldn’t explain, Will actually found himself to be quite comfortable around the doctor.

After a while, Will saw Dr. Lecter’s fishing pole jerk forward. The man’s arms tensed up as he tried to keep his hold on the pole.

“I think you have something, reel it in,” Will exclaimed, setting his own pole down to assist the psychiatrist.

“I can’t,” Dr. Lecter replied simply. The rod was beginning to curve from the pulling, and Will figured that is was a pretty good sized fish.

“Yeah you can,” Will encouraged.

“No, I really can’t.”

Will laughed and scooted along the side of the boat to get closer to Dr. Lecter. He situated himself behind the doctor and wrapped his arms around him in order to reach the reel. The man was broader than him, but Will managed to grab the reel handle, their hands overlapping, and turn it while watching over the doctor’s shoulder.

Sure enough, the reel didn’t turn very easily. Will decided to get a stronger angle, so he stood up behind Dr. Lecter. He again tried to pull in the line, but it wouldn’t budge.

“Are you sure the hook’s not attached to a rock or something?” Will panted.

Dr. Lecter pulled back, leaning into Will. “No, I honestly have no clue.”

Will attempted to hold the line steady, but it still wavered in his grasp. He knew now that whatever the end of the line was grabbing on to, the thing was definitely moving.

Will shifted his footing again, and before he realized the mistake he’d made, the side of the small boat dipped under the water, launching him and Dr. Lecter forward into the water.

Will broke through the surface of the lake, gasping for air. He treads through the icy water, small waves lapping up just enough to splash into his eyes and nose. Will reached out for the boat, which despite gaining a little water inside, had bobbed back up into its original position. He clung to the side, pausing a moment to gain his breath. Only then did he realize he was forgetting something.

“Dr. Lecter?!”

After a few seconds, the psychiatrist shot up through the water. Will kept one arm on the edge of the boat and reached out to Dr. Lecter with the other, successfully latching on to the man’s hand and pulling him in. Once he was close enough, Dr. Lecter grabbed onto the boat as well, breathing heavily.

Will sighed in relief once the psychiatrist was securely holding onto the small boat. He realized how difficult it must’ve been for the doctor to try to swim with all the weight of the water seeping into his multi-layered suit.

When Will had regained his strength, he pulled himself over the edge of the boat and landed inside. He laid there for a few moments, the sun warming his wet clothes. He felt the boat lean to the side when Dr. Lecter began to hoist himself up, and before long the doctor swung over the side and landed on top of Will.

“My apologies,” Dr. Lecter grunted as he rolled off of Will and laid beside him. The boat was quite small, but the doctor seemed to be content pushed up against Will’s side.
“No, I’m sorry,” Will replied. “I made you come out here, and I’m the one who tilted the boat.”

Dr. Lecter smiled, reaching across to wipe a few wet curls from Will’s eyes. “I don’t mind as much as you might think. I was actually beginning to enjoy myself. However,” Dr. Lecter continued, ringing some of the water out of his sleeve. “I do wish that I would have taken you up on your offer to change clothes.”

Will let out a breathy laugh. “Yeah, well I’m glad you were having fun. Too bad that I ended up losing a fishing pole to that damn creature. Now we’re wet and cold with nothing to show for it.”

Will stiffened up instinctively when he felt Dr. Lecter’s arm slide underneath his back, but he then relaxed into the touch. Dr. Lecter pulled Will up against his chest, wrapping his arm around the man.

“I may not be able to get your pole back, or even the fish that swam off with it,” Dr. Lecter mentioned. “But I can at least offer you whatever warmth I have.”

Will smiled, reaching one arm across Dr. Lecter’s chest and finding the man’s free arm. He grabbed onto the doctor’s hand and lightly intertwined their fingers.

Will didn’t know what they were really doing or why, but it felt… comforting. All he knew was that with the warm sun, the gently swaying of the boat, and Dr. Lecter pressed up against him, he didn’t want it to end.

Cooking Lesson

Chapter Notes

For SLSmith22, who suggested a cooking lesson:)

"What are we making anyway?" Will asked, watching as Dr. Lecter tied on an apron.

"I plan on teaching you how to make ragoût," the doctor replied. "It's extremely simple, you can't make mistakes very easily."

Will shrugged. "You clearly haven't seen me attempt to cook before."

Dr. Lecter turned to him and smiled. "That's why I'm here to help."

Will sighed, looking away. He felt out of place in Dr. Lecter's kitchen. Everything was so expensive and clean, including the psychiatrist.

"What even is a ragoût?" Will asked, eyeing each ingredient as the doctor took them out of the fridge. He recognized most of them, or at least, the vegetables. The spices and the meat were unknown to him.

Dr. Lecter handed Will potatoes and a peeler. "It's a basic stew. As I said, it would be difficult to ruin, so you have nothing to worry about. I'll season the meat while you peel those."

Will tuned out Dr. Lecter's voice once the man started describing all the spices he was using. Will doubted he'd ever make this dish on his own, anyway. He instead started peeling the potatoes, only to be stopped by the doctor's hand before long.

"What? I can't possibly be doing this wrong," Will argued.

Dr. Lecter handed him a bowl and smiled. "You're doing great. I was just going to ask you if you would mind keeping the peels in this bowl, since I'd rather not have the scraps flying across my counters."

Will lowered his gaze, his face heating up. "Uh, yeah no problem."

Will peeled the rest of the potatoes, making sure every skin stayed in the bowl. Once he'd finished, Dr. Lecter handed him a long knife.

"Dice those to whatever size you'd like. I'll begin on the carrots."

Will nodded, taking the knife. He rested a potato on the cutting board. Holding the blade in both hands, he looked up at the doctor before making the cut.

The man wasn't looking back at him, but was instead slicing carrots with graceful ease. Will's eyes wandered, noticing how the doctor's dress shirt clung to him in all the right areas and how his bangs fell loosely over his forehead. Only when the doctor turned his head to glance over did Will panic and realize he was supposed to be cutting.

Without even looking, Will used both hands and shoved the knife down. Instantly, the potato shot out from underneath and flew onto the floor.

Will stood in shock, eyeing the spot where the potato used to be, before looking back up at the doctor.

An amused smile pulled at the corner of the man's lips as he stepped closer to Will and grabbed his hands, which still held tightly to the knife.

"It would help," Dr. Lecter began, turning the knife in Will's hand 180 degrees. "If you used the sharp side."

Will was quiet a moment, still processing the fact that he'd attempted to use the knife while the long end of the blade was turned upwards, leaving the smooth outer edge pressed against the potato.

Will nodded, the tips of his ears turning red. He tried cutting a new potato, struggling to hold the slippery thing still. After a while, Will had successfully mutilated it.

Dr. Lecter raised an eyebrow. "You do know that since they vary quite drastically in size, they'll cook unevenly, right?"

Will held his head tall, not wanting to feel any more embarrassment. "Maybe I like them like that."

Dr. Lecter stared back at him for a few more moments, and Will knew that the man detected his lie.

"Very well," the doctor replied. "Then you may murder another potato, the recipe calls for three but it seems you've already sent one across the floor. Two will suffice."

Will grinned, noticing the humor in the doctor's voice. Still, he wasn't really too fond of the idea of chewy, half-cooked potatoes. "Could you, uh, help out with this one?"

Dr. Lecter turned towards him with a smile. "I'd love to." He placed a large pot of broth onto the stove before stepping over towards Will.

Will felt the man come up behind him, pressing against his back. He sensed his cheeks turning pink when Dr. Lecter wrapped his arms around Will's waist and rested his hands over Will's.

Will saw the knife moving to slice up the potato, but all he was paying attention to was the fact that his psychiatrist was pushed up against him and breathing softly down his neck. For a second, Will thought he'd heard the man inhale deeply as if to smell him, but he figured he'd imagined it.

Too quickly, the potato was cut perfectly and the warmth on Will's back left him. He once again regretted launching that first one across the kitchen. He sighed and put the diced potato into a bowl next to the cutting board.

"There," Dr. Lecter said, turning back away from Will to continue his own work the rest of the ingredients. "Now just pour those into the stew."

Will nodded, but instead he stayed focused on Dr. Lecter. The man was still turned away from him, so Will could stare as much as he wanted without risking eye contact. He semi-consciously reached to the side and felt around for a bowl. Once finding it, he poured it into the large pot, still watching the doctor skillfully slice up the rest of the ingredients.

When Dr. Lecter turned back around, Will quickly averted his gaze.

"Did you hear what I said?" Dr. Lecter asked.

"Yeah," Will replied. "You said to put the potatoes in the pot."

The doctor nodded. "Yes. So why didn't you?"

Will furrowed his brow in confusion before turning back to the counter. Sure enough, the bowl was still full of potatoes. Will narrowed his eyes before realizing that the bowl of peels was completely empty.

Dr. Lecter followed Will's gaze, and apparently he caught on to what had happened. "I suppose I was mistaken," he stated. "Apparently you can mess up any dish."

Will groaned. "I'm sorry, I knew I'd ruin it."

Dr. Lecter walked up to him, resting a hand on his shoulder and nudging his chin up in order to gain eye contact.

"I'm sure it will still taste fine," the doctor assured. "Now, if you would like, I was planning on making bread to go along with the ragoût."

Will shrugged, wondering why the psychiatrist still had faith in him. "I guess. What do you want me to do?"

Dr. Lecter smiled, pulling away and handing Will a bowl. "Here. I've already started the dough, I just need you to get some flour and knead it."

Will accepted the bowl and looked warily at the sack of flour. "I suppose that can't be too hard."

Will scraped the dough out of the bowl and threw flour on it, pushing it against the counter. He finds a calming rhythm and before long, his mind begins to wander.

However, Will's mind isn't the best place to get lost in. One moment he's kneading the sticky dough and in the next his mind makes him see the mangled corpse of his latest crime scene

covering his hands. Will's heart rate speeds up drastically as he flinches away from the counter, unknowingly sending a handful of flour behind him towards Dr. Lecter.

"Will!"

Will blinks and the corpse is gone. All that remains on the counter is half-kneaded dough. He's breathing heavily, but he still manages to turn to face the psychiatrist.

The look of the doctor at the moment was almost enough to make all of Will's hallucinations melt away. Dr. Lecter now had a white dust covering one side of his face and up into his hair. Will wasn't able to stifle his laughter.

Dr. Lecter raised an eyebrow, unsuccessfully trying to hide his amusement. "Do you find this funny?"

Will bit his lip, attempting to hold back his smile. "A little. It was an accident though, I swear."

Will averted his gaze for a moment, unable to look at the doctor without smirking again. However, when he turned back towards the man, he was struck by a pile of white dust.

Will laughed, breathing out a flour cloud. "What was that for?" He asked, brushing the powder from his stubble.

Dr. Lecter shrugged innocently. "It was an accident."

Will smiled at the ground, finding himself flustered. He felt himself being pulled into Dr. Lecter's arms so he rested his head on the man's shoulder. He burrowed into the warmth, feeling somewhat childish but happy nonetheless.

"I don't think this cooking lesson was very successful," he murmured.

Dr. Lecter placed a soft kiss on the top of Will's head. "I beg to differ. I wouldn't have it any other way."

Sick

Chapter Notes

For Mal, who requested Hannibal taking care of sick Will:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So I assume you’re calling to cancel our appointment today?” Hannibal spoke into the phone.

“Yeah, I just don’t feel well enough to go anywhere. Sorry,” Will replied.

Hannibal could easily hear the congestion in the man’s voice, but just in case there were any doubts, Will then let out a sneeze so loud Hannibal had to hold the phone away from his ear.

“It’s quite alright. Would you like me to come over? I could make you some soup, or in the very least I could keep you company,” Hannibal offered.

“Oh, well that’d be nice but I don’t want to get you sick too. Besides, don’t you have other patients still today?” Will rasped.

Hannibal gazed down at his schedule and saw the two other names listed after Will’s appointment. “No, not today,” he lied. “And I have no fear of catching your illness. I also have medical schooling, so I could check up on you to make sure that it’s nothing serious.”

“In that case, I guess I wouldn’t mind having a friend around. Of course, only if you have nothing better to do,” Will agreed.

Hannibal smiled. “I could think of nothing better than to be with you. I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

oOo

Hannibal knocked on the front door and waited politely for Will to open it.

“Thanks for coming, Dr. Lecter,” Will greeted, stepping aside to let the psychiatrist in.

Once Hannibal was inside, the scent of fevered sweetness struck him. He noticed that his patient was sweating through his t-shirt and shorts, but he made no comment. The man must be experiencing flashes of heat and chills every few moments.

“Are you feeling any better?” Hannibal asked, following Will into the living room.

“No, not really,” Will replied, sinking into the couch and wrapping a blanket around himself. “Like I said, are you sure you want to be here? I’m pretty sure I’ve got the flu or something, so it’s contagious.”

Hannibal nodded reassuringly at Will. “I’m perfectly fine. Now, I made some soup,” he mentioned, beckoning to the pot he’d brought with him. “Would you like some?”

Will laughed. “That sounds great, but I’m afraid I might throw it back up and I wouldn’t want to offend your cooking.”

Hannibal smiled. “I will take no offence, I promise. I will get some for you anyway, and then you can decide whether or not to eat it.”

Hannibal carried the pot into the kitchen and poured some into a bowl. He rewarmed it, then brought it back out to Will.

“Thank you,” Will smiled, taking the bowl and breathing in the heat. “It smells so good that it might be worth the risk of it coming back up.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Hannibal replied. “Now is there anything else you need to get done today that you have not felt well enough to do?”

Will shrugged. “My dogs just need to be fed and let out, but you don’t have to worry about it. I can get them later.”

“Nonsense,” Hannibal stated. He ran a hand through Will’s hair, smiling down at the man. “I will be right back.”

Hannibal whistled and immediately seven dogs ran up and followed him into the other room. Hannibal crinkled his nose at the scent of them and tried to no avail to dodge all the fur. He lifted the bag of food and poured it into each dish, watching as they devoured every morsel within a few moments.

Hannibal then led them to the back door and sent them out. He allowed them five minutes before calling them all back in.

When he returned to the living room, he found Will in the middle of a violent coughing fit. He crouched down next to the couch and put his hand on Will’s forehead. The man was still running a high fever, and he was looking particularly pale. He let his hand linger there a little longer than necessary before going on to feel his throat in search for any signs of inflammation.

“Sorry about that,” Will apologized once the coughing stopped.

“No worries,” Hannibal replied before moving to feel Will’s pulse. “What are all your symptoms?”

Will sniffled. “Uh, congestion, sore throat, fever, stuff like that. I’m fine, though.”

Hannibal nodded. “Yes, it does just appear to be influenza, but you still need rest. Is there any symptom in particular that’s bothering you?”

Will shrugged. “Nothing I can’t handle. The only things really bugging me are the constant chills. No matter how many blankets I pile up, I can’t stop shivering.”

Hannibal turned and sat back against the armrest of the couch. He put his legs up and pulled Will into his lap, allowing the smaller man to settle against his chest. He wrapped his arms around his patient. “Better?”

Will leaned back into the warmth and relaxed. “Much.”

Of course, Hannibal knew that physical warmth wouldn’t stop the chills since they were due to the internal illness, but it satisfied him just knowing that Will wasn’t pulling away, and the man even seemed to enjoy it.

Hannibal didn’t know how much time had passed, but it didn’t really matter. If he were to ever get bored, he could visit his mind palace, but for reasons unknown to him, he was content to just sitting there with Will in his arms.

Before long, Hannibal could tell Will was beginning to doze off. Hannibal slid out from behind him, trying unsuccessfully not to wake him.

“Where are you going?” Will mumbled, starting to sit up.

“Shh,” Hannibal hushed. He leaned over and tucked one arm under Will’s knees and the other behind his back, lifting him up bridal-style. With all his practice in transporting bodies, Hannibal was able to carry the smaller man with ease. He brought him into the bedroom and set him down on the bed, wrapping the covers around him.

“Are you gonna stay?” Will asked.

Hannibal paused. “Would you like me to?”

Will scooted over to one end of his bed. “I mean, there’s room here if you want to. It’s kinda late for you to drive all the way back to Baltimore.”

Hannibal glanced at the digital clock on the side table. “It’s 8:30.”

Will averted his gaze. “That doesn’t answer my question.”

Hannibal smiled, a breathy laugh escaping his lips. “I’d love to stay.”

Will grinned and patted the bed beside him. “Just a warning though, I do sweat a little.”

Hannibal took off his suit jacket and slacks before settling down beside Will. He leaned across the end table and turned off the lamp. “Goodnight, Will.”

oOo

Hannibal knew Will would sweat, but the man neglected to mention how he often reclaimed the opposite side of the bed. Hannibal didn't know when the last time was where Will would be in the same bed as anyone else, but whenever it was, it was too long ago. The man was simply unable to stay on his own side.

At first, Hannibal didn't mind. He even found it slightly amusing to have Will flop over and land on top of him. But by 3:40 A.M., he was a little more than irritated. He was just calming himself down, when a particularly forceful roll sent Hannibal off the side of the bed.

Hannibal landed on the floor with a thud, thinking about how wrong he was to assume Will would have a deeper, more peaceful slumber when he was had a fever and was filled with medicine.

Hannibal completely gave up when seven dogs rushed over and snuggled into every possible crevice of his body.

oOo

Hannibal woke up when he sneezed hard enough to scare the dogs off of him. He sat up abruptly, feeling a headache crash inside his skull. He felt mucus trickle down the back of his throat, causing him to sneeze again.

Will peered over the edge of the bed. "Dr. Lecter? Why are you on the floor?"

Hannibal sighed. "I decided to keep the dogs company," He remarked sarcastically as a smaller dog wandered over and plopped onto his lap.

Will smiled, apparently not picking up on the sarcasm. "Well thanks for staying with me last night, I enjoyed the company."

"Any time," Hannibal replied with a short cough. "So how are you feeling?"

Will shrugged. "Alright I guess, better than yesterday. What about you? You look awful."

Hannibal glared at him. "Thanks."

Will laughed and crawled off the bed, dropping down next to the psychiatrist. His hand wavered a little, but he reached up to feel the doctor's forehead. "Are you sure you're alright? You're burning up. I knew I'd get you sick, I never should've asked you to come," Will groaned, looking away regretfully.

Hannibal raised his hand and cupped Will's jaw, turning the man to face him. "I would've come whether you'd asked me to or not. I wanted to make sure you were okay. I have no regrets for any of my decisions, nor should you."

Will averted his gaze. "But I infected you with whatever virus I have."

Hannibal smiled reassuringly. "I suppose that gives me an excuse to stay a little longer."

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be another suggestion from Mal:
"hannibal finds out that will loves chocolate and will starts receiving anonymous gifts of chocolates from a secret admirer"

Any other suggestions by anyone are always accepted and appreciated:)

Chocolate

Chapter Notes

For Mal, who suggested: "hannibal finds out that will loves chocolate and will starts receiving anonymous gifts of chocolates from a secret admire".

This didn't come out how I expected it to. I thought it would be more fluff and less competition, but idk. Sorry 'bout that, but I hope you still like it.

Will turned his head in surprise when he heard the door to Dr. Lecter's office open. He unsuccessfully tried to swallow the mouthful of sweet candy as he buried the wrappers in his pockets.

"Hello Will," Dr. Lecter greeted before glancing over at the side table in his waiting room. He raised an eyebrow at Will once he'd notice the dish of complementary chocolates was empty.

Will forced the candy down his throat and looked meekly back up at the psychiatrist. "Er, sorry about that. I hope you don't mind, I mean, I could always pay for more if you'd like-"

"It's alright, Will," Dr. Lecter assured. "That's what they're there for, and I'm glad you enjoyed them."

Will sighed in relief. "Uh, yeah they were great. When it comes to chocolate, I can't help but indulge once in a while."

Dr. Lecter smiled and stepped aside, beckoning into his office. "I'll keep that in mind. Please, come on in."

oOo

Three days later, Will had completely forgotten that brief event had ever even happened.

By Monday morning, the memory was buried by more important things that Will needed to know for teaching. He walked into his classroom in Quantico, only to see a small box of chocolates sitting on his desk.

Will's first response was to devour the entire thing, but he held himself back. He picked it up to inspect it further. The heart shaped box showed a brand that Will recognized well, and he knew that it was quite expensive.

Will looked around the room suspiciously. His original thought was that it was another student trying to suck up to him, but this box was too pricey and elaborate for most students.

He shrugged and opened the box, deciding not to worry about it. Inside, there was a small note attached to the lid. It was exceptionally short and only said:

Will,
Enjoy

Will flipped to the other side of the paper but there was nothing there. No one signed the note anywhere. Will disregarded it, knowing there was no way to find out anyway. Instead, he just ate the chocolate.

The next morning when Will opened the front door to let the dogs out, he found another heart shaped box. It was slightly bigger and had a different assortment of flavors, and Will grinned. He didn't know who it was who kept buying these, but he certainly wasn't complaining.

He opened the box and found another short note. This one read:

Dearest Will,
Indulge

So Will did. However, the boxes kept appearing and after a week he was becoming suspicious. No, it didn't stop him from devouring the chocolates in less time than he'd like to admit, but he was still curious and the vague notes were not helping.

The last few had been arriving on his doorstep, so Will decided he'd stay awake and wait. He turned all the lights off to give the impression that he was asleep, but he stared out the front window. Many long hours and eight cups of coffee later, morning finally came. Will saw no one approach his house.

He sighed, opening the front door for his dogs, only to see another box. Will stared at it, trying to think of how his secret admirer could possibly put that there without him seeing. He was awake all night, and not once did he see anyone come near the door, or even see a car drive by. He picked up the box and opened it again, more excited for the note instead of the chocolates.

Will,
Deception is not one of your strong points, but you are beautiful nonetheless.

Will stared down at the paper. His emotions were a mix of admiration, adoration, thankfulness, and slight fear. He had no idea how this person could possibly know that he was awake. He grinned, choosing to make a game out of this. His new goal was to find this person one way or another.

Over the next few days, Will tried many different things to trick his admirer. He attempted to hide in different places, but in most cases, he would either be unable to catch sight of them, or they would know where he is and be able to avoid his line of vision.

Then he decided to try a different tactic. He set out an old video camera on the porch, hidden in the very corner. He slept that night, or at least, he was in bed. He found it difficult to stay asleep in his anticipation. The next morning, he immediately ran to the front door. Another

box was there, so Will knew his admirer must've come by. He grabbed the camera off the porch and relayed the feed.

At one point, about 2 A.M., the video froze. When it started up again, the box was already on the porch and all signs of life were gone from the view. Will groaned, but in all honesty, he was kind of impressed. He went back into the house and opened the new box, finding the note.

My Will,
You are evolving.

Will smirked. He was quite enjoying this game. But tonight, he planned to end it. He had been further advancing his game plan each day, so the admirer would most likely expect something extremely intricate. He would do the opposite tonight, hoping to catch them off guard.

He didn't know what time the person usually started watching, but they always seem to know where Will ends up going for the night. Today, he would start early. He planned out his exact plan for the night ahead of time, so when the admirer came, he would be ready.

At 11:30 P.M., he decided to "go to bed". He made it quite obvious, with the lights behind him to cast a shadow that he walked into his bedroom, turned out the lights, and laid down. After a few minutes, he rolled off the side of his bed. He stuffed a few towels under the covers in the relative shape of his body, and crawled out of his room.

Will stayed low so that if the admirer looked through any windows, they wouldn't see him. He then silently slipped out the back door. He slid around the edge of his house, carefully watching for any movement. He peeked at the front door, but there was no box yet. Perfect.

Will then slid underneath his porch. Here, he would have a perfect view of everything, yet the person would have no idea he was here.

However, one thing that Will didn't take into consideration was the fact that he'd barely slept in 2 weeks. He didn't realize how tired he would become when he was laying down under his porch. He stayed awake for as many hours as he possible could, but inevitably, he dozed off.

oOo

Will woke up on his couch covered in blankets. His mind slowly processed that something wasn't quite right, and then sat up in immediate shock. On his coffee table, there was a large basket filled with all kinds of chocolate treats and gifts. Will reached for it and grabbed the note sitting on top. There, written in perfect calligraphy, was:

My Little Mongoose,
I see you are still hiding under the house.
With Love,
Dr. Hannibal Lecter

Halloween

Chapter Notes

Happy [late] Halloween:)

"Why exactly do you want to dress up?" Hannibal asked, sitting down on edge of Will's bed.

"I don't want to, but Jack's hosting another Halloween party this year and all the guests are supposed to wear costumes. And it's not just me, you're wearing one too," Will replied, searching his closet.

"I don't believe I agreed to wear anything other than my average suit," Hannibal argued.

Will turned away from the closet to glare at the psychiatrist. "No, but you agreed to be my plus-one and that includes dressing up."

Hannibal sighed. He was beginning to amaze himself with the things he would do to please Will. "What am I supposed to wear? I certainly don't own any costumes."

Will shrugged. "I don't really know. I don't have anything either." The man gave up in the closet and sat down next to Hannibal on the bed. "I guess we'll just have to make do with what we have."

"And what would that be?" Hannibal asked.

Will was quiet a moment, then he grinned. "How about we make you the opposite of yourself? We could dress you up to be anything except the pristine, sophisticated Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

Hannibal huffed. "I will not go out in public wearing some filthy rags, even if it is Halloween."

"It doesn't have to be dirty and gross," Will offered. "It can be a different kind of opposite. We could make you seem, I don't know, anti-society."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. "What exactly is 'anti-society'?"

Will smiled. "I could fix your hair up, put some dark makeup on you, and dress you in black clothes. I guarantee that no one at the party will be expecting that."

Hannibal was reluctant; however he could see excitement in Will's eyes. "If you insist," he sighed.

Will beamed, standing up from the bed. He grabbed Hannibal's hand and pulled him up and out of the bedroom. "Come on, I think I have some clothes in the attic."

Hannibal smiled and followed Will upstairs. He wondered how often Will went up here, since the entire attic was covered in a thick layer of dust and everything smelled musky and old. He watched as Will started opening all the cardboard boxes lying around.

"Will, what are all of these things?" He asked.

Will shrugged. "Just some old stuff from the family."

Hannibal sensed that the man didn't want to say anything more on the subject, so he let it go. "Well what are you looking for?"

Will paused after he'd opened a large box. "This," he exclaimed, holding up an old leather jacket. "It used to be my father's. Here," Will continued, pulling out a tall pair of men's black combat boots and tossing them towards Hannibal. "Are these your size?"

Hannibal scowled at the boots with distaste before finally picking them up and checking the tags. He frowned when he saw the size and contemplated lying to Will. However, Will seemed to be excited about giving Hannibal a makeover, so he just sighed. "Yes, they will fit."

Will smiled at him. "Good. Now come on," Will grabbed the jacket in one hand and Hannibal's arm in the other, dragging them both back downstairs and into his room.

Will quickly searched through each of his drawers before finally pulling something out from the very back. "Try these," he said, tossing a pair of black jeans at the psychiatrist.

Hannibal glanced at the tag. "Will, these are your size, they will never fit me."

Will looked up at Hannibal, his gaze resembling one of a puppy when it begs. "Can you try?'

Hannibal laughed to himself, wondering why he kept letting the younger man manipulate him like this. "Fine, give me a moment."

Hannibal walked into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. It took him a while, but after a lot of jumping, pulling, and wiggling, he finally got Will's pants on. Technically, they weren't too short, but they hugged his lower half tighter than he ever could've imagined.

"I don't think these will work," Hannibal mentioned, stepping out of the bathroom.

Will bit his lip to stifle his smile. "I actually think it's perfect. They look like black skinny jeans. Are you comfortable?"

"Skinny is an understatement, but yes, I guess now that they're on they are not causing any big discomfort," Hannibal replied.

Will grinned. "Perfect. Here, put these on, then I can start on your hair," he stated, handing Hannibal the leather jacket, boots, and a black t-shirt.

Hannibal finished getting dressed, and he felt ridiculous. Will seemed to be happy with it though, and he even seemed to be in awe when he first watched Hannibal walk out in the all-black attire.

“Uh, come here and sit down,” Will beckoned to a chair in front of him once he’d finally stopped gaping. “I have to style your hair.”

Hannibal sighed and sat. “I like my hair how it is,” he stated.

“Well I’m gonna change it anyway,” Will replied from behind him.

Hannibal then felt Will’s fingers running through his hair, messing it up completely. He couldn’t see what the man was doing, so he gave up trying and instead relaxed into the touch. He only stiffened up when he heard Will spray something.

“Will?”

“Yeah?”

“What are you spraying? I assume my hair gel would get rid of the need for any hairspray,” Hannibal said.

He heard Will laugh. “Oh, didn’t I tell you? While you were changing I found some black spray-on hair dye. No idea where it came from. I must’ve used it on the dogs a few years ago or something.”

Hannibal spun around in his chair to glare at Will. “I wasn’t aware we were dying my hair. Does it at least wash out?” He asked.

“Yeah, yeah it washes out. Don’t worry about it,” Will said with a grin, turning the doctor back around.

Hannibal huffed, but he let Will continue as he pleased.

After a few more minutes, Will seemed to be happy with his work. He stepped around the chair and looked at Hannibal, smiling.

“Are you done?” Hannibal asked impatiently.

Will shook his head. “I’d still like to put some dark makeup on you.”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes. “And you just happen to have makeup lying around?”

Will gave a short laugh. “Well, no, not usually. But it is Halloween so I got some stuff. Just face paint, of course, but we can make it work.”

Hannibal watched as his patient brought out black face paint and an extremely thin brush. Will dipped it into the paint and then brought it up to Hannibal’s face.

“Stop blinking,” Will complained.

“Well you’re trying to stab my eye with a pointed tool, it’s a human’s natural response to try and defend itself,” Hannibal argued.

Will smiled and used one hand to grab onto Hannibal’s head to stop him from pulling away. “Calm down, I’m not stabbing your eye out. Just hold still.”

Hannibal squeezed his eyes shut in protest. “What are you trying to accomplish?”

“I’m just gonna put a thin line around your eyes like eyeliner. But you’re making this especially difficult,” Will explained.

Hannibal took a deep breath before opening his eyes. Will grinned and carefully painted his eyelids. All Hannibal could do was hope that the paint wasn’t toxic in case some happened to drip into his eye.

“There,” Will stated, putting down the brush.

Hannibal sighed in relief. “Are you done yet?”

“Almost,” Will replied. He then left the room and returned with a small, thin, cylinder. “Pucker up,” He said with a grin.

Hannibal narrowed his eyes. “And you happened to buy black lipstick too?”

Will shrugged. “Not really. Last year Jack had another party and I went shopping with Beverly. This was one of the many things she thought I would need.”

“Alright,” Hannibal agreed. “Is this the last component of this costume?”

“Yep,” Will confirmed. He pulled off the cap of the cylinder and twisted the bottom, causing the lipstick to emerge. He put it on Hannibal’s lips as neatly as he could before standing back and admiring his work.

Hannibal discovered that he doesn’t like makeup. “It’s sticky,” he muttered, crinkling his nose. “It tastes bad, too.”

“Well you’re not supposed to be eating it anyway,” Will remarked. “And you’ll be fine, I’m sure it’s not that uncomfortable.”

Hannibal promptly stood up from the chair and stepped up to Will. He put one hand on the back of Will’s head and pulled the man forward into him, bringing their lips together. It was less of a kiss and more of Hannibal trying to smear as much of the lipstick as he possibly could onto Will, but he figured that the younger man understood his point.

When Hannibal pulled away, he saw that his plan was effective. Will’s lips were now just as black as his own. Will tried to wipe it off with the back of his hand, but that only succeeded in smudging it across his jaw.

“Alright, alright, I get it,” Will said, laughing. “Now go ahead into the bathroom and see how you look, I gotta find a costume for myself now.”

Hannibal smiled in content and walked out of the room. However, when he entered the bathroom and passed the mirror, his reflection scared him.

First of all, dressing in all black threw him off guard. Still, even if he were dressed normal, his hair certainly was unusual. Will, along with dying it black, had spiked his hair up into a mohawk. The black eyeliner and lipstick certainly topped it off.

“What are you planning to be?” Hannibal asked, exiting the bathroom.

“I don’t know,” Will replied. “I’m not sure what the opposite of myself would be. What’s one thing you think is prominent about my personality?”

Hannibal considered the question for a moment, thinking carefully of his answer. “You tend to be very reserved.”

A small smile crept onto Will’s face. “So I should dress as… an eccentric socialite?”

Hannibal tilted his head. “I suppose that would be the polar opposite of reserved, yes.”

“So I should be you.”

Hannibal saw the smirk on Will’s face. “If you insist, but I don’t know how you expect to pull that off.”

“Well you’re obviously not wearing your suit right now. It might be a little big, but I could try it. I’m only two inches shorter than you,” Will suggested.

“You are thinner though,” Hannibal reasoned. “But if this is what you want, then I will help sew it and modify it for you.”

Will nodded, smiling. Hannibal loved seeing the man smile. With Will’s work being so stressful on him, Hannibal cherished the few moments when Will was genuinely happy.

After an hour of re-stitching and pinning, Hannibal had finally gotten his suit to fit Will perfectly.

“You wear this every day?” Will asked in disbelief, shifting uncomfortably.

“Whenever I plan on going anywhere, yes,” Hannibal replied. “What’s wrong with it?”

Will shrugged, pulling at the sleeves. “There’re so many layers.”

“You don’t have to wear it,” Hannibal mentioned.

“No, but I want to,” Will answered. “Especially since I made you dress up so strangely, I might as well let you do the same to me.”

“There is nothing ‘strange’ about the way you are dressed,” Hannibal scoffed. “Now sit down, I’ll fix your hair.”

Hannibal stood behind Will, attempting to tame the curls. He ended up using enough gel to last him a week or so. However, before too long, he had combed the hair into as classy of a style as he could manage.

“Am I officially sophisticated enough for you, Dr. Lecter?” Will asked, looking at his hair in the mirror.

Hannibal smiled. “Your original self is already perfect, so you have no need to try and improve. However, if you are trying to become as similar to me as possible, then you would have to shave.”

Will bit his lip, and he seemed to be actually considering it. “I would look so different though.”

“My hair is black and narrow and I’m wearing makeup,” Hannibal reminded.

Will laughed. “Good point. Fine, I’ll try it. It’ll grow back in a few days anyway.”

Hannibal watched in silence as Will shaved off his scruff. It was unusually domestic, but Will didn’t seem to mind so Hannibal didn’t mention it. Once Will was finished, he dried off his face with a towel and looked expectantly at the psychiatrist.

“Well?” He asked.

“You look younger,” Hannibal mentioned.

“Wow, great,” Will replied sarcastically.

Hannibal smiled and reached out to cup Will’s jaw in his hand. “Don’t worry, you still look exemplary.”

Will’s faint blush was slightly more prominent without the stubble, and the man averted his gaze.

“So, uh, you ready to go? The party starts in about an hour and it’ll take a while to get there.”

Hannibal nodded, reaching for Will’s hands and interlocking their fingers. Hannibal’s hair felt too tall and sharp, his lips were still sticky and his pants were way too tight, but if makes Will happy, he’d do it every day.

Prank War

It began when Will accidentally added sugar instead of salt while cooking dinner with Dr. Lecter. It was a complete accident, but Will had to admit that seeing the psychiatrist recoil in disgust after tasting it, the event was pretty hilarious. It was almost as if the man had a moment of self-realization and was questioning every meal he'd ever made.

"I just don't understand what could have gone wrong," Dr. Lecter stated. "I've made this dish many times, and it's always been perfect."

"Maybe you're not as flawless as you thought you were," Will teased, not yet admitting that it was his own fault.

Dr. Lecter shot him a quick glare before rushing to throw new spices into the mixture. "This isn't right," he mumbled in defeat.

Upon seeing the doctor's sadness, Will gave in. "Well, uh, it actually might have been me who messed it up," Will confessed. "Salt and sugar look surprisingly similar."

Dr. Lecter froze and gave Will an icy stare. "And you chose to ridicule me instead of telling me this?" He asked.

Will shrugged. "It was kinda funny."

Dr. Lecter was quiet for a few more moments before plastering on a smile. "It's quite alright; we'll just have to get take out tonight."

Will felt his skin prickle at the doctor's smile, but he brushed it off.

The rest of the night went smoothly, and Dr. Lecter didn't say anything else on the matter. He seemed to be acting normally, so Will figured everything was fine. Before long, it was already 11 P.M. and Dr. Lecter was convincing him to stay for the night.

"I don't know, I'm not very good at sleeping through the night without dreams or sleepwalking," Will admitted.

"Nonsense," Dr. Lecter argued. "But if it truly bothers you, I have some pills that should allow you to sleep through the night.

Will smiled. "Alright, I'll try."

oOo

Surprisingly, when Will woke up, it was actually morning. He didn't know what those pills were, but they certainly worked. He lazily rolled out of bed and put on the robe that Dr. Lecter had left for him. Enjoying the warmth wrapped around him, he made his way to the bathroom.

When Will caught sight of himself in the mirror, he froze. On his left, everything seemed normal, but on his right something was definitely wrong. Will squinted and rubbed his eyes, but the reflection was unchanged. He reached his hand up and felt the right side of his face. Completely smooth.

“Dr. Lecter!” Will yelled, storming from the bathroom.

The psychiatrist poked his head around the corner, amusement hinting in his gaze. “Yes, Will?”

Will narrowed his eyes. “What did you do?”

Dr. Lecter smiled. “I think the answer to your question is quite obvious.”

Will huffed. “Okay, *why* did you shave half of my face?”

“Because of yesterday,” Dr. Lecter stated simply. “You mocked my abilities in the kitchen when you were the one at fault.”

Will glared at the man, but honestly, he couldn’t stay mad. His expression broke into a laugh and he averted his gaze. “So this is your payback, Dr. Lecter?” Will asked.

The psychiatrist reached out and ran his forefinger along the smooth side of Will’s jaw. “Yes.”

Will unconsciously leaned into the touch, still trying to keep up his façade. “Well you know what? I’m still not giving you the satisfaction of this. I’m not even going to shave the other half,” he replied. It was Saturday, so technically he didn’t have to regain his usual appearance until class on Monday.

Dr. Lecter raised an eyebrow. “Whatever you wish.”

Through the rest of the morning, Will kept up with the usual conversation. He even found that he enjoyed it when the doctor would glance at Will’s half-stubble face and smirk. However, the entire time Will was thinking of ways to get revenge.

“Well, I’m gonna head out for a while,” Will stated, grabbing his coat. “I need to stop home to change clothes and feed the dogs.”

“Would you like to come back for dinner?” Dr. Lecter asked, leading his guest to the door.

Will smiled. “I’d love to.”

Will drove home, thinking about his plan. He made a mental list of all the supplies he would need to get by the time he returned to the psychiatrist’s house.

Once he’d stopped by home for a little while, he headed back out to the store. He made sure to wrap a scarf around the lower half of his face to avoid any embarrassment.

By 6:00, Will was already back at Dr. Lecter’s house with a bag tucked into his coat pocket.

“Welcome back, Will,” Dr. Lecter greeted.

“Hello, doctor,” Will replied.

Will waited around for a decent amount of time as to not seem suspicious. Then he politely excused himself to go to the bathroom.

Instead of using the guest bathroom that he usually goes to, Will went to the one in the master bedroom. He looked around for a while before finding what he was looking for. He took the shampoo out of the shower and poured out half of it. Then, he took out the small bottle from his pocket and poured it into the shampoo. Once he’d finished, he carefully put the shampoo back into the shower and left the bathroom without a trace.

When Will was back in the living room with Dr. Lecter, he continued the conversation casually. He was sure to talk long enough so that Dr. Lecter would offer to have him stay overnight since it would be too late to drive back home.

Sure enough, Dr. Lecter offered, and after avoiding all pills whatsoever, Will went to bed.

oOo

“Will!”

Will sunk deeper into the covers, barely peeking above the fabric. He tried to wipe away the grin on his face.

Dr. Lecter angrily walked into the room, a towel wrapped around his waist and a few droplets of water still clinging to his chest.

Will bit his lip, trying to stifle his laughter. “Yes?”

Dr. Lecter huffed. “Please just tell me that it will wash out,” he asked, running a hand through his now green hair.

Will shrugged. “I think the look suits you. The olive green tone really brings out your eyes.”

Dr. Lecter frowned, narrowing his eyes. “Will.”

Will laughed, unable to hold it back anymore. “Yeah, yeah. The bottle said it will fade in six to eight washes.”

Dr. Lecter sighed. “I’m supposed to wash my hair eight times before I go in to work tomorrow?”

“Hey, in all fairness, the right side of my face is still drastically smoother than my left,” Will argued.

“That’s irrelevant,” the psychiatrist replied. “I have a reputation to uphold. Now, not only is my respectability tested, but you’ve also limited my wardrobe to only the suits that correspond with green.”

Will grinned and crawled out of the bed, walking up to the doctor and messing up his green hair. “Well instead of complaining, why don’t you start washing it out?”

Finally Dr. Lecter smiled back, playfully pushing Will away. “Alright, fine.”

“Good. Now I’m going to shower in the guest bathroom and get dressed, then I have to go out and pick up some things. You go ahead and keep washing your hair,” Will explained.

Dr. Lecter nodded in agreement, so Will left to go wash up.

After showering and dressing, Will walked downstairs and to the front door. He’d decided now that he was slightly afraid of what Dr. Lecter’s revenge might be, so he wanted to end their little game. He planned on going out and picking up some kind of cake as a declaration of peace. It was cheesy, yes, but it was all Will could get his hands on in such short notice.

Will slid on his shoes and started to put on his coat, only to realize his hands wouldn't go through the sleeves. He fought with his jacket a while before finally realizing that there was something wrong. He squinted at the sleeves to find that they were sewn shut with at least four rows of stitches.

Will laughed, almost admiring the doctor’s quick thinking. However, he knew the man was capable of much worse so he had to get the cake soon. He threw his coat off and instead put on Dr. Lecter’s before heading out to the store.

Will came back with a chocolate cake only to find Dr. Lecter slumped on the couch. Will put down the box and walked over, plopping down beside his psychiatrist.

“Thirteen,” Dr. Lecter muttered. “I washed my hair thirteen times and it’s still green.”

Will smiled, snuggling in closer. He reached out and ran his hand through the jade strands of hair, still wet. “I think you wear it well,” he commented.

Dr. Lecter raised an eyebrow, but a small smirk crept onto his face. “Yes, well I think you look quite good with your half-shaved stubble.”

Will grabbed Dr. Lecter’s hand, intertwining their fingers. He began to stand up, pulling the doctor behind him. “Here, I bought cake as a peace offering. Do you accept?” He asked.

Dr. Lecter followed Will to the table, allowing Will to serve them each a piece. “Cheap, store-bought cake, how could I refuse?” He replied.

Will grinned, sitting down beside the doctor. He was about to enjoy the treat when he’d realized that if their game ended now, Dr. Lecter would have won. The psychiatrist was the last one to prank Will by sewing his coat together. Of course, Will couldn’t let the doctor win.

Will put one hand on the back of Dr. Lecter’s head, shoving the man forward so that his face smashed into his cake.

Dr. Lecter pulled back away, shocked, with frosting covering the bottom half of his face. “I thought this was over,” he accused.

“It is now,” Will stated with a smirk.

Dr. Lecter smiled, wiping the cake off and then smearing it across Will’s face. “I think we’re about even now,” he concluded.

Will leaned forward, giving Dr. Lecter a light kiss while simultaneously stealing some frosting off the man’s lip. “I agree.”

Tattoo

Chapter Notes

For Harlow, who asked:
"Could you please do one where hannibal has his chest and upper arms heavily tattooed and Will's first reaction to see him shirtless???"

Hope ya like it:)

Hannibal woke up to knocking on his door. He immediately sat up, instinctively reaching for the scalpel that was placed conveniently on his bedside table. He glanced at the clock, which read 4:48 A.M.

Hannibal tucked the thin blade into the waistband of his silk pajama pants and stepped out of bed. When he got to his front door, he smelled the usual scent of cheap aftershave and sweet encephalitis.

“Good morning, Will,” Hannibal greeted, opening the door and stepping aside to let his patient in.

“I’m sorry if I woke you up, Dr. Lecter,” Will apologized. “I just- I woke up and my bed sheets were all muddy and I don’t even remember going to sleep yesterday. I didn’t know where else to go.”

“No worries,” Hannibal assured. “It’s okay.” He smiled, sliding Will’s coat off of the man’s shoulders and hanging it up. “Now come on to the kitchen and I’ll make us some coffee,” he stated, putting his hand on the small of Will’s back and guiding him.

Hannibal poured expensive Brazilian coffee grounds into the machine and turned it on, watching it begin to bubble. “There, it should be done in a few moments,” he explained. “If you’ll excuse me, I’d like to get dressed. I’ll be back in a moment.”

Will nodded, his mind seemingly elsewhere. Hannibal walked back to his bedroom, closing the door behind him. He continued on towards the bathroom, where he quickly brushed his teeth and ran a comb through his hair. It still fell lazily over his forehead due to a lack of hair gel, but he decided that Will wouldn’t care.

Once finished, Hannibal went back to the bedroom and took a clean dress shirt and slacks out of his closet. He had just removed his silk pajama shirt when he heard the door open.

“Dr. Lecter, do you want me to-” Will had stepped into the room before realizing his mistake. He looked up and briefly caught the psychiatrist’s eyes before averting his gaze, the tips of his ears turning pink.

“Yes, Will?” Hannibal asked, crossing his arms over his bare chest.

“Oh, I-I’m sorry, it’s not important,” Will mumbled. His gaze flicked up and scanned Hannibal’s torso, his eyes wide in shock. “Uh, I’ll just wait out here.” Will slowly drew his stare away before awkwardly leaving the room.

Hannibal cocked his head in slight confusion before reminding himself that Will was always unpredictable and that this was probably nothing. He brushed it off and finished getting dressed.

“So Will, where should we begin with your time loss issue?” Hannibal asked once he’d returned to the kitchen. He poured some coffee into two cups, handing one to Will. His patient, however, still had his head down.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “Perhaps we should continue this in the living room,” he offered, leading Will into the next room and sitting down beside him on the couch.

They sat in silence for a few moments before Will finally looked back up at the psychiatrist. “Dr. Lecter, I sometimes see things that aren’t really there and I don’t know if some things are real or not,” he began. “Especially since right now, I don’t even remember where I was last night.”

Hannibal paused. “What are you seeing now?”

Will just shook his head. “Not right now, it was earlier. I don’t know if it’s something my mind made up to show some weird symbolism or not. It seems really out-of-character for you, but I’ll just ask it anyway.”

“Yes?” Hannibal asked, encouraging his patient to continue. Slight fear pricked at the back of his mind, wondering how much Will knew.

Will sighed, a slight pinkish color tinting his cheeks. “Do you have, maybe, a tattoo?”

Hannibal outwardly smiled, relieved that it was such an innocent accusation. “Yes, I do,” He replied simply.

The corners of Will’s mouth turned up briefly before dropping again. “Okay, that doesn’t satisfy my question very much. What I should have asked was, by any chance, do you have one big tattoo, or even many small ones?”

Hannibal nodded. “Yes, Will. Why does this surprise you so much?”

Will grinned meekly. “I don’t know, I guess I figured you were more of a person who treated their body like a ‘sacred temple’ or something.”

“Is it impossible to care what I put into my body as well as decorate the outside?” Hannibal countered.

Will shrugged. “I think it’s just not something I would have expected from you.”

“I’m glad that I’m able to continue to interest you,” Hannibal remarked.

They sat quietly for a while, occasionally sipping some coffee. After a few minutes, Will spoke up again.

“What are they pictures of?” He asked.

Hannibal smiled at how curious his patient was. “Didn’t you see them?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t get to look at them very well,” Will replied.

“Fair enough,” Hannibal agreed. He stood up from the couch and began to undo the buttons of his dress shirt. He could feel Will’s blue eyes burning into him as he let the fabric fall from his shoulders.

Will stared unwavering at the ink that travelled around Hannibal’s ribs, up his chest, and wrapped around his upper arms. It clung to his body and accentuated every curve and edge. It was plentiful, but not scattered aimlessly without any order. It was beautiful the way everything intertwined with itself, creating the most elegant design imaginable.

“Do they mean anything?” Will asked, his gaze still locked on Hannibal.

“Of course,” Hannibal replied.

Will stood up and stepped closer to the doctor. “What about this swirly one?”

Hannibal’s skin prickled as Will trailed his finger along the twists of a black tattoo. “That is a Dara Celtic knot. It symbolizes power, destiny, and wisdom,” Hannibal explained.

Will’s fingers slid up his chest and rested over his heart. “What does this say?”

Hannibal didn’t have to look down to know what his patient was asking about. He felt the ink of that tattoo burn into him every day. “Niekada nepamiršiu.”

Will rolled his eyes. “Yeah but what does it mean?”

Hannibal sighed. “Never forget. It is for my sister, Mischa.”

Hannibal didn’t know if Will could empathize with what he was feeling, but the man didn’t press into the matter after that. Thankfully, Will let it go.

“What about this one?” Will asked, his finger trailing down to a wolf figure.

Hannibal subconsciously shivered under the touch. “It represents a hunter,” he stated.

Will gave an abrupt laugh. “How are you a hunter? You have to hunt down all the plaid suits in the world?”

Hannibal plastered on a smile. The comment was slightly offensive, but he was glad that Will didn’t suspect anything dangerous of him. “Yes, I suppose so.”

Will reached out both hands and ran them up Hannibal's chest.

"Do you like them?" Hannibal asked, amused with how entertained Will seemed to be.

Hannibal's skin tingled as Will's hands traveled up to hold his jaw. "They're beautiful," Will replied, brushing their lips together. Hannibal closed the space between them and held Will so tightly that he thought the ink just might bleed onto him too.

Will's Date

Chapter Notes

> For jacindahb (http://archiveofourown.org/users/jacindahb/pseuds/jacindahb), who asked: How about one where Will goes on a date with someone other than Hannibal? He may ask for Hannibals help getting ready, choosing a location, conversation topics, etc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Good Evening, Will," Hannibal greeted, opening his front door to allow his patient into the house.

"Hello Dr. Lecter, thanks again for allowing me to come over on such short notice," Will replied. The younger man shrugged out of his coat and threw it lazily over the chair before leading himself to the other room.

Hannibal looked distastefully at the wrinkled jacket, considering leaving it there. Of course, that would be rude, so he hung it up nicely in the closet before following Will into the living room.

"It sounded urgent on the phone, and as I've told you before, my house is always open to friends," Hannibal mentioned. He poured two glasses of wine and handed one to Will, who was rapidly pacing across the floor.

Will accepted the glass and sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Thank you. And yes, it's kind of important. I need your help."

Hannibal tilted his head thoughtfully. "Of course, anything for you."

Will took a deep breath. "Well, um," he stuttered, smiling shyly at the ground. "I actually have a date tonight, and I was hoping you'd help me get ready."

Hannibal found his lungs to be constricted and empty, and a sharp ache lingered in his chest. His mind immediately ran through multiple options, even going so far as to think up a plan to make Will's date 'disappear'. Hannibal brushed the thought away and plastered a smile on his face. "Congratulations Will."

Will shrugged, a light blush creeping up his neck. "So does that mean you'll help me?"

"Yes, always. What all do you need to get done?" Hannibal asked.

Will thought for a moment. "Well it is 4:00 now, I need to get dressed and everything before I'm supposed to pick her up at 7:00. By the way, do you have any good restaurant recommendations? I don't even know where I'm supposed to be taking her."

Hannibal's lip twitched into a brief snarl before he regained control and smiled. "That is no problem at all. I know of many places that you may take her."

Will sighed in relief. "Thank you. Oh, I almost forgot! Do you have a suit that I could borrow? I searched my entire house and there's nothing formal enough." Will squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head. "I should just cancel; I'm not ready at all for this."

Hannibal stepped forward and looked reassuringly at Will. Hannibal felt like his very soul was screaming at him to agree with Will and have him cancel the date. However, his mind was torn between wanting Will for himself and wanting Will to be happy. Personally, he thought both were possible, but he dared not say that aloud.

"You are going to be fine," Hannibal comforted. "I will help you. I have everything that you might need and I'd be more than happy to give it to you."

Will gazed up at the psychiatrist, and Hannibal again felt the tense pain in his chest. The younger man visibly relaxed before averting his gaze once more.

"Now," Hannibal continued, "While I find a suitable outfit for you, why don't you tell me about this fine woman who has been privileged with your company?" Hannibal smiled again at Will and led the man into his bedroom.

Will half-smiled meekly. "It's actually, uh, Alana."

Hannibal froze from going through his closet and shot an inquiring glance over his shoulder towards his patient. "I thought you had told me that she denied a further relationship. I was given the impression that she found you unstable and her interest was simply a professional curiosity," Hannibal questioned.

Will shrugged. "I guess she changed her mind, and who was I to say no?" He explained.

Hannibal felt a bitter hatred for the female psychiatrist bubbling deep in his gut, but he chose to ignore it. He turned back towards his wardrobe and picked out the smallest suit he had. With any luck, it should require very little tailoring to fit the smaller man.

Hannibal turned towards Will, showing him the simple, yet classy black suit. Will nodded in agreement.

Hannibal laid the outfit flat on his bed and turned towards his drawers containing dress shirts. All the way in the back was a small, never before worn dress shirt that had been given to him by a guest who rudely underestimated Hannibal's size. Luckily, the guest's poor judgment didn't affect the quality of the meat.

Hannibal held the shirt up to Will, measuring. It should fit well, by what he could see. Lastly, he went to his tie drawer. He managed to avoid all the paisley designs and pulled out an expensive blue tie.

"This should be perfect," Hannibal stated, handing Will the tie along with the rest of the suit. "The blue will accentuate your eyes beautifully."

Will smiled, averting his stare. “Thank you, Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal rested his hand on the small of Will’s back and led him across the room. “Now why don’t you go take a shower while I find a restaurant and make reservations,” he offered.

“I took a shower this morning,” Will replied.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, scanning his gaze down Will and motioning towards the areas of his shirt where nervous perspire had soaked through. “I think it would be best if you took another.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Will agreed, allowing the psychiatrist to lead him to the main bathroom connected to the master bedroom.

Hannibal nodded and gave Will a towel off the rack. “And I recommend using my aftershave.”

Will grinned and walked into the bathroom, shooting Hannibal one last appreciative look before closing the door.

Hannibal sighed and walked out of his bedroom. He clenched his jaw in irritation, trying to ignore the unsettling feeling in his stomach. He busied himself by going over menus for all of the restaurants that met his standards, searching for one that he knew Will would be pleased with. Once he’d finished calling the best one, he heard the water shut off from the bathroom.

A few moments later, Will came out fully dressed in his new attire. Hannibal turned to face him only to have his sentence catch in his throat. The suit fit the man perfectly, or at least Hannibal thought it did. The sleeves were slightly longer than he would have preferred, but he knew no one else would notice. Certainly not Dr. Bloom, Hannibal realized, causing his anger to boil due to her usual lack of appreciation.

Besides the suit, Will had also used some of Hannibal’s hair gel to style his hair into a sophisticated manner, where the curls were all in their rightful place and framed his face perfectly.

Hannibal caught himself before Will realized he was gawking. He stepped closer to his patient, inhaling slightly to find that the man no longer smelled of cheap ship-on-the-bottle aftershave. Hannibal reached out and fixed Will’s tie, letting his hands linger slightly longer than necessary.

“Ms. Bloom is especially lucky to be able to spend the evening with you,” Hannibal commented.

Will shrugged shyly. “I doubt she sees it that way.”

Hannibal’s fingers trailed up to hold onto Will’s jaw, turning the man’s face upward to look him in the eye. “Will, believe me, she will. Anyone would be able to see what a beautiful, intelligent, and perfect man you are. If anyone you are with cannot realize that, then you should know that you deserve much better.”

Hannibal watched as Will's cheeks turned a pinkish shade. He knew the younger man would not react to compliments without awkwardness, so he hurriedly changed the subject.

"On a separate note, I have made reservations for a contemporary Italian restaurant called Sotto Sopra," he explained.

Will nodded, still avoiding eye contact. "Thank you," he replied. "But if you don't mind, can I ask you one last thing?"

"Anything," Hannibal assured.

Will took a deep breath. "Okay, well you know Alana probably better than I do, so I need your opinion on what to say. Am I supposed to order for her or something? What do we even talk about? I haven't had a conversation longer than ten minutes with her before, and now I have to last a few hours," he ranted, listing off questions.

Hannibal's lip twitched, but he focused on Will instead. "It's alright, Will, just calm down. Alana is independent, she will most likely order for herself. Still, be a gentleman and get the door for her, push in her chair, and pay the check. As for conversation topics, typically try to avoid work. The last thing you would want is for her to second guess her decision that you are compatible with her. Do not give her any reason to analyze what you say. Talk about hobbies, or even your dogs. Conversation should flow relatively easily," he stated.

Will seemed to understand, but he still was visibly nervous.

Hannibal frowned. "Don't worry, you're going to be fine."

Will finally smiled back at the psychiatrist. "Thank you, Dr. Lecter. For everything."

Hannibal's chest tightened, but he knew he had to let the younger man go. "You should probably leave soon if you want to arrive on time," he offered reluctantly.

Will glanced at his watch and nodded, walking towards the door and putting on his jacket.

Hannibal opened the front door, giving Will one last encouraging smile. The man thanked him again, his blue eyes shining as he walked out, leaving Hannibal alone in his thoughts.

Hannibal collapsed back into an armchair, no longer having to maintain his façade. He tried to reason with himself, repeating that Alana was always his friend and that Will cared about her, and if he wanted Will to be happy then he should support him. Besides, Will was his patient, after all. That's how it has been, and that's probably how it will always be. However, nothing he told himself alleviated the ache in his chest.

oOo

Hannibal didn't even know that he'd fallen asleep until he was woken abruptly by a pounding on the door. He quickly glanced at the clock, which read 7:54 P.M., before standing up and walking towards the front door.

"Will?" He asked, surprised to see his patient on the other side.

“I can’t do it,” Will muttered, then forced his way through and past Hannibal.

Hannibal couldn’t help but feel slightly content as he closed the door and turned to follow the younger man.

He entered the living room to find Will standing awkwardly in the center, his head down.

“What went wrong?” Hannibal questioned. “I thought you were excited when you left.”

“I was,” Will replied, sighing. “Everything was going perfectly. The restaurant was beautiful, as was Alana, and conversation flowed relatively well after a few moments. But you were right.”

Hannibal cocked his head slightly, urging his patient to further explain. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to ruin your night. What exactly did I say?”

Will shook his head. “No, don’t apologize. And you were just reminding me that you though Alana only had a professional curiosity about me, which was extremely accurate.”

“How could you tell?” Hannibal asked. He knew that the man was holding something back, but he couldn’t see what it was.

“Everything,” Will explained. “It’s like being with you beforehand helped me to see the negative. Every time she spoke it was like she was walking on glass, like I’m fragile and she’s afraid of breaking me. She thinks I’m unstable.” He ran a distressed hand through his hair, his shoulders slumping.

Hannibal stepped closer, placing a comforting hand on Will’s shoulder. “I’m sorry it didn’t work out. Is that why you concluded the evening early? You were only gone for an hour.”

Will gave a short huff, the corners of his mouth turning up into a light smirk. “Technically I didn’t even conclude the date. I kind of just paid for the meal, gave Alana money for a taxi and drove over here. I guess that was pretty impolite but I just couldn’t stand being there anymore.”

Hannibal held out his arms, wondering if Will would comply. Surprisingly, despite the man’s discomfort for closeness, he stepped forward and allowed Hannibal’s arms to close around him.

“You never called me crazy,” Will murmured.

Hannibal smiled to himself, enjoying the warmth of the smaller man against his chest. “Nor would I ever. I believe you have a gift, and it only adds to your perfection,” he explained.

The two were quiet for a few minutes, relishing each other’s company.

“I just want to forget any of it ever happened with Alana. I don’t even know why I agreed to go with her,” Will sighed.

“Well the night is still young,” Hannibal mentioned. “And you are already dressed impeccably. Would you like to go somewhere with me?”

Will nodded, so Hannibal dropped his hands down and interlocked his fingers with Will’s. With the ache in his chest gone and Will in his arms, Hannibal smiled and walked beside Will into the night.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for kinda shooting down Alana Bloom, I mean, I love her but I love Hannigram more.

Drunk

Chapter Notes

> Honestly, I didn't even plan on uploading this chapter because it's really out of character and actually quite awful, but I haven't updated in a while so whatever.
>
> I always imagined Hannibal to be an immature, almost infantile drunk in contrast to his usual sophistication. So here it is. I'm sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will knocked on the door, debating whether or not to just turn around and go home. It was late, nearly 3 A.M., and Will doubted that Dr. Lecter would be awake anyway. He didn't really want to intrude, but he'd lost time again and when he woke up he had no recollection of the past two days. His only idea had been to talk to his psychiatrist, and he drove out without any other thought.

But now, on the doctor's doorstep, Will regretted it. He should've just waited until tomorrow. He was about to turn around and go home when he heard a few bumps and a crash, and then the front door opened.

Dr. Lecter was still wearing his suit, or at least most of it. His vest, jacket, and tie were gone, and the top three buttons of his dress shirt were undone. His hair was disheveled and he leaned awkwardly in the door frame as if he were trying to keep balance. He narrowed his eyes at Will, slowly processing. The man then apparently recognized Will, because his slightly-glazed eyes lit up and he grinned at his guest.

"Will!"

Will stared back in confusion. Only when the strong scent of alcohol hit him did he realize what was actually happening. "Er, maybe I should go-" he began.

Dr. Lecter's smile dropped into an innocent, puppy-eyed gaze. "Why?"

Will just shrugged, raising an eyebrow at the doctor. "You don't seem to be in your best state-of-mind at the moment."

Dr. Lecter looked back at him for a few moments before leaning forwards towards Will and resting his hands on Will's shoulders. He smiled again, baring his teeth. "You should come in," he slurred, pulling Will into his arms and shutting the door behind him.

Will tensed up, but didn't pull away. He was dragged along as Dr. Lecter stumbled down the hall.

“Šudas!” Dr. Lecter yelled out when he collided gracelessly into a side table. Will shot him a confused glare, but the man was too busy holding onto the leg that was rammed into the wood.

Will sighed and continued walking towards the living room, but stopped when he realized that the psychiatrist wasn’t following. He turned around to see the man sitting on the floor in the middle of the hall, clutching his leg.

“What are you doing?” Will asked.

“My leg hurts.”

Will rolled his eyes. “It doesn’t hurt that bad, now come on.”

Dr. Lecter frowned. “You don’t know that,” he mumbled.

Will huffed and crouched down next to the doctor. “Yes, I do. Your leg is fine, now get up. We’re almost there.”

The psychiatrist gazed up at him, and he almost seemed to be pouting. “Perhaps you could carry me?”

“You’re bigger than me!” Will exclaimed. “There’s no possible way that I could ever lift you.”

Dr. Lecter looked away. “Rude…”

“What?” Will asked, narrowing his eyes.

The man shrugged. “Nothing.”

Will sighed, running a hand through his messy hair. “You’ve gotta be kidding me. Fine, come here. But if I drop you, it’s not my fault.”

Dr. Lecter beamed. Will couldn’t help but laugh, still unable to believe the current state his sophisticated psychiatrist was in. He leaned down and wrapped one arm around the man’s back and the other under his knees, lifting him up bridal style. Dr. Lecter, in return, wrapped his arms lazily around Will’s neck, burying his face into the crevice.

Will’s legs were shaking and by the time they made it to the couch, he felt like he was going to collapse. He dropped the psychiatrist onto the cushions and sat down next to him, out of breath. Will closed his eyes, weariness finally beginning to set in. He had about five minutes of peace before he felt warm breath ghosting over his face.

Will opened his eyes only to find Dr. Lecter’s face about two centimeters away.

“Are you sleeping?” Dr. Lecter slurred.

Will couldn’t stifle his smile. “No.”

Dr. Lecter grinned, leaning in to the point where their foreheads touched. “Good. Are you thirsty? I’m thirsty.” Just as quickly as the man had gotten on Will, he climbed down and stumbled over to his wine cabinet. Will jumped up and ran over, standing in front of the bottles so that Dr. Lecter couldn’t reach them.

The psychiatrist frowned. “I’m thirsty.”

Will sighed. “I know, but I think you’ve already had too much alcohol for one night.”

Dr. Lecter narrowed his eyes. “No, *you’ve* had too much alcohol for one night,” he stated before turning around and tumbling back onto the couch.

Will groaned, walking over towards the man who was now burying his face into the cushion. “Maybe you should go to bed now. I should probably leave too, this isn’t really an ideal situation.”

Dr. Lecter didn’t even look up. “No.”

Will sat down beside the man. “Well then what do you expect me to do?” He asked, talking out loud more to himself than to Dr. Lecter. “It’s four in the morning and my psychiatrist is acting like a six year old.”

Dr. Lecter scooted towards Will, resting his head on Will’s lap. “Aš alkanas”

“What?” Will asked, looking down at the man.

“Turėtume gauti ką nors valgyti. Verslininkas yra viduje mano šaldytuve,” Dr. Lecter mumbled.

Will unconsciously ran his fingers through the doctor’s hair. “You have to speak English, I don’t know what you’re saying.”

“I am speaking English,” Dr. Lecter grunted.

Will rolled his eyes. “Whatever.”

They were quiet for a few moments, with Will sitting upright and Dr. Lecter lying down nearly on top of him. Will thought the man had finally fallen asleep until he bolted up and started to stumble out of the room.

“Where are you going?” Will called out, standing up quickly to follow his psychiatrist.

Dr. Lecter turned back and frowned. “I’ve been impolite. You’re my guest, I’ll make dinner.”

Will ran a hand over his face and sighed. “Dr. Lecter, it’s the middle of the night, I don’t want dinner.”

The man stared back blankly. “I’ll make dinner,” he stated simply, before turning back around and continuing towards the kitchen.

As soon as Will walked in, he saw the doctor pull out a large knife from its holder. Dr. Lecter turned to look at Will when he entered and upon seeing his friend, waved the knife in the air and smiled.

“Whoa, okay maybe we shouldn’t use that,” Will mentioned, carefully pulling the utensil out of Dr. Lecter’s hands.

The psychiatrist growled, causing Will to back away and narrow his eyes. “Alright, come on,” he said, grasping the doctor’s wrist and pulling him away from all other pointed objects. Will dragged the larger man down the hall and managed to help him stumble up the stairs. Finally, he was able to shove Dr. Lecter into the master bedroom.

“I really think you should sleep before you hurt something,” Will mentioned. He unbuttoned the rest of the man’s dress shirt, trying to ignore how incredibly strange it was that he was undressing his psychiatrist. He threw the shirt in the corner, not bothering to fold it.

“Are you staying?” Dr. Lecter mumbled, sliding underneath the covers of the bed and burying his face in the pillows.

Will raised an amused eyebrow. “I have a feeling that the sober Dr. Lecter wouldn’t be too fond of my company when he wakes up with a hangover,” he explained.

Dr. Lecter looked up at him. “I disagree.”

Will contemplated it a moment. He knew it was stupid. He knew that it was really weird to spend the night at his intoxicated doctor’s house. But then again, it was so late that he was in no mood to drive an hour back to Wolf Trap. If Dr. Lecter didn’t remember tonight's events and wondered why Will was here in the morning, he could simply explain what happened. Surely the psychiatrist would understand.

“Alright, fine,” Will agreed, throwing the blankets over the doctor. “I’ll go sleep on the couch, or in a guest room somewhere. If you need me, just yell.”

Dr. Lecter’s arm shot out from under the covers and his hands grasped onto Will’s shirt, wrinkling it in his grasp. “You said you’d stay.”

“I am staying, I’m just in the other room,” Will explained, trying to pry Dr. Lecter’s fingers off.

“You should stay here,” the psychiatrist stated, scooting over in the bed.

Will sighed, feeling the blood rush to the tips of his ears. “No, I don’t really think that’s a good idea.”

Dr. Lecter looked hurt, causing Will to feel guilty. The doctor rarely showed many feelings, so seeing him express raw emotion was strange.

“Okay, okay,” Will complied at last. “Just… stay on that side, alright? The last thing I need is an awkward morning waking up crammed beside you.”

Dr. Lecter smiled in agreement.

Will sighed, taking off the top layers of his clothes, leaving himself in a t-shirt and boxer briefs. He climbed into the bed and stayed as close to the edge as he could. Once he was settled, he reached out and turned off the bedside lamp.

Almost immediately, he heard shuffling on the opposite side of the bed. Within a few seconds, he felt the heat of Dr. Lecter pressed up against his side. The larger man then wrapped his arms around Will, preventing him from moving away.

Will groaned, but he didn't bother attempting to detach the psychiatrist. "Goodnight, Dr. Lecter."

Will felt the man nuzzle into his shoulder and mumble something inaudibly, probably half-consciously as well. Will smiled nonetheless, and closed his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Translations are from google translate, so they're probably wrong:
Šudas!: Shit!
Aš alkanas: I'm hungry
turėtume gauti ką nors valgyti. Verslininkas yra viduje mano šaldytuve: We should get something to eat. The businessman is inside the refrigerator.

Next chapter will probably be something Christmas-ish...

Hangover

Chapter Notes

> Due to popular request, this chapter is a continuation of the previous one where Hannibal was Drunk. It's still horribly out of character, but whatever. Hope ya like it anyway:)

Hannibal woke up with a throbbing headache and an uneasy feeling in his stomach. He sighed, about to get up when he realized that he was not alone. There was warmth surrounding him, almost incasing him. He averted his gaze to scan his surroundings, careful not to move too much and startle his visitor. Around his back and falling limply over his waist was an arm, and below him he discovered that he was resting upon a foreign shoulder. Immediately, his brain reviewed all possible escape and attack plans, only pausing when he inhaled and scented the familiar smell of encephalitis.

Hannibal debated whether or not he should stay put or scoot away. Honestly, he didn't mind being so close to Will since the man usually never lets anyone in. However, he need not make this morning any more awkward that it seemed to be already.

Hannibal pulled away, separating himself from his patient. Only after the warmth left his side did he realize how vulnerable he felt. Where was his shirt?

"Uh, good morning Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal averted his stare upwards to lock eyes with Will's. The man's face was slightly red, and he was quick to look away from Hannibal.

Hannibal frowned, desperately running a hand through his hair in attempt to comb it down. Despite his attempts, it still hung loosely over his forehead.

"You're awake," Hannibal observed. "And… here."

Will shifted, a weak smile turning his lips upward. "Yeah. Do you remember anything from last night?"

Hannibal frowned, trying to think back. He tried to ignore his increasing heart rate, wondering how much he forgot. He hated losing control of his own conscious. "Just some fragments. I do have guest bedrooms, though. You did not need to be uncomfortable in my room," he mentioned.

Will grinned, switching his gaze downward. "I, uh, tried to leave. You insisted that I stay with you."

Hannibal shifted awkwardly, pulling the blankets up to cover his chest. “My apologies. Did I do anything else regrettable?” He asked warily, unsure if he wanted the answer.

“No, no nothing like that,” Will assured, his empathy picking up on what the hidden question was. “However, I didn’t expect you to be someone who cuddles.”

Hannibal attempted to force the blush away from his face, hoping Will wouldn’t notice. It was much more difficult to maintain his mask when a horrible hangover affected his mind. Suddenly a new thought probed his consciousness, and he once again felt his heart speed up.

“Did I say anything… unusual?” Hannibal asked, hoping he hadn’t confessed to anything while under the influence.

Will shrugged. “You were speaking some other language, but I couldn’t tell what you were saying. Not to mention you had a bit of an attitude,” he explained with a laugh.

Hannibal scoffed. “I hardly think that I was-” A brief image of Hannibal insisting Will carry him appeared in his memory. “… Nevermind.”

Will sighed. “Well, I guess I should probably go, I’ve already overstayed my welcome by way too long.”

“Nonsense,” Hannibal countered. “I appreciate you staying with me, despite how I behaved. The least I can do is offer you breakfast.” Hannibal began to slide out of the bed, pausing when he felt a breeze. Now where are his pants? He huffed, figuring this morning couldn’t be any weirder, and proceeded to stand up.

Bad idea. The moment he stood, all the drinks from the prior night caught up with him. His head was spinning, and before he knew it he felt like he was about to see all those drinks again.

“You alright, Doctor?” Will asked cautiously, getting out of the bed and walking around to approach the psychiatrist.

Hannibal grunted a vague reply, holding his head in his hands while simultaneously trying to smooth down his bed-head hair style.

“Do you need help?” Will asked, carefully resting a shaky hand on Hannibal’s shoulder.

Hannibal shook his head, causing the room to spin and push him over the edge to the point where he had to stumble into the bathroom.

He leaned onto the counter, desperately trying to keep everything down for the sake of the small amount of dignity that he still had left. In this moment, he swore to himself that he’d never drink again. Of course, this wouldn’t be upheld, but the feeling of Will staring at his back while he was hunched over in the restroom made the promise seem tempting.

“Maybe I should stay to make sure you’re okay,” Will offered.

Hannibal frowned, hating to be a burden. “You may leave; I wouldn’t want to inconvenience you.”

Will stepped into the bathroom and lingered behind the psychiatrist. “I think we passed ‘inconvenience’ when you had me sleep in your bed,” he remarked.

Hannibal looked reluctantly over at Will. “I truly apologize. I will make it up to you somehow, I assure you.”

Will shrugged. “Don’t worry about it. Still, I don’t think you should be left alone. Want me to make you something to eat?”

Hannibal’s stomach lurched at the sound of food. He squeezed his eyes shut, forcing the nausea away. “No thank you.”

Will gave a brief laugh, obviously picking up on the psychiatrist’s discomfort. “Alright, I’ll just go make some coffee. Yell out if you need any help,” he stated, resting a hand on Hannibal’s shoulder for a short moment before pulling away and leaving the room.

Hannibal sighed and leaned back against the wall, his stomach finally calming down. Since he was already in the bathroom, he quickly brushed his teeth to get the awful taste of stale alcohol out of his mouth.

When he was finished, he reluctantly made his way down the hall and to the stairs. Only once he was halfway down the staircase did he realize he’d forgotten to get dressed. He growled, cursing all the drinks he’d had that were currently slowing his brain function. He had just turned around to go back up when he heard Will approach.

“Are you coming?” The man called out from the bottom of the stairs.

Hannibal shifted his weight against the railing for support. “Yes, I just need to-"

“Are you dizzy?” Will interrupted. “Here, I can help.”

Hannibal sighed when the younger man then ran up the stairs towards him. Will wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled one of Hannibal’s arms around his neck, not caring that Hannibal lacked a majority of his clothes. Now in a stable position, Will began to lead Hannibal down.

Hannibal admitted defeat and leaned into his patient, enjoying the near-fevered heat radiating off the man. The two stumbled down the rest of the stairs, and when they got to the bottom, Will continued to lead. Hannibal certainly didn’t object to having the man keep his arm around him.

They finally got to the kitchen, and Will left his side. Hannibal frowned, but the man soon returned with a cup of coffee in his hand.

“Here,” Will said, handing the mug to Hannibal. “This should help.”

“Thank you, Will,” Hannibal replied with a small smile. He took a sip, relieved when the caffeine began to ebb away his headache.

After a few peaceful moments of silence, Hannibal nodded towards the living room and invited Will to sit down. The man graciously accepted, collapsing down onto a couch and sinking back. It was then that Hannibal realized how weary Will looked. Of course, it was difficult to see since Will’s usual appearance consisted of dark circles under the eyes and an unshaved face, but Hannibal could still detect how tired the man was.

They sat quietly, passing light conversation once in a while. After some time passed, Hannibal took a mental check his current condition. The headache was gone now, and the coffee settled his stomach for the most part. The dizziness seemed to disappear, but he figured he would clarify that whenever he stood up. Except for the lack of a shirt and his pants, he was comfortable.

Hannibal stood, content when he found that his head wasn’t spinning. He walked over towards Will, who narrowed his eyes at the approach. Hannibal leaned down and put one arm behind the man’s back and one under his knees, lifting Will up just as he vaguely remembered Will doing to him.

Will laughed, squirming slightly. “What are you doing?”

Hannibal smiled down at his patient. “Hoping to alleviate some of my remorse by trying to repay you.

Will grinned, the tips of his ears turning red. “You don’t have to make anything up to me,” he explained.

Hannibal proceeded to carry Will upstairs, forever grateful that the man didn’t weigh very much. Still, about halfway up, his legs began to ache.

Hannibal brought Will back into the bedroom and laid him down. “There. Now since you spent your evening caring for me, I believe it is only fair for me to spend my day doing the same for you. Anything you wish, you may have.”

Will smiled, looking away shyly. “Um, you wanna just lay here with me for a while? I mean, it’s still kind of early and it’s a weekend so...”

Hannibal reflected a warm smile and walked around to the other side of the bed. He slid under the covers, keeping a safe distance from the center of the bed.

Will turned towards him, his eyes awkwardly looking away. “I uh, actually didn’t mind the cuddling” he murmured. “Or at least, it kept the dreams and night-sweats away.”

Hannibal gave a soft laugh then scooted over on the bed, holding his arms out. Will was cautious at first, but then slid into the gap and laid against Hannibal’s side.

With the warmth of Will beside him, Hannibal found himself drifting off to sleep. Vaguely he wondered what Will was doing at his house in the first place last night, but before he could

ask he felt the smaller man snuggle in closer and sigh in content. Hannibal just smiled and closed his eyes.

Christmas

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Why is there a tree in my house?"

Will grinned, continuing to shove the pine tree into the corner of Dr. Lecter's living room. "Because it's Christmas, and I figured we could celebrate together."

The psychiatrist glared disapprovingly at the tree. "Besides a dinner party with colleagues, I haven't celebrated Christmas since…"

Will turned in time to see a flash of darkness pass over the doctor's face. "Since when?"

As quickly as it came, the dark expression left Dr. Lecter, and the man returned to a docile manner. "A long time," he replied simply. "Not since I was young and with my sister."

Will was especially glad for his empathy at this moment because he now knew not to tread any further into the topic. "Yeah, I haven't had a real Christmas in a while either. A few new toys for my dogs, but other than that there was never anyone to celebrate with."

At last, the psychiatrist smiled. "Well then I suppose this is a good opportunity for the both of us. However, I still don't see a need to drag that plant out of the ground and manhandle it into my house."

Will laughed, turning back to place the tree up inside of its stand. "We're gonna decorate it. Haven't you had a Christmas tree before?"

"I have a conveniently small artificial tree that I put out during the holidays. One that does not have sticky sap or drop needles all over my floor," Dr. Lecter explained.

Will made sure the tree was balanced before backing away and nudging the psychiatrist. "Oh lighten up, Scrooge."

Dr. Lecter smiled down at Will. "Alright, fine. Now what are we supposed to do?"

Will shrugged. "I brought some ornaments, we could hang those up."

Dr. Lecter nodded. "I will be right back; we're going to need eggnog."

Will dug around in his box of decorations while the doctor left for the kitchen. He pulled out a couple bulbs and began to hang them up on the branches, pausing only when Dr. Lecter returned with two mugs.

"Thank you," Will said, accepting the cup graciously. He sipped the drink, enjoying the warmth.

After a while, the two men continued to decorate the tree. It went relatively well, despite Dr. Lecter leaving every ten minutes to wash sap off of his hands. Also, the psychiatrist found a need to reorganize every ornament that Will put up so that it's in a "logical, fashionable order".

"What's wrong with that one?" Will asked, frowning when Dr. Lecter took down a red bulb that he had just hung up.

"It was next to one of a similar color scale," Dr. Lecter explained, rehanging it on a further branch.

Will rolled his eyes, unable to suppress a smile. "Whatever."

Dr. Lecter backed away from the tree, eyeing it for any other misplacement. "There. Are we done now that the ornaments are all up and my floor it littered with enough pine needles to craft another whole tree?"

Will looked up at the tree, happy with his decision to add lights and garland as well. Dr. Lecter had of course frowned when the sparkles littered the floor from the garland, but Will ignored him. Now, with the lights reflecting off the silvery ropes and ornaments, the entire tree was glowing. Overall, Will was content until he saw something move outside of the window.

"What's wrong?" Dr. Lecter asked once Will had stood up and darted to look outside.

"I, uh, thought I saw something," Will murmured, his eyes scanning the darkness outside. He caught sight of the usual tall, black, skinny creature that so often pervaded his consciousness. He felt annoyance and anger building up inside of him, wondering why he wasn't allowed even one peaceful night. "I'll be right back," Will stated, before turning away and running out of the room.

He paused briefly to put his coat on before walking out the front door. The creature still stood, staring defiantly back at Will. Will walked further onto the lawn, feeling the snow seep through his shoes. He refused to allow the creature to ruin his evening. He approached it then closed his eyes, knowing that it was a figment of his imagination. He clenched his fists, forcing the image to leave.

Sure enough, when he opened his eyes again, the horrible being had left.

"Will? Are you alright?" Dr. Lecter's voice came from the doorway, and Will heard the man's shoes crunching in the snow as he walked closer to Will.

Will sighed, relieved to have gained momentary peace. Now all he had to do was regain the previous mood of the evening, and he knew exactly how.

Will crouched down, scooping up a handful of icy snow with his back still turned to the house. He packed the snow into a ball before turning around and launching it at his psychiatrist.

The ball exploded on Dr. Lecter's chest, causing the snow to fly up and cover his neck and face. The man looked utterly stunned, and Will decided that his expression was priceless.

Will laughed, turning around and bending over to compact another snowball. However, when he spun back around, the psychiatrist was gone. He frowned, wondering if the man had retreated back inside. He started walking back towards the house when suddenly a giant force tackled him to the ground.

Will crashed down into the snow, smiling up at Dr. Lecter pinning him down.

"You should be careful about who you choose to pick a fight with," Dr. Lecter stated.

"Why is that?" Will asked, feeling the cold snow melt into his jacket. "You don't think I can beat you?"

The psychiatrist gave a short laugh. "I don't think you know what you're dealing with."

Will kicked his legs up, flipping the two of them so that now Dr. Lecter was below him. "I know that I can outfight an ordinary psychiatrist who sits in an office all day," Will mocked, melted snow dripping out of his hair.

Dr. Lecter pushed Will's arm out from under him and twisted it behind Will's back. Will gasped when Dr. Lecter slid out from under him and rotated Will's arm behind him, forcing his face into the snow.

"Perhaps I'm not an ordinary psychiatrist," Dr. Lecter mentioned, before finally releasing Will's arm and holding out a hand.

Will grabbed onto the hand and allowed the doctor to help him up. "Alright, fine," he agreed, brushing snow off of himself.

Dr. Lecter rested his hand on the small of Will's back, guiding him back towards the house. "I believe we should go inside now. The last place I want to spend the holidays is in the hospital with hypothermia," Dr. Lecter suggested.

Will nodded and followed him in, enjoying the warmth of the house.

"Come on over here," Dr. Lecter called out, lighting up the fireplace.

Will walked towards the psychiatrist and stood in front of the fire, his wet clothes still sticking to his skin.

"You may take off any damp garments," Dr. Lecter offered, removing his coat. "They are most certainly uncomfortable and cold."

Will smiled shyly and peeled off his shirt only when the psychiatrist did the same. "Uh, sorry about starting that little war. Now we're both soggy and freezing," he apologized.

Dr. Lecter smiled reassuringly and passed Will a blanket. "No worries. I certainly didn't help by reciprocating. Now come on, sit," the psychiatrist stated, taking a seat in front of the fire.

Will sat down beside the man and unfolded the blanket. He debated for half of a second before wrapping one side around himself and handing the opposite corner to Dr. Lecter. The doctor accepted it and smiled at Will.

“I kinda got you something,” Will began, averting his gaze. “I don’t know if you’ll like it though.”

“It seems that luck is in my favor, because I have recently acquired something for you as well. Though I did not expect to see you over the holidays,” Dr. Lecter replied.

Will reached an arm out of the blanket to grab a gift out of the bag he’d brought over. The box was wrapped with probably too much tape, but Will handed it over to the psychiatrist nonetheless. He quickly looked away, afraid of the man’s reaction.

Dr. Lecter tore through the wrapping, his nimble fingers able to peel back the overabundance of tape with relative ease. He opened the box to reveal a red and gold paisley tie.

Feeling a need to defend himself, Will spoke up. “I know it’s probably less expensive and not as nice than your other ties but I didn’t really know what else you would actually use, and if you don’t like it then I could always take it back-”

Will’s ramblings were silenced when Dr. Lecter lightly brushed his lips over Will’s.

Will immediately felt his face flush, and he looked away smiling.

“I love it, Will,” Dr. Lecter assured. “I will go get your present now, but since I am unprepared, I regret to admit that it is not wrapped. Nor would I have any idea of how to wrap it.”

The psychiatrist stood up and left the room, leaving Will in front of the fireplace with a blush creeping up his neck.

When Dr. Lecter returned, he sat back down beside Will and handed him the little animal.

Will grinned as he took hold of the small white dog and he cradled it into his chest. The puppy squirmed slightly and licked at his collarbone. “Where did you find her? She’s adorable!”

Dr. Lecter smiled as he watched Will interact with the dog. “Little thing wandered up to my doorstep a few days ago. I called the neighbors and put up ads, but no one claimed it. I’m not sure what breed it is, it just appears to be a white poof.”

Will laughed, allowing the dog to curl up into his lap. “She looks like a Pomeranian pup.”

Will looked over at Dr. Lecter, meeting eyes with the man. He couldn’t help but stare slightly. “She’s perfect. I love her, and I love…” Will felt his ears turn red. He looked away. “Uh, dogs. I really love dogs.”

He heard Dr. Lecter let out a soft laugh before reaching out and pulling Will into his arms.

After a moment, Will relaxed into the touch, enjoying the warmth of the psychiatrist against his back. He watched the puppy close her eyes and sink into his lap, and he felt the heat of the fire in front of him.

A few minutes passed by in peaceful silence. After so much time passed with Will lying back against Dr. Lecter's chest, Will turned his head and directed his voice back at the doctor. "I, uh, meant to say-"

"I know, Will," Dr. Lecter assured, breathing into Will's ear. "Merry Christmas."

Chapter End Notes

Happy Holidays to you all:)

By the way, I'm not really sure what else to write for this collection, so I'm not positive on how many more chapters there's gonna be. Anyway, hope you guys liked the chapter!

Mildly Trapped

Chapter Notes

> Wow it's been a while since I'd updated. Idrk what this chapter is but I felt bad for not giving ya anything for a month, so I wrote this pretty quickly. It's not great, but whatever. Needless to say, I have absolutely no ideas left. Enjoy:*

“Dr. Lecter? Could I come in for a second?” Will asked through his bathroom door. Will had called the psychiatrist late last night due to a loss of time he’d experienced, and Dr. Lecter was willing to talk and comfort him. The doctor spent the night on the couch in case Will woke up again.

Now, however, Dr. Lecter had asked to take a shower before he left for Baltimore. Will had no problems with that, except now that the man was already inside, Will found that he desperately needed to relieve himself. He lived alone, so never before did he have to worry about only having one bathroom in his house.

“Yes, come on in,” Dr. Lecter replied over the sound of the water.

Will turned the handle, pushed the door open, and cautiously stepped inside, barely noticing how the knob felt looser in his palm. There was a thin layer of steam in the air, keeping the room comfortably warm. Will’s eyes flashed briefly over to the shower curtain, only making out a vague shadow of the man behind it.

“Yeah, uh, sorry I just need to go to the bathroom, it’ll only be a moment,” Will stammered, turning away from the shower.

He heard an amused sigh from the other side of the curtain. “You do not need to feel uncomfortable around me, Will,” Dr. Lecter replied.

Will smiled, however he felt no less awkward for intruding. Once he was finished, he zipped up his pants and flushed the toilet only realizing his mistake when he heard a hiss come from inside the shower.

“Sorry!” Will called out. “I forgot how hot the water gets when whenever someone flushes. It’s an old house; the plumbing is a little rough. Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Dr. Lecter assured after a moment. “Just startled, that’s all.”

Will sighed, washing his hands quickly before turning the door handle to leave. However, as soon as he grabbed onto the doorknob, it fell off in his hand. Will stared at it in shock for a few moments, curious as to how it could have happened. He peered into the gap in the door, desperately trying the shove the handle back into place. Still, it refused to reattach.

Will pushed at the door, but it wouldn't budge. He became increasingly aware of his racing heart rate, hearing his blood begin to pound in his ears. He shot a quick glance over at the shower curtain again to make sure Dr. Lecter hadn't noticed how long he was taking to leave. He got down on his knees and slipped his fingers under the door, attempting to grab onto it and shake it out of place.

The door refused to move. It shook slightly on its hinges when he wiggled it, however the lock stayed strong. Will got onto his feet and backed up a few steps before throwing himself at the door with a loud thud.

"Will? Is everything okay?" Dr. Lecter asked, sounding concerned.

Will sighed, falling back against the locked door. "You know how I said this was an old house?"

"Yes?"

"Well maybe it's in worse shape than I'd thought." Will pounded on the door again, but it still wouldn't open.

The shower was then turned off, and Will saw an arm reach out to grab a towel. A moment later, Dr. Lecter stepped out with the towel wrapped around his waist.

Will tried to ignore the small beads of water still accumulated on the man's chest. Droplets still fell from Dr. Lecter's hair, and Will averted his gaze.

"What's the problem?" The psychiatrist asked, stepping closer.

Will involuntary recoiled, nodding over towards the door. "The handle, uh, came off. I can't get the door open."

Dr. Lecter brushed past him, sending a shiver down Will's spine despite the humidity in the room. The man crouched down and attempted to look through the hole where the doorknob once was.

Will found himself watching how each of the muscles would ripple in the man's back, and only realized he was staring when Dr. Lecter turned back around and caught his gaze.

Will immediately looked down, blood rushing to the tips of his ears. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a small smile on the doctor's face.

"I apologize, but I don't think I'm able to fix it either," Dr. Lecter concluded. "Though I see myself as an educated man, I must admit that I haven't taken much time to learn household repairs."

Will shrugged. "I mean, I do all of my own housework and stuff, but I've never been in this situation before. I usually have access to all of my tools, or something." He looked around the small bathroom, finding he had very little room to move around without bumping into the psychiatrist. He checked the few drawers he had, but there was nothing that could assist him

in escaping. “I don’t see anything,” Will admitted. “Did you bring anything in here when you came to take a shower? Or at least, something that might help?”

Dr. Lecter frowned. “It’s a shame; I admit that in my suit pocked I have a Swiss army knife. Surely something on there would’ve been able to help pick the lock.”

Will wondered briefly as to why the psychiatrist would carry around a potential weapon, but thought better of it when he decided that this wasn’t the main issue right now. “Where did you put your suit then?” He asked.

Dr. Lecter pointed towards the door. “All my clothes are still in the bedroom. I did not think I would need them in here, and I assumed the humidity would only damage them. Not to mention that they would surely wrinkle.”

Will couldn’t help but smile, unbelieving as to how persnickety the man was. “Well, there’s nothing in here to help us either. What are we supposed to do?”

Dr. Lecter turned towards the door and put his ear against it, knocking on the wood. “How much do you enjoy this particular door?” He asked.

Will raised an eyebrow. “It’s nothing special to say the least. Why?”

“I believe it’s possible to break it down, however I cannot guarantee that it will be completely undamaged,” The psychiatrist explained.

Will motioned towards the door. “I already tried ramming into it, it wouldn’t budge. Feel free to give it a shot, though.”

Dr. Lecter nodded and backed away from the door to give himself a running start. He tucked one arm to his side, the other hand holding the towel in place.

Will watched the man run against the door, jumping against it and shoving with his shoulder. There was a loud thud and Will thought he heard the hinges creak, but the psychiatrist landed back down and the door was still intact.

Dr. Lecter sighed, brushing a few strands of damp hair out of his eyes. “It clearly did not give, however I feel that it is breakable. Perhaps you could assist me?” He asked. “Our combined force is much stronger than mine alone.”

Will shrugged. “Alright, if you think it will work.” He stepped back and lined up beside the psychiatrist, shoulder aimed towards the door.

“Ready?” Dr. Lecter asked.

Will nodded, and started to count down. “Three… two… one!”

Will collided with the door, hearing it splinter beneath him. It collapsed on Dr. Lecter’s side, and Will felt himself falling in. However, he had a relatively soft landing.

Will found that he had landed forward on Dr. Lecter, and now lay nearly perfectly on top of the man. He looked down at the psychiatrist, seeing a shocked expression being poorly disguised in the man's eyes. Will decided he liked that. He was so used to seeing Dr. Lecter's façade, and this rare show of emotion was quite gratifying.

Will cautiously leaned down and lightly brushed his lips against Dr. Lecter's. He ran his hands down the psychiatrist's chests, where a few droplets of water still remained, and Will wondered what other expressions he could bring out of the man.

Hospital

Chapter Notes

> For tumblr user simply-killing-time, who asked for a hospital scene, but no major character deaths. Here ya go:)

Hannibal wasn't exactly sure what had happened. One moment he was searching an abandoned warehouse with Will for a particular serial killer, and the next he was on the ground with a searing pain in his left ribcage. As he hit the concrete, he briefly wondered how he could possibly let his guard down. Then, however, he heard another gunshot and all he could think about was Will as his vision faded to black.

oOo

Hannibal woke up to the sound of beeping. He opened his eyes, squinting against the light. He recognized the clean white color of a hospital and relaxed slightly, relieved that at least he was not in the killer's hands.

He found that he was not in a personal room. On all sides of him were curtains, from which he heard more machines beeping for the other patients. Hannibal tried to sit up in his bed, but instantly a shock of pain shot down his side. He looked to find his torso completely bandaged up, a few droplets of red seeping through the wrapping.

He gave up and laid back down, closing his eyes. Whatever the drugs were that seeped into his veins from a needle in his arm, they were making him drowsy. He only opened his eyes again when he heard a familiar voice from the other side of the curtain to his right.

"But where is he?"

"I understand he needs rest but I need to make sure he's okay!"

"Can't I just see him? I don't care if he's sleeping, I'll be quiet."

"I feel fine, it doesn't even hurt. Now where's Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal would smile if he had the energy. There was something pleasing about hearing Will worry about him. Yet, he couldn't push from his mind the fact that he smelled the metallic scent of blood.

Yes, he was in a hospital, it very well could've been his own or any of the other patients behind the other curtains. However he couldn't stop wondering whether or not it was Will's.

Hannibal subconsciously licked his lips before deciding to try and respond.

"Will?" The words came out like a whisper, and Hannibal hadn't realized how dry his throat was. The repetitive beeping of the monitors in the room was probably loud enough to drown out Hannibal's quiet voice.

Hannibal attempted to reach out for the curtain on his right, but immediately stopped when he felt a painful tension in his left side. He recoiled, wrapping his arms protectively around his torso.

He swallowed, took a deep breath, and attempted to call out again. "Will?"

His voice was hoarse, but audible nonetheless.

"Dr. Lecter?"

The curtain was pulled back and Hannibal found Will to be sitting up in the bed to his right. The man had gash on his forehead, stitched up, and his arm was in a sling. His shoulder was bandaged up as well as his hand, and a single droplet of blood permeated though the wrapping on Will's knuckles.

Will gave a weak smile, revealing a split lip. "You're awake."

Hannibal tried to reciprocate, barely managing to turn up the corners of his mouth. "As are you," he whispered.

"Are you feeling okay?" Will asked. "Does it hurt?"

"I'll admit, it's not ideal," Hannibal responded, again feeling a tug in his ribcage. "How are you?"

Will shrugged, instantly regretting it and cringing in pain, his arm reaching up to grasp his opposite shoulder. "I've been better. Do you remember anything? Nurse said you've been asleep all day, so you haven't talked to anyone."

Hannibal shook his head, becoming slightly disoriented.

Will averted his gaze, his lips pulling into a small grin. "Well despite the casualties, we got the killer."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, silently urging Will to elaborate.

The man complied. "Long story short, he shot you in the side, wrestled with me a bit, hence my bloodied knuckles and forehead cut, and one of our guns went off. I'm not sure whether it was mine or his yet, but the bullet got me in the shoulder. I managed to get him in the thigh before Jack finally arrived. I passed out shortly after that, so I'm not sure what exactly happened afterwards."

Hannibal felt his eyes closing, but forced himself awake. "Good work, Will," he replied quietly, but sincerely. "You quite possibly saved both of our lives."

Will looked away, a light pink color coming to his cheeks. "I doubt it, I mean Jack was on his way."

"Well you distracted the killer before he could take another shot at me," Hannibal mentioned.

"I also was the one who put you in danger in the first place. I made you come with me to the warehouse," Will argued.

Hannibal sighed, attempting to fight his weariness. "Nobody can force me to do anything. I went by my own choice."

Will let out a short laugh. "Whatever. Now get some sleep, I've kept you awake long enough."

Hannibal finally closed his eyes in appreciation. "Thank you, Will."

The two were quiet for a long time, but the curtain remained open between them. A nurse would stop by once in a while to check the monitors, but Hannibal never opened his eyes so they did not try and talk to him. After a few moments, Hannibal was nearly asleep.

"I was afraid I'd lost you."

Will's confession was barely audible, but Hannibal heard it.

Hannibal considered responding, but thought better of it. Instead, he just reached his right arm over the edge of his bed. He felt the stitches in his left side pull against his skin, testing the strength and sending white hot pain across his side. Still, Hannibal reached out his hand.

He held it there for a few moments before he finally felt Will's hand grab onto his. He intertwined their fingers before drifting off to sleep.

Valentine's Day

Chapter Notes

> For Anonymous on tumblr, who wanted "super shy nervous Will asking Hannibal to be his Valentine's date but then stuff goes wrong"

Will had everything planned out perfectly. Well, almost. He knew what he'd hoped to have planned out, but first he needed the courage to actually initiate everything.

Will knocked warily on the door to the psychiatric office, hoping the man wasn't currently with a patient. It was relatively late, nearly 10:00, so Will assumed all patients were gone. He would've thought Dr. Lecter would be gone too if not for the Bentley parked outside.

"Will," Dr. Lecter greeted with a smile, opening the door. "I didn't expect you today. Is something wrong?"

Will caught the psychiatrist's eyes for a moment, a brief smile flickering on his face before averting his gaze again. "Uh no, I just wanted to… talk."

Dr. Lecter stepped aside and beckoned into his office. "Please, come in."

Will quickly brushed past the doctor and went over towards his normal chair. He sat down, his heart racing. He wiped his palms on his pant legs before standing up again and proceeding to pace around the office. He took a deep breath, trying to relax.

"You seem anxious," Dr. Lecter observed aloud. "What seems to be the problem?" The man sat down in the opposite chair, watching calmly as Will wandered around the room.

Will leaned back against the psychiatrist's desk, his fingers drumming restlessly on the wooden surface. "No, uh, none of my usual problems at least. More of a confidence issue, I guess."

Dr. Lecter tilted his head in curiosity. "Confidence? What is so intimidating that you are afraid to approach it?"

Will let out a nervous laugh. "Hah, to be honest, it's you."

"In no way have I meant to make you feel inferior. I apologize if I came across that way," Dr. Lecter replied, raising an eyebrow.

Will became uncomfortable leaning on the desk and again moved back to the chair, sitting across from the other man. "It's not like that," Will tried to explain. "Just… nevermind."

“You would not like to discuss this further?” Dr. Lecter asked.

“Yeah, well, no,” Will stuttered, painfully aware of his inability to form a coherent sentence. He took another breath, running a hand through his hair. “I’m trying to bring up the topic that I don’t have plans for Valentine’s Day tomorrow.”

Dr. Lecter just looked back at Will, successfully concealing any emotions. “And this makes you feel… intimidated? Will, I guarantee that everyone has spent the holiday alone at some point, and this make you no less-”

“No, no, not that,” Will interrupted, biting his lip. “Do you, uh, have plans?”

Dr. Lecter was quiet for a heartbeat, causing Will to stir in his seat. “No, I do not.”

Will let out the breath that he wasn’t even aware he was holding. “Would you like to spend the holiday with me? I mean, like together. But only if you want to. And if you're sure that don’t have any other plans. Actually, you don’t have to. Nevermind, don’t worry about it,” Will stammered.

A small smile broke though the doctor’s mask. “I’d love to. Now, to avoid a misunderstanding, I’m afraid I must ask: Will the theme of the evening be platonic or romantic?”

Will stared down at the ground, unable to form a response. He stood up, quickly making his way across the office and to the door. “I’ll pick you up at six,” he blurted out before disappearing out the door.

oOo

Will, though still nervous, managed to control his anxiety. He drove his car up Dr. Lecter’s driveway and sat for a brief moment, staying calm. He got out of the vehicle and stepped up onto the porch. He quickly readjusted his tie and brushed off his suit, wondering if he’d overdressed. He ignored the thought and instead knocked on the front door.

Dr. Lecter opened the door, and of course, was immaculately dressed. However, despite his usual style of a plaid or outrageously colored suit and paisley tie, the man now had on a simple, classy, black suit with a deep maroon dress shirt and black tie. Over it all, he wore a long coat. Will’s eyes travelled across the man before he caught his eyes, feeling the blood rush to his ears.

“Hello, Will,” Dr. Lecter greeted, pulling a single rose out of his jacket and handing it to Will. “I am still unaware of your perception of this night, so I will leave it up to you. However, I will still act as a gentleman.”

Will smiled, his jittery hand shaking the flower slightly. “Well, I had planned out something for the evening, but we don’t have to do anything in particular,” he explained.

“I’m sure whatever you had intended will be perfect,” Dr. Lecter assured.

Will sighed in relief and beckoned to his car. He raced ahead and opened the door for the psychiatrist, feeling ridiculous for such a cheesy act. Still, Dr. Lecter complied.

The car ride was quiet, but not uncomfortably so. Dr. Lecter seemed content with the quiet music playing, which was good because the entire trip Will was debating with himself on how he should act. They drove for a little over an hour back to Virginia. It seemed ridiculous to go so far, but Will had a location in mind.

When he pulled the car over in seemingly the middle of the woods, he looked over to see a confused expression on Dr. Lecter's face.

"We're here," Will stated quietly.

Dr. Lecter smiled back at Will. "And where is 'here'?"

"Follow me," Will replied, opening his door and stepping outside. He heard Dr. Lecter get his own door, so Will just walked around to meet him on the other side.

He proceeded to walk into the forested area, the slowly darkening sky still light enough to lead the way. He paused, allowing the doctor to catch up and walk beside him.

"If I had known we'd be hiking, I would've worn better shoes," Dr. Lecter commented lightly, his breath visible in the cold air.

Will let out a short laugh, continuing uphill. "It's just a little further, I promise." He wrapped his suit coat tighter around himself, his fingers going numb.

Will led the way through the trees until he reached a clearing. It was a grassy cliff that dropped off steeply, providing a wonderful view of the setting sun over the fields below them.

"I know it's a little cliché for a date, but I figured you wouldn't mind," Will explained. "Though now seeing how incredibly cold it is, I regret dragging you out here. I'm sorry."

"So is that what this is? A date?" Dr. Lecter asked, disregarding Will's apology.

Will shrugged, taking a seat towards the edge of the cliff. "I don't know, I guess. I mean, we've had something going on, haven't we? I don't know what 'it' is, but I can tell that it's there."

Dr. Lecter took a seat beside Will in the cool grass, surprising Will by not minding the dirt. "I admit that I was careful to leave this relationship up for interpretation. I wanted you to decide what you hoped to achieve from this."

Will sighed in content. "Well, I think I've decided."

Dr. Lecter smiled at Will before turning back to watch the sun set over the horizon. The sky turned orange and pink; a beautiful sight minus the large black clouds above them.

Will didn't realize how much he'd been shivering until he felt the psychiatrist scoot closer and wrap a warm arm around his waist. Will tensed instinctively at first, but then relaxed into the touch. He had been silently cursing himself all evening for thinking it was a good idea to sit outside in the middle of February in Virginia, yet suddenly it didn't seem so bad anymore.

And then, in an instant, it was bad again. The sun finally disappeared from the sky, encasing them in darkness. The black clouds in the sky cracked, and suddenly multiple droplets of water began to fall down.

"That may be our sign to leave," Dr. Lecter offered.

Will nodded, wiping water from his brow. "Come on, it's this way." Will reached a hand out, and Dr. Lecter accepted it. Holding his hand, Will led him back through the forest.

Not even ten steps forward, the sky thundered again and the soft rain turned into a downpour. Will squinted, trying to keep moving. Water was steadily pouring down his face and he couldn't help but think about how he'd ruined their night. As if to make matters worse, a particularly steep step in the forest caused Will to lose his footing, sending him into the mud to slide a few steps on his back. Of course, he had to be holding the psychiatrist's hand, bringing the other man down with him.

Will stood back up, the rain continuing to pour. He felt the damp mud seeping into his back. He held out an arm, allowing Dr. Lecter to grab on and pull himself up. Will cringed, seeing that the other man also had mud on his long coat, and Will knew that it was his fault.

When they finally made it back to the car, there was not a square inch on either of them that remained dry. They plopped down into the seats and sat still for a few moments, catching their breath.

"I'm sorry," Will apologized at last. "I tried to be romantic or something and everything went horribly. Now we're muddy and wet, and I ruined the day."

Dr. Lecter gave a reassuring smile. "I don't think it was unenjoyable."

Will raised an eyebrow. He looked over at the psychiatrist, whose hair was dripping and disheveled, unbelieving that the man actually had fun. "How could tonight possibly have been anything but horrendous?"

"I got to spend Valentine's Day with you," Dr. Lecter responded simply.

Will felt the pink color heat up his face. He averted his gaze, smiling.

"Are you still cold?" The psychiatrist asked, a concerned look on his face.

Will tried to shake his head, but a visible shiver betrayed him.

Dr. Lecter gave a short, breathy, laugh. "It would be rude of me to have you drive an hour back home in cold, wet, clothes." The psychiatrist took off his own wet coat, as well as the suit jacket that had managed to stay dry underneath it. He handed the jacket to Will, who swapped it out for his own.

Will encased himself in the warm jacket, allowing the heat to transfer into his skin. Before long, he was done shivering.

Will started up the car, beginning to drive away but not completely sure where he was going. It was only eight o' clock, and he didn't feel like the night had been very successful. Then again, they were both drenched and Dr. Lecter would probably want to go home.

About an hour later, they pulled up in Dr. Lecter's driveway. Will got out of the car and went around to the other side to get to door for the psychiatrist. Dr. Lecter smiled, brushing lightly against Will as he walked past.

Will followed the man onto the porch, unsure of what to do now.

Dr. Lecter seemed to sense Will's uncertainty, so he opened the front door and beckoned to him. "The night is still young; perhaps you would like to stay for a while? We could have a drink or watch a film."

Will gave a short laugh, all tension relieved. "I didn't even know you had a TV. I thought you'd prefer to read or listen to classical music or cook or something," he joked, walking into the house beside the doctor.

"I'll admit it's not the most productive pastime, but I do indulge once in a while," Dr. Lecter replied.

The psychiatrist led Will past the living room into a room that Will hadn't seen before. It was painted royal blue with a simple couch leaning against the wall and a decent sized television in front of it.After the hour long drive, the two of them were mostly dry, so Will just took off the psychiatrist's suit jacket sank into the middle of the couch while Dr. Lecter got the remote.

"What would you prefer to watch?" Dr. Lecter asked, taking a seat beside Will. His bangs hung loosely over his forehead now that the rain had washed out all of the hair gel.

"I have a feeling our taste in movies are not similar," Will commented lightly. "Just put on whatever. I'm sure one of these channels has to be marathoning ridiculous romantic movies for Valentine's Day."

"As you wish," Dr. Lecter agreed with a nod, turning to a random channel advertising '24 Hours Rom-Coms'.

As predicted, the movies were awful. Too cheesy and cliché, which says a lot coming from the man who tried to take his psychiatrist to watch the sunset. Though Will hated to admit it, a couple of times the dumb jokes would bring an abrupt laugh out of him before he could stop it. If he'd been paying attention though, he would have seen each of his outbursts would cause Dr. Lecter to look over at him and smile, his maroon eyes lighting up just a little bit brighter.

Despite the movies, Will certainly didn't mind that every once in a while, he and the psychiatrist would scoot a little closer to each other. Before too long, their sides were pressed

up together.

By the end of the third movie, Will was leaning up against Dr. Lecter with his fingers intertwined lightly with the other man's. Will glanced at his watch for the first time in what seemed like forever, seeing that it was already 3:00 AM.

Will reluctantly stood up, running a hand through his hair. "I should probably go, I feel like I've overstayed my welcome. It's way later than I thought it was."

Dr. Lecter stood up and managed to grab hold of Will's hand, spinning the man around to face him.

Will found himself pressed up against Dr. Lecter's chest, hands still clasped together between them. Will looked up at the man, raising an eyebrow.

Dr. Lecter closed the distance between them and caught Will's lips lightly in his own. Will leaned into the psychiatrist, yet as quickly as the kiss was enacted, Dr. Lecter pulled away with a small smile.

"You don't have to leave," Dr. Lecter offered, catching Will's blue eyes in his gaze.

Will felt Dr. Lecter's arms wrap around his waist, pulling him closer. Will let out a small laugh and smiled. "Then I think I'd like to stay."

Sleepover

Chapter Notes

> I don't know what this chapter is but it's been forever since I'd updated. So here's Hannibal playing Twister and Will being slightly drunk. Oops.

“Thank you again for dinner, Will,” Hannibal said with a smile. The meal had been adequate at best; however, Hannibal appreciated the effort that went into it.

“Any time,” Will responded. “I mean, you host so often the least I can do is try to repay you once in a while.”

Hannibal pulled a heavy overcoat on, making his way towards the front door. “Will, you know that your company at my dinner table is my reward,” he reminded.

Will shrugged shyly, turning his head away. He pulled the front door open to allow his guest to leave, letting a gust of snow through the doorway.

Hannibal squinted, peering outside. Though he had acknowledged a steady amount of snowfall on his drive to Wolf Trap, he had not noticed how much it had been accumulating. Over a foot and a half was now piled up, painting the ground white as far as he could see.

“I didn’t realize how much it’d been snowing,” Will commented, folding his arms over his chest in attempt to block out the cold. “You know, I’m sure the roads aren’t too great and it’s a long drive back to Baltimore. Would you like to just stay?”

Hannibal clenched his jaw in contemplation. “I don’t want to be a burden,” he replied.

“It’s no problem at all,” Will assured, closing the front door. “Besides, I’d rather know that you’re safe here instead of trying to drive back on slippery roads in two feet of snow.”

Hannibal smiled warmly, removing his coat. “Thank you, I truly appreciate it.”

Will wandered further into the living room and sat down in one of the armchairs. “Still, it’s only 7:00, and I must warn you that I haven’t got much to entertain you with.”

Hannibal followed his patient into the room and sat down adjacent to him, crossing his legs and folding his hands in his lap. “My attention is easily gained, and you are one of the most interesting men that I have ever had the pleasure of knowing,” he promised.

The corners of Will’s mouth flickered up, and a faint pink color appeared in his cheeks. “It may surprise you to know that I haven’t had many sleepovers when I was younger,” he remarked sarcastically. “So I’m not exactly sure what to do all night.”

“Is that what this is?” Hannibal mused, “A ‘sleepover’?”

Will shrugged, allowing a small laugh to slip out of his lips. “Yeah, sure. Well for one thing, a couple drinks could always make it more fun.”

Hannibal smiled, watching as his patient proceeded to walk to the kitchen and return with two glasses of whiskey.

Will handed one to Hannibal before sitting back down and sipping his own.

Hannibal nodded appreciatively, briefly scenting the drink before taking a sip. He stifled a cough, surprised at how strong it was.

“Are you trying to intoxicate me?” Hannibal asked, raising an eyebrow in amusement.

“It’s more to ensure that you’ll be enjoying yourself,” Will responded in a light tone, taking a large gulp of his drink and squeezing his eyes shut.

Hannibal took a slightly larger sip in a vain attempt to match the other man. “I suppose this will work, despite having to deal with a hangover tomorrow. Yet I assure you, your company is enjoyment enough.”

“Yeah, sure,” Will remarked, disregarding the comment. “Actually, I think I might have some games in the attic. Y’know, old stuff from my childhood. Could be entertaining nonetheless.” Will stood up, leaning slightly for a step or two before making his way down the hall.

Hannibal stood up to follow, acknowledging the tipsy feeling but now allowing it to consume him. By the time he caught up to Will, the man had already pulled the ladder down from above and had climbed into the attic.

“Here, grab this,” Will stated, handing a semi-large box down to Hannibal.

Hannibal took it from the other man, holding it in his arms while Will climbed back down. He carried the box back into the living room and set it on the floor.

“Perfect,” Will laughed, pulling different board games out of the box. “Completely ridiculous, but I figured we’ve got nothing better to do. You don’t seem like the kind of person willing to just sit around and watch a movie, so here we go.”

Hannibal ignored the assumption and instead began to examine the games that Will had chosen. He didn’t recognize any of them, but Will seemed excited when he pulled out ‘Twister’ and ‘Monopoly’.

“What is this?” Hannibal asked, holding up a game that had a picture of a half- dissected man with absurd organs.

Will glanced up to see what the psychiatrist held. “Operation. You’d probably like it; it’s like surgery for kids. Not good for me though, I find that my hand shakes quite a bit.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, eyeing the game one last time before setting it aside. “So, what have you chosen?”

Will finished off his drink and grinned, holding up a game with colorful circles on the box. “I want to see you play Twister. This is probably the only chance I’ll ever get, so I’m gonna take advantage of it.”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes at the kids contorting themselves on the cover of the box, but disregarded it. He decided to amuse Will. After all, it was only one night, and if Will continued to drink like he has been then the man probably won’t even remember it. This will only further benefit Hannibal in gaining Will’s trust.

“Alright, how do we play?” Hannibal agreed.

Will opened the box and took out a large mat. He unfolded it and spread it across the living room floor. “Here, so I’ll flick the spinner and whatever it lands on, you have to move that body part onto that color.”

Hannibal looked skeptically at the mat. “And what is the point of this game?”

“Don’t fall,” Will replied simply.

Hannibal was still doubtful, but he was determined to make the other man happy. He took off his suit coat and folded it onto the chair, then slipped off his shoes once Will did the same.

Will leaned down and flicked the spinner. “Right hand on green,” he called out.

Hannibal crouched down and placed his hand on the green circle nearest to him. Will did it as well, reaching out to a circle on the opposite side of the mat.

Will hit the spinner again, and said “Left foot on blue.”

Hannibal adjusted so that now he was parallel to the edge of the mat, attempting to balance. Will lined up beside him on a separate circle.

“Left hand on red,” Will stated after moving the spinner again.

“I can’t,” Hannibal replied.

Will looked over to his side. “Why not?”

“I can’t reach. The red is behind my left foot, there is no way I can reach that while keeping my right hand on the green,” Hannibal explained.

Will just smiled. “And now you see the object of the game.”

Hannibal huffed, his hair beginning to fall over his forehead. He managed to rotate so that now he faced Will directly. His torso lined up with his foot and he held out a hand on either side on the appropriate color.

Will, however, took a different approach and managed to now spread himself across the entire mat unstably. Hannibal found it somewhat surprising that Will was no longer worried about his personal space as much. Sure, it could've been the alcohol, but Hannibal still took it as a victory.

Noticing Will's current position, Hannibal took the liberty of spinning the dial for him. "Right hand on red."

Will immediately shifted, taking up the red circle closest to Hannibal, leaving him with no other choice but to stretch across Will onto a separate dot. He began to feel his own balance wavering.

Not too many spins later, Hannibal had difficulty differentiating which limbs were his and which were Will's. He found himself completely tangled with Will to the point where he could smell the alcohol on the man's breath, and the dog fur in his clothes.

Will flicked the spinner, calling out "Right foot on yellow."

This, however, was virtually impossible. Hannibal knew this, and was about to give up when he felt Will collapse on top of him, sending him into the floor.

"Sorry," Will murmured, laying on Hannibal. Hannibal assumed the drinks were beginning to sink in, because the man made no attempt to untangle himself.

Instead, Hannibal had to drag himself out from beneath him.

"Perhaps you are ready to go to bed now?" Hannibal asked.

Will immediately sat up from the mat and shook his head. "No, I'm fine. It's still early. What else do you wanna do tonight?"

Hannibal caught Will's gaze, studying him. The man's bright blue eyes were not yet glossy or lost, so Hannibal assumed he wasn't too intoxicated. However, there was enough alcohol to still make Will drowsy and clumsy.

"I really think it would be in our best interests to retire for the night. You are already going to regret those drinks in the morning; it would be ideal not to do anything else you may feel remorseful over," Hannibal explained, walking over to Will and reaching out a hand to help the man up.

Will sighed, but grabbed the psychiatrist's hand nonetheless.

Hannibal pulled his patient up, keeping his hand attached to the other once Will stumbled the first few steps. He wrapped an arm around the man, guiding him to the bedroom.

"'m fine, you don't need to help. I barely even drank that much," Will protested.

Hannibal led him into the room and sat him down on the bed. "You drank enough to lower your senses and logical decision making. That is why you are going to go to sleep now. I assume you can get ready on your own?" He asked.

“Yeah, I’m alright,” Will agreed.

Will stood back up and squeezed his eyes shut, inadvertently showing Hannibal that there was an arising headache.

Hannibal walked into the bathroom, opening the medicine cabinet and reading the labels. He found one that would work, and brought it back to Will along with a glass of water. “Here, this should help.”

Will took the pills, not bothering to ask what they were. “You want to just sleep in here for tonight? I’m really not up for setting up the couch or anything.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “Only if you are okay with it.”

Will smiled, plopping backwards onto the bed. “I wouldn’t have offered if I wasn’t.”

Hannibal masked his smile, content with how comfortable Will felt around him. He knew that he was finally breaking down Will’s walls and really getting to know the profiler.

“Alright, but if you change your mind, let me know,” Hannibal replied.

Will pulled his jeans and flannel off and threw them across the room before crawling into the bed.

Hannibal walked around to the opposite side of the bed, folding his own clothes before sliding in beside his patient. He turned off the lamp on the bedside table, engulfing the room in darkness.

For a few moments, everything was still and Hannibal was beginning to assume that Will had fallen asleep. However, then Will turned around in the bed to face the psychiatrist.

Hannibal turned his head to look in the direction of where Will would be, but only seeing a dark room with vague shadows. He could feel light breath on his face, and soon felt Will’s lips brushing across his own.

Hannibal smiled. “I warned you that you would have lower inhibitions due to the alcohol.”

He felt Will’s lips meet his again, silencing his next sentence.

Will pulled back, a small laugh escaping his mouth. “Yeah, but I know I won’t regret this.”

Locked In

Chapter Notes

> Around Fromage time, when Will is still hearing things and Hannibal is a manipulative bastard.
>
> also this chapter is really poorly written please don't yell at me i tried whatever

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Do you really need to go shopping at this hour?” Hannibal asked, checking his watch again. It read 11:57 P.M.

“Yes, I was so busy with work earlier that I didn’t even realize the dogs were out of food. I’m not going to let them starve,” Will argued. “You didn’t have to come with me.”

Hannibal walked through the parking lot beside his patient. “Nonsense. I couldn’t let you come out here at midnight alone. However, doesn’t the store close at 12:00?”

The two walked up to the front doors of the store. It was a large, cement building with no windows. The products were similar to that of a supermarket; however this facility was locally run. In Wolf Trap, there aren’t many big businesses.

“It’s closed,” Hannibal pointed out, reading the glowing sign on the door.

Will pushed at the handle, and the door swung aside. “It’s open,” Will contradicted, walking through the doorway.

“It appears so,” Hannibal sighed, following the man inside. “But that doesn’t mean the business is still operating.”

“I’ll only be a second,” Will insisted, running down the aisles.

The two of them had just reached the pet aisle when the lights shut off. The entire building was encased in darkness and surrounded by silence.

“Hello?” Will yelled out, his voice echoing on the linoleum.

Hannibal squinted into the darkness, knowing his patient was only a few feet away yet he could not see him.

“Is anyone here?” Will called out again. “What kind of place doesn’t have nighttime security?”

“One that doesn’t need it,” Hannibal responded. He had observed when they walked in how the doors were a heavy metal, plus the lack of windows made in nearly impossible to break in or out.

Will grumbled something under his breath, but Hannibal couldn’t hear it. “Let’s just go back to the front, maybe the doors will open.”

“Alright,” Hannibal agreed, but he wasn’t optimistic.

“Where are you?” Will asked, and Hannibal suddenly felt hands grasping at his suit.

Hannibal tried to catch his fumbling hands. “Will, wait,” he said, finally grabbing hold of the empath’s hands. He slotted their fingers together, feeling the other man tense up. “It’s just so we stick together,” Hannibal assured.

“Do you know which direction I was facing when the lights went out?” Will asked, presumably using his other arm to feel around.

Hannibal extended his opposite arm in front of him, feeling the metal shelves. “I’m not sure. We rushed so quickly into here that I do not have any recollection of which directions we have traveled.”

Hannibal felt his arm being pulled to the right as Will walked off in a random direction. “Okay, well we’ll walk until we get somewhere. Actually,” he said with a pause. “Do you have your phone with you? That could light the way.”

Hannibal felt in his pockets. “I apologize, Will, it seems I’ve left mine back at the office. Do you have yours?”

“No,” Will mumbled. “It’s still in the car.” He began moving forward again, and Hannibal was pulled along.

They traveled a few feet before Hannibal heard a hard slam and Will swear under his breath.

“Are you alright?” Hannibal asked cautiously.

“Wonderful,” Will muttered sarcastically. “Just crashed into a couple of boxes.”

Hannibal frowned, narrowing his eyes. Despite being in the dark for so long, his eyes still could not adjust. There simply just wasn’t any light penetrating the shadows of the store. “Would you like me to lead?” He asked.

Will paused, as if considering the offer. “Are you sure? I mean, it’s my fault we’re in this mess, I should have to get us out.”

“If it prevents further injury to you, then I’m more than happy to try and lead the way,” Hannibal assured. He felt Will step behind him, so Hannibal began to move forward on his own. He carefully avoided the boxes his patient had rammed into and continued in the same direction.

Hannibal moved slowly, attempting to use his other senses to guide him. He felt Will's hand sweating in his own. Multiple times while walking, Will would overstep and flat-tire Hannibal, stepping on the backs of his shoes.

"Sorry," Will murmured each time, breathing onto Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal just sighed and continued walking. He kept his opposite hand on the shelves beside him, using them as a guide. He slid his fingers across the cold metal until they came to a stop. He turned the corner to his right to follow an adjacent aisle.

Will, oblivious to the sudden turn, stumbled behind him. Hannibal then felt Will's hand yank on his own, dragging him down to the ground as the patient fell. The two slammed into the linoleum floors.

"Are you alright?" Hannibal asked after a moment. He no longer had Will's hand in his, assuming they pulled apart during the fall.

"I didn't know that you turned," Will explained, his voice coming from the darkness beside Hannibal.

"My apologies," Hannibal responded. He heard fabric shuffling as Will stood up next to him. Hannibal pushed himself off of the floor, trying to locate his patient somewhere near him.

"I could try to lead again," Will offered, his voice originating from behind Hannibal.

Hannibal spun to face him before replying. "If you would like to, you may."

He felt a hand move across his chest while Will tried to locate him. Hannibal held his own hand out, catching Will's and once again interlocking their fingers. He heard Will take a deep breath before continuing to move forward into the darkness.

They walked forward for a little while longer, until Will seemed to stop abruptly. Hannibal collided gracelessly into his back and was about to apologize until the man spoke up.

"Did you hear that?" Will asked warily.

Hannibal was quiet a moment, listening. All he heard was the steady hum of the freezer section somewhere in the store. "No, what was it?" He replied. He then felt Will's hand turn ice cold, and he began to smell a fevered heat.

"It sounded like an animal," Will explained vaguely.

Hannibal waited for a further explanation, but when none came, he tried to reassure his patient. "Will, nothing could've gotten into the store. It's locked down."

"We got in," Will argued. "It sounded hurt. It was whining."

"I didn't hear anything," Hannibal reminded. "Perhaps-"

“There it was again!” Will exclaimed, and suddenly Hannibal’s hand was yanked as Will began to run into the darkness.

Hannibal stumbled along behind his patient, ramming into nearly everything. All he could hear was shoes slamming down on the hard floors, echoing throughout the store. His eyes still could not adjust to the darkness so he could not see any obstacles in his path. His knees and shins would most likely be bruised tomorrow morning. Finally, Will must’ve hit something too because Hannibal then tripped over the other man’s flailing limbs, falling down on top of him. At least his landing was soft, padded by Will’s own body.

Hannibal rolled off the man, out of breath. “Are you done running, Will?”

His patient was quiet for a moment. “There never was an animal, was there?”

Hannibal frowned, beginning to pity the other man. “It’s alright. Ground yourself in the moment.”

He heard Will take a deep breath. “My name is Will Graham, it’s the middle of the night, and I’m lost in a closed store with my psychiatrist.”

“Good,” Hannibal replied, turning on his side to face his patient. He reached one hand up, lightly running his fingertips over the man’s face. He felt rough stubble, following along his jawline.

Will leaned into the touch, moving closer. “I’m sorry we’re in this mess,” he apologized, his breath ghosting over Hannibal’s face.

“It doesn’t have to be all bad,” Hannibal offered, leaning in and brushing Will’s lips with his own, briefly catching his lower lip between his teeth. He felt Will take a sharp breath, but the man didn’t pull away. He then felt a finger trace the side of his face, wavering slightly.

Hannibal smiled to himself, then backed away and stood up off the floor. He sensed Will’s confusion, but didn’t address it. “Come, we should continue to find an exit.”

He heard Will stand up beside him. “Um, yeah, okay.”

Hannibal reached out and found the wall. He walked along it, his other hand reaching out to grab Will’s. He didn’t say anything about the tension between them, nor did Will. They walked in silence, running into relatively few obstacles. Finally, they made it to an illuminated “EXIT” sign above a door.

“An alarm will sound once we open this door,” Hannibal reminded.

Will looked over at Hannibal, his face barely highlighted with the red LED’s from the sign. “What do we do?”

Hannibal smiled reassuringly. “You will go home.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“You need sleep,” Hannibal explained. “And you still need to pick up dog food somewhere on your way home. I will stay here and talk to the police, describing our situation.”

Will seemed reluctant. “Are you sure? I don’t want to leave you here.”

“I will only be alone for the time it takes for the police to respond to the alarm,” Hannibal stated. “Now go, you need rest.”

Will smiled warily, averting his gaze. “Alright. I’ll see you at our next session then?”

Hannibal nodded, then beckoned towards the door.

Will looked back once, before walking out. The alarm immediately started wailing.

Hannibal glanced out the door before it closed, noticing the security camera set up above it. He avoided its view, waiting until Will disappeared from sight before pulling his cell phone out of his pocket. It lit up, providing a decent amount of light so that Hannibal could see. He touched a few numbers on the keypad, holding it up to his ear.

“Hello? Yes, I’d like to report a break-in at a public supermarket.”

Chapter End Notes

Alright so, in case you can't tell, I'm 100% out of ideas. If anyone sends prompts or makes requests, I'll be happy to update, but at the moment I don't really have anything to write so I'm not sure if there will be any more chapters. Thank you guys so much for all the support and for reading, and hopefully I'll have something else to give ya sooner or later:*

Ice Skating

Chapter Notes

For Cassie, who asked for a fic where Hannibal and WIll go ice skating.

"Why exactly are we here?"

Hannibal gave a small, micro-smile and turned to face Will. "I believe some light, enjoyable activities might help in your therapy. You need an escape from the darkness of your work."

Will raised an eyebrow, clearly not optimistic. "And your solution is ice skating?"

Hannibal nodded before walking up to the counter and getting two pairs of skates. He handed one pair to Will and sat down on the bench beside his patient.

"The problem is, I don't know how to skate," Will explained, yanking a skate onto his foot.

"Then I will help you," Hannibal assured, tying his laces. Once he had finished, he stood up, slightly off balance at first. He held out a hand and pulled Will up as well. The younger man wavered on his feet, his hands gripping Hannibal's shoulders like a vice.

"Alright, let's get this over with," Will mumbled once he was finally steady and no longer relying on Hannibal to keep himself up.

Hannibal held Will's arm, leading him over to the ice rink and stepping inside. His foot slid for a moment before he regained stability. There was a noticeable change in temperature, and he realized he could now see his own breath ghosting into the air.

The rink was filled with a few other skaters, but it wasn't terribly crowded.

Will stepped onto the ice beside his psychiatrist, and Hannibal's arm was then held extremely tightly while Will's feet slid around beneath him. After slipping in place for a few seconds, the man was then able to stand still. Will let go of Hannibal's sleeve, and a deep breath puffed out into the cold air.

"Are you able to move?" Hannibal asked, keeping his tone light due to the irritation that was clearly radiating off of his patient.

Will glared up at him. "Fine."

Hannibal glided forward for one stride, the blades of the skates sliding easily across the ice, before turning around to face Will, who was supposed to be following. He watched as Will took a step, slipped, and crashed down.

Hannibal skated back over to the man and crouched down beside him. A few other people skated around them, but Hannibal took no notice. He reached a hand up and brushed the dust of crushed ice off of Will's arm.

"Are you alright?" Hannibal asked, then holding out a hand to help.

Will took the hand, using it to pull himself back onto his feet. "Can we leave yet? This is pointless."

Hannibal frowned, lightly brushing a dark brown curl aside. "If you truly want to leave, I will not keep you here. However, I only ask that you give it one more attempt. I will stay beside you."

Will averted his gaze and shrugged. "One more try. Then I'm done."

Hannibal smiled, reaching out and taking one of Will's hands. The man furrowed his brow, but didn't pull away. Slowly, Hannibal began to skate forward.

Will was slipping quite a bit, but he didn't fall. Every once in a while, usually on the turns of the oval-shaped rink, he would become considerably more unbalanced, and Hannibal found himself struggling to stay up as Will would yank on his hand or lean into him in attempts to stay up. However, after wavering for a while, Will seemed to be able to control himself to some extent. Curious, Hannibal let go of Will's hand.

Will immediately whipped his head around towards Hannibal, eyes wide like a deer in headlights.

It then occurred to Hannibal that though Will seemed to be skating at a decent pace, perhaps the man didn't know how to stop. His suspicions were confirmed when Will began to get more frantic with his movements when he found himself going faster than he could control.

Hannibal paused a moment, allowing Will to slide ahead without the ability to stop. The pause was brief, out of mere curiosity as to how Will would react.

"Dr. Lecter!" Will called out behind him, stumbling as he tried to turn back around.

Hannibal took a slow breath, the white smoke puffing out into the cold air, before he finally picked up speed to try and catch up with his patient. Hannibal felt a small smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as he moved to follow him. He glided along the ice with ease, able to avoid all other skaters on the rink. Will on the other hand, collided gracelessly into oncoming people. He was maybe ten feet away before Will swerved abruptly, turning 180 degrees.

Now, Hannibal liked to consider himself to be one who was in control all of the time, and this was usually the case. However, if there was ever anyone to catch him off guard, it would be Will. Usually, this excited Hannibal because he saw great potential in the man.

Yet, at this moment, he was extremely less excited about Will's surprise 180. Ten feet is not a lot of leeway when both men were moving at a relatively decent speed, and Will was sure to

close that gap in no time before Hannibal even had a chance to try and get out of the way.

Hannibal also liked to think he was a relatively strong man. This, too, seemed to be disproved as Will collided with him and easily took him to the ground, crashing to the cold ice below them.

The two slid for a foot or two before coming to a halt, Hannibal on his back with Will flopped on top of him.

Will, out of breath and slightly shaken up, groaned and rolled off. “Sorry,” he breathed. “Are you alright? I didn’t mean to crash into you, but I didn’t know how to stop.”

Hannibal gave a brief laugh, ignoring the sympathetic stares of the passing skaters. “I’m perfectly fine,” he assure, sitting up and brushing ice off of his wool jacket. “Are you?”

Will sat up and let out a sigh, which turned into a weak laugh. “Yeah, yeah I’m fine. Tired, but fine.”

Hannibal stood up, his skates having difficulty getting traction on the ice, but staying steady nonetheless. He reached out a hand, again helping to pull Will to his feet.

“I feel I may regret asking this,” Hannibal began slowly, “But was it least somewhat enjoyable before our collision?”

Will smiled, huffing out a breath of white air. “I’m not going to give you the satisfaction of being right,” he replied lightly.

“As long as you had a decent time, I do not need assurance,” Hannibal replied. “Now, should we finish one last lap around, then leave?”

Will narrowed his eyes. “Do you promise not to let go this time?”

Hannibal gave a soft smile. “Will, if you desire, I will never let go of you again.”

The man pulled his blue eyes away from Hannibal’s gaze, a light pink color touching his cheeks and the tips of his ears. Hannibal proceeded to take Will’s hand, intertwining their arms together and sliding his fingers in between Will’s.

They skated around the rink, Will stumbling significantly less often. They received a few judgmental stares, but Hannibal was able to disregard them by thinking of what a beautiful dish he could make of them.

Once they reached the exit of the rink, Hannibal swung his patient around to face him and pulled him in closer. He felt Will’s warm, confused breath on his skin as he leaned in and brushed his lips against the other man’s for a brief second.

Hannibal pulled back away, a small smile forming when he felt Will linger. He stepped off of the ice rink, Will’s hand in his own, to take the man home.

Jealousy

Chapter Notes

> For Cassie, who asked for " one where will gets jealous of Hanni for some reasons but it's okay because Hanni loves him "

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will gritted his teeth together, glaring angrily across the room. He didn't want to come to this uptight party anyway, but he'd hoped he would at least get to spend some time with Dr. Lecter outside of therapy. However, instead he had to sit and endure watching the man flirt with Alana Bloom.

He should just go home. He didn't know anyone else here and his suit was incredibly uncomfortable. He didn't belong with all these extravagant, fake socialites. No one would even notice, and it sure sounded better than trying to avoid conversation with all of Dr. Lecter's high society associates. However, something about the way Alana would blush and laugh at all of the psychiatrist's comments made Will's stomach turn, and before he knew what he was doing, he found himself storming over to join them.

He plastered an obviously fake smile on his face and sat down across the two, trying to mask his unexplained bitterness. Why was he so irritated anyway? Does he even have a relationship with the man? He has allowed Dr. Lecter to know him better than anyone else, and their conversations have been nothing if not intimate in some way. Sure, they've had moments that would define what they have as a romantic relationship, but god knows what Dr. Lecter sees it as. The man's unusual and foreign; perhaps a brief kiss is merely platonic where he's from.

"Hello Will," Dr. Lecter greeted casually. "We were just discussing you."

Will gave the man what could be described as a vague snarl, then looked away. "That doesn't make me feel paranoid at all," he remarked sarcastically. He knew it was rude, but that was the goal.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the psychiatrists shoot each other a wary glance.

"Only positive things, of course," Alana assured.

Will adjusted the glasses on his face, lowering them to block out direct vision with either of the two. "Oh really? Hm, I wasn't aware you had much good to say about me after you had clearly stated I was too broken to be with."

He bit back a grin, noticing Alana begin to fidget uncomfortably.

“Now Will,” Dr. Lecter intervened, a tone in his voice hinting at a warning. “We’ve discussed this, I think we both know that is not what she said.”

Will shrugged. “’Compatible’ this, ‘compatible’ that, just an indirect way of saying what she really means.”

Alana reached out a hand, but Will involuntarily flinched away. “Will, I just don’t think we’re meant for each other, it’s not that-"

“Why?” Will interrupted. “Give me one specific detail that makes me so wrong for you that doesn’t have to do with my… instability.”

Alana was quiet a moment, likely formulating the perfect psychiatrist-ish response.

Will just smiled weakly. “Exactly.” Now, he honestly didn’t care for Alana anymore. He’d been turned off from her since she first inadvertently discussed his mental state. However, he saw now that he had the attention of Dr. Lecter, who narrowed his eyes at him distastefully.

Dr. Lecter turned back towards Alana and smiled politely. “Please excuse us, it seems Will and I need to talk.” He stood up caught Will’s wrist in a vice-like grip, nearly dragging him out of his seat.

Will followed the man into the empty hallway of the venue, ignoring all of the side-glances from Dr. Lecter's colleagues.

Once they were alone in the hall, Dr. Lecter turned to face him, finally releasing his wrist. “Will, you behaved very rudely towards Alana. Why were you so discourteous?”

Will shrugged, looking away. However, Dr. Lecter then held onto his jaw and turned his head back to face him. Will reluctantly looked back at the man, but still didn’t answer.

“Will,” Dr. Lecter repeated more strictly. “Why did you do that?”

Will huffed. “Why did *you* do *that?”*

Dr. Lecter just tilted his head, unaware of what Will was referring to. “What was I doing that upset you?”

Will took a deep breath and sighed. “I don’t know, flirting with Alana?”

“I was simply having a conversation with her,” Dr. Lecter defended. “By no means would I consider that flirting.”

“Is that all we do then?” Will refuted. “Have conversations?”

Dr. Lecter raised an eyebrow, apparently catching on to what truly had upset Will. “I have left that open for you to interpret however you pleased. However, I assure you that I do not treat any of my other patients, or coworkers, in the same manner. I assumed you were aware of that.”

The corners of Will's mouth flicked up briefly. "With a mind like mine, I can't always be sure of what I'm seeing. And, with a mind like mine, I find it difficult to imagine why you would prefer it over someone like Alana."

Dr. Lecter was quiet for a heartbeat, making Will's hands sweat.

"Will," Dr. Lecter began. "Alana is a colleague and a friend, but I could never truly love her."

Will raised an eyebrow. "Why not?"

"She is… predictable," Dr. Lecter explained carefully. "She acts how one would expect her to in nearly all situations. Her mind is not similar to ours, hence why she is uncomfortable with you. She does not interest me."

Will pauses, processing the words slowly. "You say 'ours', as if we're anything alike. She seems pretty comfortable with you."

"She sees how we portray ourselves," Dr. Lecter states. "Your avoidance of eye contact, antisocial behaviors, and ability to empathize with killers makes you seem unusual to her, so she feels strange around you. I show myself to be a mirror image of society's expectations, and so she is comfortable with me."

"Do I seem unusual to you?" Will asked cautiously.

"You interest me, which sets you far above Alana, or anyone else, in my eyes," Dr. Lecter explains.

"So um.." Will stammered, unsure whether or not he wanted to vocalize his next sentence. "That means that, uh, you might be capable of… loving me?" He felt a red hot tint creep up his neck and to the tips of his hears and cheeks.

Dr. Lecter smiled back at him and brushed his fingers along the edge of Will's face. He then leaned in, breathing lightly against Will's ear. "Dear Will, I already do."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be where Will and Hannibal go swimming, based on the prompt from Ginger

Swimming

Chapter Notes

For Ginger, who asked: "Since we've seen what a great swimmer Hannibal is, what about one time they hit the pool together to do some swimming?"

“Why am I even awake at this ungodly hour?” Will groaned, following his psychiatrist across the pavement towards a recreational building. The sky was completely dark, the sliver of the moon providing no light, and the facility didn’t look any brighter inside.

“Would you be sleeping peacefully if you were at home anyway?” Dr. Lecter countered.

Will remembered how he had been wide awake and extremely sweaty when the man called him in the middle of the night. “Perhaps,” he muttered.

The psychiatrist approached the building and pulled out a key, unlocking the doors. He beckoned for Will to step inside, so he complied.

All the lights were off, and there wasn’t another soul in sight. “This place clearly isn’t open at this time,” Will mentioned, glancing at his watch and seeing 3:47 A.M. “How did you get access in?”

Dr. Lecter gave a small smile and raised an eyebrow. “I have connections,” he replied vaguely.

Will just rolled his eyes and scoffed, following the man down the hall. Their footsteps echoed off the linoleum floors; a constant reminder of how alone they were.

Dr. Lecter led him through glass doors, and immediately Will was hit with the sharp scent of chlorine. Green lights illuminated the motionless water, and the large circular windows on the walls gave a calming scene.

“This is my preferred time to come here. I enjoy the quiet, lonesome time to think. I presume that you might need a few hours to relax. I thought I might accompany you since your mind is not always a peaceful place,” Dr. Lecter explained.

Will nodded slowly, eyes locked on the water. “So what do you do? Just swim?”

“Usually,” Dr. Lecter replied. “The melodic exercise has a healthy impact on both one’s physical and mental state of being. Do you ever swim?”

Will shrugged, frowning at the pool. “I’m a fisherman. I either stay in water shallow enough to stand in, or I take a boat. I catch the things that swim, I don’t swim much myself.”

“You might take a liking to it,” Dr. Lecter offered. “Did you bring your swimwear like I had asked you to?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t think you’d actually make me swim,” Will replied, tugging at the waistband of the plain bathing suit he was wearing under his jeans.

Will tensed when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up from the water and briefly held Dr. Lecter’s gaze.

“Will, I would never make you do anything. We may leave if you want,” the psychiatrist assured.

Will sighed. “Well we’re already here, I might as well see if it helps. As long as you swim too,” he added.

“If you wish,” Dr. Lecter complied, and began to loosen his tie.
Will reluctantly slipped his jacket off of his shoulders and threw it to the other side of the room. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Dr. Lecter take off his own jacket and, folding it neatly, hung it over one of the chairs. Will stifled a laugh when he saw that the psychiatrist wore suspenders.

Will proceeded to grab onto the back of his undershirt, pull it over his head, and throw it over into the corner with his coat. Before long, his jeans and shoes followed, leaving him in only plain red swim trunks. He shivered despite the humidity of the room.

He turned back to face Dr. Lecter before immediately turning away and biting his lip. He felt his face turn red, and he passed a laugh off as a cough. He should’ve expected the foreign psychiatrist to be wearing a tiny skin-tight blue bathing suit.

Will took a deep breath, regaining his composure. Finally, he spun back towards the other man. He still had to force away a smile.

“After you,” Dr. Lecter stated, beckoning towards the water.

Will’s lip curled up in a weak smile as he approached the edge. He leaned down and dipped his hand in the water before yanking it back out quickly. “It’s cold,” he replied, his tone verging on whining.

Dr. Lecter gave a small smile. “It isn’t too cold, you will get used to it once you’re in.”

Will scoffed. “Yeah, you say it’s not cold but I don’t see you eagerly jumping in.”

“Would you like me to go first?” Dr. Lecter offered.

Will let out breath and nodded. “Sure, I’ll join you in a second.”

At that, the psychiatrist dove into the water. Will backed away as water droplets sprayed upwards. He watched as Dr. Lecter swam effortlessly through the water, the muscles of his back moving in time with the waves. The man turned off of the back wall and glided back to Will, stopping just short of the edge before breaking through the surface of the water.

“Care to accompany me?” Dr. Lecter asked, using one hand to wipe water from his face and slick his hair backwards.

Will noticed he was still staring, and he quickly averted his gaze. “Alright, I guess.”

Will sighed and stepped back up to the ledge. He sat down and slowly slid his legs into the water, wincing at the temperature. However, the psychiatrist was right, and Will realized he may have been overreacting over how cold it was. After a brief pause, he slipped the rest of the way in.

The water only came up to the middle of the chest where he stood, but he could tell that the pool gets progressively deeper the further it goes.

“Now what?” Will asked, the water beginning to feel warmer. “I’m not much of a swimmer, so I doubt I’d find it calming.”

Dr. Lecter ducked beneath the string of buoys that divided the lanes of the pool, popping back up on the other side. “You’ll never know unless you try.”

Will let out a breath. “Alright, I guess it can’t hurt.”

With that, Will lowered himself beneath the surface and pushed off from the wall.

He wasn’t necessarily a bad swimmer, but he was pretty sure that his psychiatrist passed him in the opposite lane at least four times. Also, he had to admit that Dr. Lecter had a point. By focusing on just the repetitive action, he was able to clear his mind. Soon the only sensation he was aware of was the drumming of the waves in his ears and the water between his fingers.

Unfortunately, the relief was short-lived. Will found that when his mind releases its firm grip on reality, his sanity begins to waver. The water around him started to feel uncomfortably hot, and it was getting increasingly difficult to push through it. The liquid felt warm and sticky, and when he opened his eyes all he saw was red. He jerked around, losing the melody of swimming. He felt dizzy, disoriented, and unstable. He looked around underwater, struggling to hold his breath for so long, but he couldn’t find which direction the surface was. Everything just looked red, and felt hot, and he could hear his heartbeat racing in his ears. Then, everything was dark.

oOo

Will coughed out water and took a deep breath, his chest heaving. His lungs were sore and his throat felt hot, and it was painful to swallow. He opened his eyes, squinting against the light. He was met with Dr. Lecter right above him, looking worried and concerned.

“Will? Are you alright?”

Will squeezed his eyes shut, breathing heavily. He felt completely confused, and the tile floor beneath him was too cold against his bare back. He could still see the red behind his eyelids, and his pulse made his head throb.

He sat up, and felt a warm hand supporting his arm. He leaned into the warmth, burrowing into his psychiatrist's arms. This couldn't possibly be conventional therapy, but at the moment, Will didn't care. All he cared about was the feeling of Dr. Lecter's embrace.

Usually, the lack of clothing would be uncomfortable, but right now everything felt perfect.

"I was worried you were dead," Dr. Lecter said softly into Will's ear.

Will smiled, sliding one hand down to hold onto the psychiatrist's. "You can't get rid of me that easily. I'm not going to let you dodge this bullet."

Will felt a gentle kiss on the top of his head, and soon the blood red behind his eyelids disappeared.

Affair

Chapter Notes

For petitehomo (http://archiveofourown.org/users/petitehomo/pseuds/petitehomo). Hopefully I was able to fit most of the prompt, and I hope you like it:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An apology seemed to be necessary. Will hadn't spoken to Hannibal since he'd gotten out of the Baltimore Hospital for the Criminally Insane, and Hannibal was becoming unsettled.

So now, Hannibal stood on Will's porch at 8:00 P.M. with an expensive bottle of wine in his hand. He knocked on the door and instantly a chorus of barks came from inside. He waited for a few moments, but there was no other reply. Will's car was still in the driveway, so the man must be home. He paused and listened for a minute before knocking again.

Eventually, the door opened to reveal a disheveled Will Graham. However, it wasn't a sleep-deprived overly-empathetic kind of disorder. The man was wearing a relatively fancy outfit, well, as elegant as the academy teacher could get, and his suit was messily unbuttoned down to the middle of his stomach. His shirt was no longer tucked in, and his hair looked enthusiastically tussled.

Hannibal inhaled slowly and scented cologne that was definitely not Will's ship-on-the-bottle brand.

"Good evening, Will," Hannibal greeted, hiding his suspicions.

Will narrowed his blue eyes, darkened upon the psychiatrist's presence. "Why are you here?" He asked, his forceful bitterness masking a deeper expression of surprise and, possibly, hope.

Hannibal tilted his head, his eyes darting past Will into the house briefly before returning to meet the man's gaze. "I was hoping we could talk."

Will furrowed his brow and looked away. "I'm busy tonight," he replied curtly and turned to walk back inside, pushing the door behind him.

Hannibal slid his foot in the doorway to stop the door from closing completely. "Perhaps I could at least get confirmation whether or not you would like to continue our therapy?"

Hannibal received a glare, but before Will could respond, a third voice echoed from inside the house and called for Will to "come back to bed."

Hannibal's upper lip twitched, and he tried to stop his blood from boiling. He plastered a smile on his face. "You have company?"

A faint pink color appeared in Will's cheeks, but his expression remained neutral. "I don't believe that's any of your concern."

Hannibal bit back a rude remark, instead settling on a light sigh. "I suppose I was wrong in my assumption that we would return to whatever… relationship, we had prior to your arrest?"

Will scoffed. "Consider this quid pro quo, Dr. Lecter. You slept with Alana so this is only fair. Have a nice drive back to Baltimore knowing what will be going on here."

With that, Will kicked Hannibal's foot from the doorway and slammed the door.

Hannibal stood on the front porch for a few moments, weighing his options. He could wait until Will's "visitor" walked out and Hannibal could slice his neck. After all, he still had a spare scalpel in his pocket. Then again, if he desired Will's forgiveness, this certainly wouldn't help.

He could leave Will alone, but that was unlikely. Life is just so much less interesting without the other man in it.

Hannibal stood outside for about half an hour longer, then cautiously knocked on the door again. When there was no reply, he knocked louder.

Finally, Will opened the door again, his shirt barely draped over his shoulders. "Why are you still here?" He asked impatiently.

"I would like us to talk about this," Hannibal stated simply.

"Yeah, I get that, I'm busy," Will replied bitterly.

"Then I would like to set up an appointment," Hannibal declared, ignoring Will's rude tone.

Will sighed, dragging a hand over his face. "Yeah, fine. Our usual time will suffice. Will you leave now or do I need to call the police?"

Hannibal gave a micro-smile. "They didn't believe your claims before, why should they now?"

Will narrowed his eyes. "Listen, if you think-"

The conversation was interrupted when a tall man unknown to Hannibal joined Will in the doorway wearing only boxers.

"What's taking so long?" The man groaned, slipping an arm around Will's waist.

Hannibal saw Will flinch briefly in response, but didn't pull away. Hannibal's upper lip curled into a snarl for a moment before he put on a fake smile and held out a hand.

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter," he introduced, shaking the man's hand and squeezing threateningly hard. "Who might you be?"

“Don’t answer him, he was just leaving,” Will cut in, pushing the other man away from the doorway. “I’ll talk to you at our appointment,” He added towards Hannibal. “Now go home.”

The door was once again slammed in Hannibal’s face. He frowned, debating whether or not he should stay or go. Finally, he decided that he had already gained an opportunity to talk with Will, and he should not risk losing it. So Hannibal went home.

oOo

“Good evening, Will,” Hannibal greeted with a smile, opening the door further to let Will into his office.

“You have one hour, then I’m leaving,” Will replied dryly.

“And if I convince you to stay?” Hannibal offered, taking a seat in his usual chair across from his patient.

Will let out a short laugh. “Yeah, good luck with that,” he stated sarcastically.

Hannibal just nodded. “Very well. So, where shall we begin?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Will rolled his eyes. “How about how you framed me for murder, let me rot in the BHCI, killed Abigail and Beverly, slept with Alana on multiple occasions, and ruined my life?”

Hannibal paused for a moment. “To address your first issues, the BHCI was only temporary. You’re free now, and I am forever appreciative of your sacrifice to buy myself some time.”

“A nonconsensual sacrifice,” Will muttered.

Hannibal ignored the remark. “As for Abigail, I did what had to be done. I was unable to protect her in this life. You will understand someday. Now with Miss Katz, I believe it was you who led her to me.”

“How is that any justification for what you did?” Will demanded.

“Despite what it is, it’s in the past,” Hannibal concluded. “It cannot be changed. May we focus on the present?”

When Will didn’t comment, Hannibal continued. “And I hardly think that I ruined your life. You and I are one of the same. We are both alone together. I simply tried to evoke your true potential.”

“Turns out neither of us are as alone as we thought we were,” Will remarked.

Hannibal tilted his head. “Are you referencing the affairs of sorts?”

“Did we have anything? Before the BHCI? Am I making more of this than what was really there?” Will countered. “I trusted you. Now framing me for murder, yes that hurt like the

black void, but I understand that you found it necessary for your personal gains. But Alana, she was a torment, a play-thing for you to torture me with."

Hannibal swallowed, shocked at how painful the words felt. "She was nothing but an addition to my façade," he defended. "It was not meant to be an attack at you, only as stimuli for your capabilities. You needed that rage to help prove your innocence."

"Well it worked, because I'm furious," Will growled.

"A few days ago, the feeling was mutual," Hannibal explained. "I was going to kill the man you had over that night. However, I forgive you."

"How am I supposed to forgive you?" Will asked. "I can't trust you anymore."

"I have never lied to you, Will," Hannibal clarified.

"But you deceived me," Will argued. "And that hurts a lot worse than a white lie. There is nothing you can say to defend yourself, or make this seem any better than it is."

Hannibal stood up abruptly and walked over to where Will sat. He reached down and grabbed the lapels of the man's coat and pulled him onto his feet. He stepped closer, pressing up against the smaller man so that their foreheads nearly touched.

"Then let me show you," Hannibal offered, turning his head and dragging his teeth across Will's jawline and down his neck. "Let me prove how… loyal… I am."

Chapter End Notes

Also to the anon who sent prompts through tumblr, those are sooooo adorable and I can't wait to write them, hopefully they'll be posted soon.

Kitten

Chapter Notes

> For the Anon on tumblr, who asked for: Hannibal and Will find an injured kitten while out walking and nurse it back to health. (With the help of Hannibal purchasing veterinary medical texts to study which he would never admit to anyone but Will).
>
> also i'm really sorry it took so long to update, with finals and everything, i've been a little busy:/

Hannibal trekked through the undergrowth alongside Will, stepping through the unruly land about half a mile from Will's house.

"Are you leading me to a specific destination or are we travelling sporadically?" Hannibal asked, shooting a glace over towards his patient.

"We're just walking," Will replied simply. "I like wandering in the open air to think, or at least clear my mind from any thoughts."

Hannibal nodded and continued walking forward, trying to avoid stepping in any mud. "Your mind can become dark with the points of view that you assume under the work Jack puts you through. It is healthy to have an escape."

"Isn't that what Jack hired you for?" Will remarked sarcastically.

"Of course. I am more than happy to be your guide. An anchor, to keep you in the present," Hannibal offered.

Will's lips turned up into a brief smile, but he didn't look over to Hannibal.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, but didn't comment any further.

"Hey, do you see that?" Will asked suddenly, stopping in his tracks and stuck out an arm to prevent Hannibal from stepping any further as well.

Hannibal looked at the expanse of land in front of them, but didn't see anything out of the ordinary. He tilted his head and observed Will.

Will crept closer and crouched down in the grass. "Dr. Lecter come here quickly, you're a doctor, you need to help!"

Hannibal paused, fully aware that there couldn't possibly be someone in need on the ground next to Will. He considered the possibility that his patient could be hallucinating again, and

seeing an opportunity, cautiously approached Will.

To Hannibal's disappointment, there was a little ball of brown fur amongst the grass. He knelt down beside the other man. "Will, I am a doctor, not a veterinarian. I cannot help whatever that thing is."

Will carefully slid his hands under the creature and lifted it up gently. He turned to Hannibal, his blue eyes wide and sad. "Please, Dr. Lecter, can't you do anything? It's still breathing."

Hannibal sighed before reaching a hand out, crinkling his nose when his skin met the matted fur. He held it out in front of him, identifying the filthy blob as a young kitten, perhaps no more than eight weeks old. He carefully felt each limb, then the spine and torso. He laid his hand gently on its chest, feeling for the soft, fluttering pulse.

"From what I know of basic anatomy," Hannibal began, "Nothing is broken but the animal is in vital position. It appears to be extremely malnourished, not to mention the cold temperatures."

"Is it going to be okay?" Will asked softly.

Hannibal debated his next answer for a few moments before settling on the truth. "It's not likely."

Hannibal heard Will take a shaky breath. "Let's take it back to the house, maybe we can nurse it back to health."

"Will, I don't think there's any hope for survival," Hannibal explained delicately.

Will shook his head and swallowed audibly. "We have to try, come on."

Hannibal stood up with the creature, which gave a soft mewl of protest. Hannibal tried to hand the kitten back to Will, but the man shook his head again.

"I-I'm shaking slightly and I don't want to hurt it, it looks so fragile," Will explained, refusing to meet Hannibal's eyes.

Hannibal frowned, but continued to walk back to the house with the kitten outstretched.

"No, Dr. Lecter, you already said it was cold. Tuck it in your coat or something, at least until we get back to the house."

Hannibal paused, again glancing at the matted brown fur. His upper lip curled into a snarl as he reluctantly slid the animal against his chest underneath his jacket.

The walk back to the house wasn't too far, and they arrived in about 20 minutes. When the two men walked into the door, dogs immediately swarmed around them. Hannibal used his leg to nudge seven very curious dogs away from sniffing at his coat.

Will clicked his tongue and the pack obediently backed away. He whistled for them to follow him to his bedroom and he pushed them inside, closing the door once they were all in. The

man sighed as he walked back to the living room towards Hannibal, and Hannibal could tell Will's hands were still quivering nervously.

"What do you suppose we do now?" Hannibal asked quietly, pulling the kitten out from beneath his jacket.

Will ran an exasperated hand over his face and shrugged. "Could you go to the store down the road and pick up a few supplies?"

Hannibal blinked slowly, but nodded nonetheless. "What am I to buy?" He asked, handing the small animal to Will.

Will cupped the kitten in his hands and sat down in an armchair to let it lay in his lap. "Food? Milk? Maybe some toys or blankets or a heater?"

Hannibal tilted his head questioningly. "Toys? Do you assume that this animal will survive?"

Will gave a weak, unconvincing smile. "It never hurts to be optimistic, right? I mean, I've got to try. I can't abandon her, I need to protect her."

Hannibal turned to walk out the front door before turning around briefly, raising an eyebrow at Will's pronoun usage for the kitten. "Will, saving this cat will not alleviate the guilt felt for Abigail," he reminded.

Will squeezed his eyes shut and brought the animal closer to his chest. "Please, just go get supplies."

Hannibal paused for a moment, but decided not to persist on the topic. He walked outside, the sky now getting increasingly darker as the sun set across the horizon. He stepped into his car, took a breath, then drove off to the store.

oOo

Hannibal frowned at all the choices of cat food in the pet aisle of a cheap store at the edge of Wolf Trap. He picked up a small tin of mush, baring his teeth when he read the ingredients. He placed it back neatly on the shelf and turned to look for something more appealing.

Suddenly an overwhelming scent of animals filled his nostrils. He turned just as a larger woman in a lavender sweater approached him, her expression sickeningly happy. Just by the smell of her, Hannibal could tell she had to have at least six cats.

"First kitten?" She asked, beaming at him.

Hannibal plastered on a polite smile and turned towards her. "Yes, I suppose so."

"I could help you pick out a good brand," she continued. "How old is your kitten?"

Hannibal frowned. "It's… small," he replied, unsure of the exact age of the animal.

The woman just laughed. "Okay, but how many months?"

“A couple,” Hannibal responded vaguely.

The lady just nodded and began taking multiple cans and bottles from the shelves, shoving them into Hannibal’s arms. Hannibal bit his tongue at her intrusion into his business, trying to tell himself that she was only helping.

“This should cover it, no matter how old your little friend is,” the lady explained. “And there’s also this,” she handed him a book from the shelf, “if you have any more serious questions.”

Hannibal looked at the book titled A Veterinary Guide to Cats; For Beginners. Hannibal scoffed, putting the book back on the shelf. “I’m a quite successful doctor, I should be just fine. Thank you,” he said, giving a fake smile.

The woman just shrugged. “You never know what you don’t know,” she replied before grabbing a cat toy from the shelf and leaving the aisle.

Hannibal waited until he was sure the stranger was gone before nonchalantly picking the book back up and carrying it with him to the checkout lane.

Once leaving the store, Hannibal sat in his car for a few minutes, flipping through the book. He read through a few chapters he thought may be of importance before finally driving back to Will’s house.

When Hannibal walked through the door, he looked to see Will crouched in the corner of the chair, holding the kitten close.

“I don’t want to lose her,” Will mumbled, avoiding eye contact.

Hannibal stepped closer to him and held out his hands. “Let me help.”

Hannibal took the dirty animal in his hands and carried it over to the sink. He plugged the drain and filled it with warm water. He dipped a clean rag into the water and gently began to rub it over the kitten’s small body. It shivered under his touch, but before long Hannibal was able to remove all the mud caked to its tan fur. He wrapped it in a dry towel and held it to his chest, hoping some of his own body heat would warm the tiny animal.

Hannibal walked back into the living room, Will on his heels, and sat down on the floor, trying to ignore the layer of dog fur beneath him. He took a small tin from the grocery bag and opened up the pull tab, revealing gross, brown mush. He held the container up to the animal, but the kitten just squirmed away, mewling in protest.

Hannibal felt Will sit down beside him, leaning up against his side and observing quietly.

From what Hannibal read in the book, he recognized that the kitten desperately needed nourishment regardless of whether or not it wanted to eat from the tin. He remembered reading that some shyer kittens may prefer to be hand-fed. With a grimace, Hannibal dipped a finger into the mush and scooped out a small amount. This time, when holding his finger up to the animal, he felt a rough tongue scrape across his hand and lap up the food.

Hannibal sighed in relief before turning his head to look at Will. “Would you care to take over?” He asked hopefully.

Will just rested his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, closing his eyes in exhaustion. “You seem to be good at it,” he mumbled.

Hannibal just complied, dipping his finger back into the mush. The two men were quiet for a few minutes, and the only sounds were the kitten’s small tongue and the dogs whining from the bedroom.

“I know saving the kitten won’t bring Abigail back,” Will admitted, breaking the silence. “I think I just need a reminder that I can still save something.”

Hannibal turned his head to the side, placing a light kiss to the top of Will’s head. “You are saving people, Will,” he stated simply. “If you were not, the FBI would have no use for you, and you would not be pushing your mental limits each day at work.”

“Whether I’m saving or not, I feel… dangerous,” Will explained quietly, sinking further against Hannibal.

Hannibal tucked the kitten in his arm, watching as it closed its eyes to fall asleep. “You will have to choose what to do with that potential,” Hannibal offered, knowing Will was drifting off beside him as well.

Will muttered a response that Hannibal couldn’t quite understand, so he just lifted his free arm around Will’s shoulders and pulled the man closer, coaxing him into a much needed slumber. Hannibal closed his eyes, the warm scent of fever and kitten breath lulling him to sleep.

oOo

Hannibal awoke to the feeling of a rough tongue against his cheek. He opened his eyes and jolted back, coming face to face with the tan kitten, its bright green eyes staring at him.

Hannibal untangled his arm from around Will, then gently turned the kitten towards Will’s face. The animal obediently began to lick at Will’s nose.

Will woke up with a startle, sitting up abruptly. He laughed when his eyes fell on the kitten staring up at him. “I thought that was you,” he admitted to Hannibal.

The corners of Hannibal’s mouth turned up in a genuine smile as he leaned forward and caught Will’s lips in his own.

Hannibal pulled away after a few moments, looking back into Will’s wide blue eyes. “You’ll know when it’s me,” Hannibal assured, pulling the kitten into his lap and shooting a look at his patient. “I’ll make sure of that.”

Elevator/Claustrophobia

Chapter Notes

> Anon, I am so so sorry this was supposed to be cute and fluffy and now it's kinda sad and I butchered your prompt. oops.
> well the prompt was supposed to be will and hannibal getting stuck in an elevator and hannibal is claustrophobic so they tell stories to pass the time about childhoods and naming dogs and stuff, but i kinda made it depressing:(
> Also, i had absolutely no idea why Will named his dogs what he did, so the explanation that i gave is complete bs

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Well that was pointless,” Will muttered, striding down the hall of the office complex with his psychiatrist at his side. “He refused to answer any of our questions. We’re going to need to go to Jack to get a search warrant.”

“Perhaps tomorrow would be a better time,” Dr. Lecter spoke up. “It is late. As it is, this business closed an hour ago at 11:00; I didn’t even suspect the manager to still be here.”

Will stepped up to the elevator, jabbing the button repeatedly for the doors to open. “He could be the killer for all we know, and you’re willing to let him walk free and possibly escape?” He argued, running a hand through his hair.

“I proposed no such thing,” Dr. Lecter countered. “He left for tonight already anyways, I just witnessed him go down the stairs to the exit. All I am suggesting is that you go home and rest for one night There is nothing else you could do today anyway. A warrant itself would take a while to be filed against the man in question.”

Will sighed, having no energy to continue the argument. He had to admit, he was tired. That might also be why he was willing to wait for the elevator than to just take the stairs. Then again, they were four stories up. Finally, the light above glowed and he heard a beep, and the heavy steel doors slid open. Will stepped inside, waited for his psychiatrist to enter, then hit the button for the lobby. The doors closed, and the elevator began to sink down.

The elevator shifted down one floor before suddenly dropping abruptly about three feet and grinding to a halt. Will collapsed to his knees from the jolt, his eyes wide with surprise.

“Will? Are you alright?”

Will looked up to see Dr. Lecter offering him a hand. Will took it, and allowed the man to assist him back onto his feet. Then, the lights shut off and a pale red flood light filled the elevator, giving the small area an eerie glow.

Will pressed himself against the back wall, his fingers grasping the railing. He waited in anticipation for a final drop that never came. He was breathing heavily, trying to no avail to calm himself down.

Will looked over to his psychiatrist, who at first glance, looked completely calm. However, upon further examination, Will observed a fine line of perspiration beginning to form at the man's hairline. Dr. Lecter stepped forward and pressed the red emergency button on the wall of the elevator.

There were no alarms, no sirens, or no radio communication. Will was beginning to wonder if the button alerted anyone at all.

"Do you think somebody's coming?" Will asked, finally breaking the silence.

"Of course," Dr. Lecter assured, but he gave a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "Do you have your phone? Mine has no service here."

Will checked his pockets, but his phone wasn't with him. He sighed, the initial paranoia that the elevator would fall the rest of the three floors now passing. "How long do you think it will be until anyone arrives?" He asked.

Dr. Lecter shot a wary glance around the room. "Soon, I'm sure."

Will narrowed his eyes, studying the other man. He had never seen the psychiatrist in a mental state other than completely calm and in control, however right now the man looked extremely uncomfortable, possibly even scared.

"Hey, are you alright?" Will asked, reaching out a careful hand. The man immediately flinched back at the touch, and then gave Will an apologetic gaze.

"Yes, I'm fine. I am just not accustomed to small, confined areas," Dr. Lecter explained, keeping his chin high despite his trembling fingers.

Will raised an eyebrow, continuing to observe the psychiatrist. "Are you… claustrophobic?"

Dr. Lecter didn't respond, but Will saw him take a shaky breath.

"Here, let's just sit down. Someone will come for us soon," Will stated, sliding his back down the wall until he was sitting against it on the floor of the elevator. After a brief moment of hesitation, Dr. Lecter followed in suit.

Will carefully reached out and grabbed onto Dr. Lecter's mildly sweaty hand, trying to calm the man's quivering fingers. The psychiatrist gave him a curious look, but didn't pull away.

"It's alright, trust me," Will tried to console. In all honesty, he had no idea what to say. He was not a sociable person, and he definitely didn't have any experience in comforting others. Dr. Lecter was his psychiatrist, and he didn't know what to do now that the tables were turned. "How about we talk about something else to get your mind off of our current situation?"

Dr. Lecter closed his eyes, took a breath, then nodded in agreement.

The corner of Will's mouth turned up in a brief smile as he continued. "Do you have any topic of preference?" He asked.

Dr. Lecter's jaw clenched as he shook his head.

Will shrugged. "Alright, then you're stuck listening to my favorite topics. Do you know Winston?"

Dr. Lecter took a deep breath beside him, his eyes still closed. "I can't say that I do," he spoke softly.

"Winston is one of my dogs, the most recent addition to the pack," Will explained. "Now, I decided to name him Winston because of a couple reasons. One, because he's a mutt. He's individual and doesn't fit in. Two, because he's curious." Will knew he was spewing random words weakly strung together by a shallow topic, but Dr. Lecter seemed to be calm, so he continued.

"Have you ever read 1984 by George Orwell? Well the main character, a curious man fighting to maintain individuality, is named Winston Smith," Will stated. "Another dog of mine his named Buster. He's small, but he's an aggressive little guy. If he hears a noise in the night, he'll be the first to run out and fight it. Hence why he gets a tough name."

Dr. Lecter was quiet, but the hand Will was holding had stopped shaking.

"You probably don't care about any of this, but I don't have anything else to say," Will admitted, averting his gaze towards the elevator doors.

"On the contrary," Dr. Lecter replied slowly, giving a weak smile. "If you care about it, then so can I. In addition, your voice is calming. The reminder that I am not alone is much appreciated."

Will decided to reach a little deeper, treading carefully. "Why would being lonesome… frighten you?"

The psychiatrist was quiet for a long stretch of time. Will didn't push him, though. If the man wanted to share, he would on his own.

Sure enough, after a while, Dr. Lecter sighed. "I would not want to be alone here because we came into this elevator together, and if you were gone, than I would have lost you."

"What if I had managed to get out?" Will asked, trying to follow along with whatever the doctor was trying to express.

"You didn't."

Will fell silent, knowing those three words carry more weight than Dr. Lecter was revealing. He felt the psychiatrist's hand begin to tremble in his own again, but the man didn't acknowledge it.

“Hannibal,” Will addressed cautiously, hoping the informality would comfort the man. “What is this really about? What made you claustrophobic?”

Dr. Lecter stiffened beside him. Will squeezed his hand encouragingly and scooted closer.

“I had a younger sister, Mischa,” Dr. Lecter began slowly. “She was perfect, innocent, and kind. She deserved only the good things in life. I was supposed to protect her from the harsh realities of the world. However, when I was eleven years old, and she was only five, our family was taken hostage by… savages.”

Will bit his lip and averted his gaze downward, knowing the story won’t end well.

“They killed my mother and father,” Dr. Lecter continued. “It was brief, and I was too shocked to grieve. I was the only one left to guard my sister. The barbarians kept us chained in a barn, trapped in a space smaller than this elevator. It was dank and cold, but I did my best to hold Mischa and take care of her.”

The psychiatrist took a shaky breath, and was silent for a few minutes before speaking up again.

“They were hungry, starving to death in that barn. To them, it was survival of the fittest. ‘Eat or die,’ as I recall,” Dr. Lecter explained, his voice nearing a growl.

Will felt sick to his stomach, inferring what had happened. He subconsciously held the psychiatrist’s hand tighter.

“…And then she was gone,” Dr. Lecter whispered, barely audible.

Will allowed silence to hang over them for a few minutes before finally replying. “I’m so sorry-” he began.

“You may save your breath, Will,” Dr. Lecter offered softly. “Pity is not desired. Use your words instead to reciprocate, if you are willing. It seems that help is not coming tonight.”

Will glanced at his watch. It’d been two hours since he’d hit the emergency button. “I don’t know what you want me to say; my life has been uninteresting to say the least. I barely knew my mother, and my father was an average man. No siblings and few friends.”

“You were too rare to have friends of common mentality. Too extraordinary,” Dr. Lecter added.

Will gave a short laugh. “Yeah, well, it didn’t feel like I was anything special. I was awkward at best. I guess not much has changed.”

“I disagree,” Dr. Lecter countered, finally turning to meet Will’s gaze. “You have gone beyond proving your worth, and I’d like to think that you are not alone. After all is said and done, I will be here.”

Will turned and smiled at the psychiatrist, trying to force away the blush crawling up his neck. “Well I suppose if someone was coming to our rescue, they’d be here by now. I guess

we'll have to wait until tomorrow morning when all the workers come back and realize the elevator doesn't work."

"I feel like we will be okay," Dr. Lecter replied carefully.

Will nodded in agreement, sighed, then leaned back against the cool metal walls of the elevator. He unconsciously shivered at the contact, but took no notice.

"Are you cold?" Dr. Lecter asked.

Will shrugged. "Not particularly," he answered, but the doctor had already shrugged out of his own coat and was draping it over Will's shoulders. Will smiled and scooted closer to the psychiatrist so that now he was practically in the older man's arms.

Dr. Lecter complied and wrapped his arms around Will. Will leaned back into the warmth, enjoying the feeling of being held. The man smelled of expensive cologne and tweed, and Will wanted to drown in it.

Dr. Lecter reached out and tilted Will's face towards him, catching him in a gentle kiss. Will couldn't help but smile against the psychiatrist's lips.

After a few moments, Dr. Lecter pulled away and dropped his hands down to intertwine with Will's fingers. "Now," Dr. Lecter stated, "I believe I still need to hear about how you went about naming your other five dogs."

Chapter End Notes

Also, this is the last prompt i've received so idk if/when the next chapter will be posted. so, if any of you guys have a prompt, send/comment it and i hope to have it up by next week:)

Injury (Will)

Chapter Notes

> For Anonymous, who asked for one where Will gets hurt and Hannibal is all possessive and stuff. Hope ya like it:)
>
> Also, I got a lot more requests than i thought i would, which by the way is AWESOME, so I just wanted to let you guys know that i'll get them written as soon as I can. Thanks!

"How does that make you feel?" Hannibal asked, looking up at his patient, who was lingering on the upper floor near the bookshelves.

"How does that make *you* feel?" Will retorted, leaning up against the railing.

However, as Hannibal soon witnessed, the railing wasn't quite as sturdy as it used to be and it collapsed under the pressure, sending Will over the ledge.

It wasn't a far fall, maybe 12 feet, but the man landed with a sickening thud. Hannibal quickly moved to his side and crouched down beside him.

"Will? Are you alright?" He asked, gently laying a hand on the man's back.

Will groaned and pushed himself from the floor and squeezed his eyes shut in pain. He pulled his knee up to his chest and wrapped his hands around his ankle. "Yeah, I think so. I just landed on my leg strangely, I think my ankle might be sprained or something."

"Let me see," Hannibal offered, but when he reached out to his patient, the man pulled away.

"I think maybe we should see a doctor," he suggested. "I hate the idea of it, but I feel like it might be necessary."

Hannibal frowned. "I am a doctor."

"You're a psychiatrist," Will reminded, wincing as he tried to move his foot.

"I was a surgeon before I turned to mental health. Quite a successful one, I might add," Hannibal argued, trying again to reach out to Will. "The many years of medical schooling were not in vain nor forgotten."

"A hospital would have any resources we might need," Will explained, batting Hannibal's hands away. "Why are you so against taking me, anyway?"

Hannibal clenched his jaw. “Doctors have no personal attachment to you. They will not care about you as much as I do.”

Will’s face turned slightly red, and he averted his gaze. “Fine. You can give me a quick once-over, but then we’re going to the hospital.”

Hannibal’s lip curled at the compromise, but he figured that this was the best option he would have. “Very well. May I see your foot now?”

Will finally extended his leg, grimacing at the pain.

Hannibal carefully took hold of his patient’s calf, acknowledging the swelling of the man’s ankle. He knew better than to try and twist his foot, which would only result in extreme pain for Will. He also knew some doctors would do it anyway to double check their suspicions. However, Hannibal could already tell what was wrong.

“It appears to be a fracture, but there does not seem to be any signs of damage to the ligament,” Hannibal explained. “You will require a cast.”

Will sighed, but didn’t complain.

“Now, that seemed like a rather unpleasant fall,” Hannibal continued. “Are you feeling well in aspects not including your ankle? Do you have a headache or feelings of pressure or nausea?”

“I kind of have a headache, but that’s not unusual for me,” Will admitted.

Hannibal tilted his head in curiosity, but decided that was an opportunity to explore at a later time. “Are your ears ringing, or are you feeling unusual fatigue?”

Will furrowed his brow. “No, no I don’t think so.”

The man’s responses were quick and he didn’t appear dazed, so Hannibal concluded that there was no concussion. Or at least, nothing severe. “How exactly did you hit the ground. Clearly, pressure was inflicted on one of your legs, but did any other section of your body suffer increased impact?”

“I sort of fell sideways, I think. My left foot hit first, but the entire left side of my body followed shortly afterwards,” Will recalled.

Hannibal beckoned towards Will’s side. “May I?”

Will shrugged, then winced as another jolt of pain shot through him.

Hannibal knelt down on Will’s left and gently pulled up his shirt. Sure enough, a purple hue was blossoming over the man’s rib cage, trailing down until it disappeared beneath the waistline of his jeans.

Hannibal lightly dragged his fingers over the beautiful design, watching as goosebumps formed on his skin. The smaller man’s chest was heaving slightly, probably still experiencing

quite a deal of pain from his ankle.

“Doesn’t this hurt?” Hannibal asked, his eyes not breaking from the bruises.

Will let out an abrupt laugh before squeezing his eyes shut. “In comparison to my other injury, I’m not paying much attention to it.”

Hannibal nodded, taking the hint. “Alright, we may go to the hospital now.”

Hannibal stood up then bent down over Will, sliding an arm under the man’s knees and another arm behind Will’s back.

Will tensed up, but the corners of his mouth were pulled up into a small smile. “Dr. Lecter, you don’t have to carry me.”

“It is the least I can do,” Hannibal assured. “After all, it was my railing the broke. Also, I doubt walking would be comfortable or safe.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “I could limp. Besides, aren’t I heavy?”

“You’re hardly the first body I’ve carried,” Hannibal replied with a smug smile.

Will took no notice. “Did you have to carry people as a surgeon?” He asked.

“Something like that,” Hannibal answered vaguely.

oOo

Hannibal stood by Will’s side as his patient lay down in a hospital bed, looking uncomfortable. Before too long, a doctor came into the room, clipboard in hand.

“So, what happened?” The doctor asked.

Will averted his gaze from the doctor. “I fell.”

“I see,” the doctor replied, scribbling something down on the paper. “Well, let’s take a look.”

Hannibal’s lip curled in disgust as the physician all but manhandled his patient. Often Will would flinch and jerk away in pain.

"I believe that's quite enough," Hannibal growled, pushing the doctor's hands away. Will gave him a curious gaze in response, but didn't object.

“Alright, well we can get you prepped for an x-ray, but I think we’re certain that it’s a fracture,” the MD explained. The man turned towards Hannibal. “You may leave the room now.”

Hannibal raised his chin and stared calmly back at the doctor. “No, thank you.”

The doctor frowned. “I wasn’t asking.”

Hannibal stepped closer to the doctor, getting within a range so that Will couldn't hear what he said. "Now, doctor, I do not know if your unqualified mind was able to catch that this man is in no position to be on his own at this point in time-"

"He looks fine to me," the doctor interrupted.

"He *appears* fine, yes," Hannibal snarled. "But that man regularly has seizures and hallucinations of scenarios where he is murdering civilians on a daily basis."

The physician fell quiet, so Hannibal continued.

"So unless you want to place yourself in a potentially dangerous situation, I recommend that you allow me, his *psychiatrist*, to stay with him."

The doctor cleared his throat and smiled awkwardly back at Hannibal and Will. "Alright, well both of you may come to the scanning room."

A nurse walked in and began to wheel Will's bed out the door and down the hall. Hannibal hung back a moment and walked beside the doctor, still out of range from anyone else in the hospital.

"Also, I would definitely not recommend causing Mr. Graham any more pain while inspecting him," Hannibal warned quietly.

"Why? He was acting fine when I was checking his ankle," the doctor argued.

"Perhaps it is not him that you should be worried about," Hannibal suggested with a small smile.

The MD shot him a wary glance, but didn't comment.

"On a separate note, may I have your business card?" Hannibal asked.

oOo

Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will, helping him into the house. He'd decided to take the man back to his house in Baltimore instead of Will's in Wolf Trap so that he could keep an eye on him.

"I have crutches now, you don't really need to help me," Will reminded, keeping his left leg bent so that his solid white cast wouldn't drag across the floor.

"Are you complaining?" Hannibal asked, raising an eyebrow at his patient.

Will gave a tired smile. "Point taken," he replied, leaning further into the psychiatrist's grasp.

Hannibal led Will to the bed, helping the man lie down comfortably. He put pillows under the cast to keep the ankle elevated.

"Anything else I can get for you?" Hannibal asked.

“No, thank you, I think I’m just a little tired,” Will replied, sighing.

Hannibal nodded. “Very well. I will leave you to rest then.”

“Actually,” Will offered quietly, “I wouldn’t mind if you stayed.”

Hannibal smiled and happily complied. He walked over to the side of the bed and sat down beside Will, careful not to disturb the man’s injuries. He allowed Will to lean up against him and he placed his arm gently around his patient’s shoulder. Before long, Will fell asleep.

A ringing noise began, and Hannibal quickly found the source before it was able to wake up his patient. He answered Will’s cell phone.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Hannibal? It’s Alana, I got a brief call from Jack saying he got a message from Will that said Will is in the hospital. What happened? Is he okay?”

“He’s fine,” Hannibal replied simply.

“Do you want me to come over? Does he need any help?”

“No.” Hannibal had to admit, his responses may have been a bit rude. However, when it came to Will, there was no one he trusted except himself to care for the man.

“Well can I talk to him?” Alana asked.

“He’s unavailable,” Hannibal responded. “I’ll let him know you called.”

With that, Hannibal hung up. Will stirred beside him, waking up slowly.

“Who was that?” Will asked, his voice groggy.

“No one,” Hannibal assured with a smile. He placed a light kiss to the top of Will’s head, unconsciously constricting his arm protectively around the man’s shoulders. “You should go back to sleep.”

Teacher AU

Chapter Notes

> For Hannigraaaaaaam, who asked for a chapter where Will is a teacher who meets Hannibal because Hannibal's kid is his student.
> Note, I've never written an AU before so idk what this is but oh well

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So we have a new student coming in today," Will told the group of six year olds. "Now I want all of you to be respectful."

There was a chorus of whispers from all the first graders, but as if on que, a knock on the door of the classroom silenced them.

Will walked over to the door and pulled it open, beckoning for his guests to step inside.

"Hello Mr. Graham," The man said with a smile, holding out his hand.

Will shook his hand meekly before pulling away and adjusting his glasses on his face. The man in front of him was dressed up in a complete plaid suit with hair combed back in a classy manner. "You must be Abigail's father." He looked and saw a small girl with bright blue eyes hiding behind her parent's leg.

"Surrogate," the man corrected. "Fate and circumstance seemed to have brought her under my care."

Will raised an eyebrow, curious about the circumstances but thinking it'd be too awkward to ask. "Well, she's under good care here," he assured.

"I'm sure she is," the man agreed and, if Will were not mistaken, winked at him.

Will felt his face flush and he averted his gaze. "It was, uh, nice to meet you Mr…"

"Dr. Lecter," The man said with a smile. "I'll see you when I come to pick her up in the afternoon." He crouched down next to the girl and gave her a hug before turning to leave the room.

Will nodded and returned the smile. He hadn't even noticed he was holding his breath. Once Dr. Lecter was out of the room and the door was closed behind him, the formerly quiet and obedient class began to roar.

Will turned towards them and held up a hand, signaling for them to calm down. He had them trained as well as dogs, and they all went quiet.

“Abigail,” he said, looking at the little girl. “You may sit in any open seat. It’s a pleasure to have you in this class.”

The girl quietly took a seat in the back and politely folded her hands on top of the desk.

Then, a flurry of tiny hands shot in the air, some even waving around. Will narrowed his eyes.

“Yes Jimmy?” He called on the child in the first row.

The kid beamed, showing that he’d lost his two front teeth already. “Yeah um, why were you being so silly around the, uh, new girl’s daddy?”

Will scoffed. “I was acting completely normal. Beverly?”

The little girl that he called on stood up at her desk. “Do you like Mr. Abigail’s Dad?”

“He seems like a nice gentleman,” Will commented briefly. “Now yesterday we were subtracting,” he tried changing the subject.

“No but like, *like* like him?” Beverly persisted.

That set the class off into a series of questions, all speaking at the same time. Will mentally noted how perceptive the young girl was, hoping she would pursue a career in some form of analysis.

“If you like him you need to kiss him because that’s what two people are supposed to do when they *like* like each other,” Alana spewed out from her seat in the corner of the room.

“No!” Abel argued, turning around in his chair to face the young girl. “Mr. Graham has to marry him first.”

“That’s stupid,” Mason sneered. “Mr. Graham should just chase him at recess.”

Will sighed, burying his face in his hands. He picked up a cowbell that was sitting on his desk and rang it loudly. The class fell quiet and looked expectantly at the teacher.

“Okay. We’re done with that conversation,” he stated. “We’re going to continue with our math lesson.”

The class groaned but didn’t argue.

Will managed to get through the lesson with little more input on the topic. He had to admit, that foreign man still occupied his thoughts. Finally, the bell rang for recess and he was left alone in his mind.

“Mr. Graham.”

Will jolted in surprise, instantly recognizing the voice. He turned towards the door and smiled warily at Dr. Lecter. “Hello, doctor, is something wrong?”

Dr. Lecter returned a pleasant smile. “No, Abigail simply forgot her lunch at home so I came to bring it in.”

Will nervously scratched at the back of his neck. “I think you, uh, could’ve left it in the office. The secretaries could have taken care of it.”

The man tilted his head, his complete calmness juxtaposing Will’s current state. “Perhaps I wanted to deliver it myself and make sure she got it.”

“She’s at recess right now with the others, you can’t really see her unless you want to find her on the playground,” Will explained, his fingers unconsciously tapping against his desk.

Dr. Lecter nodded. “I trust you to give it to her,” he said lightly, placing the lunchbox on the nearest desk.

“You could stay,” Will blurted out, then silently cursed himself. “I mean, if you want to. Recess is only like seven more minutes, you can wait here if you’d like.”

The man smiled. “I wouldn’t want to be a burden.”

“You wouldn’t be a burden,” Will assured. “I’m not doing anything else anyway.”

“Thank you,” Dr. Lecter said, leaning back against a desk. “So, what brought you to becoming a first grade educator?”

Will shrugged. “Apparently I’m good at it. I understand the kids to a point where I can be an authority figure while still being able to understand them on a personal level.”

“You can empathize with them,” Dr. Lecter observed.

Will gave a sideways, uncommitted grin. “Yeah, well that’s kind of the problem. I can empathize with anybody.”

“You speak as if it’s a curse,” Dr. Lecter commented.

“It kind of is,” Will explained. “I’m always trapped in other people’s minds”

The man nodded in understanding. “That’s why you chose to work with kids. Their minds are still young, innocent, and not yet tainted with the inhumane realities of the world.”

Will narrowed his eyes. “When you say you’re a doctor…”

“Psychiatrist,” Dr. Lecter confirmed.

Will was about to reply when the bell signaling the end of recess rang, and soon a swarm of kids piled into the classroom.

Dr. Lecter smiled and handed Abigail her lunch as she passed by. “I suppose that’s my cue to leave,” he stated.

Will frowned, but quickly returned to a neutral expression before anyone would notice. “Oh, uh, yeah. I’ll see you after school then?”

The psychiatrist looked back at Will, his eyes warm. “Of course.”

With that, the man left, leaving Will staring at the door.

“Mr. Graham, did you do it? Are you married?” Brian called out.

Will laughed, turning back to the class. “Anyway, let’s get back to our lesson.”

oOo

Will spent the rest of the school day shooting anxious glares at the clock, waiting for the dismissal bell. He doubted the class noticed; their attention wanders after ten minutes. Finally, after what seemed like forever, the bell rang, and most of the kids flooded out the door.

Dr. Lecter, perfectly on time, strode into the room right as the bell rang. Will, of course, would never tell him that parents were to wait in the hall.

“Hello again, Mr. Graham,” The man greeted, taking ahold of Abigail’s hand when she walked up next to him. “Is she free to go?”

“Um, yeah,” Will stuttered, his face heating up. “But I actually wanted to ask you something before you left.” Will felt like his words were echoing in the nearly empty classroom. “Would you be interested in, uh, maybe getting a drink sometime? Or dinner?”

Dr. Lecter looked down at his surrogate daughter. “Abigail, why don’t you go and retrieve your backpack from the hallway?”

The young girl scurried out the door, and the psychiatrist looked back towards Will.

The man leaned in close, sending a shiver down Will’s spine.

“I’d love to, Mr. Graham.” Dr. Lecter purred.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I'm sure you've all heard the news about Hannibal's cancellation, so I'd like to point out a few things:

- I'm still going to keep posting on here, as long as there's prompts I won't stop writing. I'm going in a sporadic order, but I promise I'll get them all covered. If I remember, those of you who have accounts, I'll message you when your chapter is posted.

- Please please PLEASE contribute to trying to get Hannibal renewed on another channel. I've been chatting with Netflix all day as well as tweeting. Please do the same, using hashtags #Hannibal and #SaveHannibal. Amazon already declined, so spend your time on Netflix and Hulu.

- Ratings are just as, if not more, important. Make sure you watch the episode on Thursday. If you can, please try to get your friends to turn their tv on. Then, after the episode has aired, PLEASE keep a window open with the episode playing on repeat using the official link. You don't have to pay attention to it, you can go on tumblr or read fanfiction or whatever, just please keep it running.

- YOU specifically matter. I used to think that my few tweets or replays on the site wouldn't make a difference, but trust me, each and every person matters. If everyone thought that their few views wouldn't make a difference, Hannibal would've been cancelled after season one. I'm talking to each and every one of you individually, please help save this show.

- In attempts to sweeten the pot a little, if you tweet or chat a company or send an email, send a screenshot to my tumblr or tag me in a post or post a link in the comments along with a certain prompt and I promise to have that chapter up by THE NEXT DAY. Even if that means posting multiple chapters in one day.

- Also, I can't draw for shit, but if you have a screenshot or something along with a drawing request for a picture of one of the chapters I've written or anything else you can think of, I'll attempt to draw it for you. It will most likely suck, but I have an artsy friend who might be able to help.

I'm doing my best to encourage you all to boost views and popularity for this show. Now you just have to do your part. Make NBC regret cancelling Hannibal.

Day Off

Chapter Notes

For PostApocalypticLaundryPile. I hope ya like it:)

Also, again, I will do every single prompt that people ask for, but i have no clue what order i'm going in. But i'll get to all of them, i promise.

And, this chapter is written differently than the others. I thought the best way to fulfill this prompt would be to write it through a different character's point of view, so hopefully it doesn't suck

“Will! What’s wrong?”

Beverly looked up from the corpse she was examining when she heard Jack’s voice thundering in the linoleum room. She saw Will Graham standing awkwardly in the corner, sweating through his clothes and shaking like a leaf. She cast a sideways glance over to Jimmy Price and Brian Zeller, but they just shrugged.

Jack walked up to Will and stared down at him with a narrow gaze. “Will, what do you see? Do you know what happened to the victim?”

Will squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head. “Th-there’s water leaking down the walls. I-I don't know what that means.”

Beverly looked around the small examination room, but everything looked normal. She watched silently, concerned.

Jack sighed, running an exasperated hand down his face. “Alright, well you’re useless in this state anyway. You need rest.”

“I’m fine,” Will insisted weakly.

“No, you’re not,” Jack decided. “Take three days starting tomorrow, no more, no less. Go home and sleep. Talk to Dr. Lecter for a while; I think it will be good for you.”

Will was quiet a moment before finally nodding and walking out of the room.

“Maybe you shouldn’t push him so hard,” Beverly mentioned hesitantly.

Jack narrowed his eyes at her. “He’s saving people here, what do you want me to do? Let them die?”

“No but you have other agents and investigators that can bear some of the weight,” Beverly suggested.

“None of them can do what he does,” Jack stated blandly as he turned and walked out of the room.

Beverly frowned. She knew the first day that she met Will that the man was unstable, this couldn’t possibly be safe.

“Bev, could you pass me the tweezers?” Jimmy asked, holding out one hand while the other held open the corpse’s mouth.

Beverly sighed and continued on with her work.

oOo

Two days later Jack stormed back into the examination room, taking Beverly and the other two scientists by surprise.

“Have any of you guys seen Will?” The man demanded.

The three shook their heads.

“You gave him the day off, remember?” Beverly replied.

Jack frowned. “I know but I need him today. There’s been new evidence found concerning one of our biggest cases, and I need Will to take a look at it.”

“What Will needs is rest,” Beverly argued.

Jack shook his head. “He can rest later; right now I need him. Beverly, since you seem so concerned, you can go to his house and find him. He’s not answering his phone.”

“I don’t know where he lives,” she said, crossing her arms over her chest.

“I’ll give you an address,” Jack responded simply. “Now go.”

Beverly gave Jimmy and Brian a silent plea for help, but they just shrugged, so she left.

oOo

Beverly pulled her car into the long driveway of Will’s house. If she had known that the man literally lived in the middle of nowhere, she wouldn’t have come. But now, after driving for over an hour, she was here.

She walked up the porch and quietly approached the door. She debated whether or not to knock, then decided to just let herself in. Of course his door wasn’t locked, he lived in a lonely wasteland, there’s no reason to lock the door.

However, she didn't know whether to make a loud, enthusiastic entrance, or just sneak inside. If she was loud and Will was in the shower or sleeping or something, that would be awkward. If she snuck inside, though, she could just leave silently if he were busy.

So she decided to remain quiet. She carefully opened the door and stepped inside, peering around the room.

Then she saw Will. And Hannibal Lecter. She stared for a moment, unsure if she was seeing things or not. It looked like the two were having a legit make-out session on the couch. She smiled to herself.

"Ahem," She cleared her throat loudly after a few moments.

Instantly, Will shot off the couch, his face turning a deep red color beneath his scruff. "Beverly? Why are you-, what are-, how-?"

Dr. Lecter was much more calm, in fact he didn't even seem surprised. He just nodded in greeting to Beverly.

"So, uh, what was that?" She asked, raising an eyebrow and smirking.

"How long were you standing there?" Will asked, ignoring her question.

Beverly rolled her eyes. "I'd just walked in."

"About twenty eight seconds," Dr. Lecter contradicted.

She and Will simultaneously shot him a confused glare.

The psychiatrists just looked back innocently. "I smelled her when she arrived."

"And you didn't think to tell me?" Will asked angrily.

A small smile pulled at the corners of Dr. Lecter's mouth. "You were a little preoccupied."

Beverly let out a laugh, unable to hold it in after that comment. Will's face turned darker red and he averted his gaze.

"Alright well as much as I'd love to stay here and continue this lovely conversation," Beverly began once she'd stopped laughing, "I need to go back to work and tell everyone about some new information I've come across."

Will buried his face in his hands, but Dr. Lecter still wore a warm smile, so she took it as consent. She turned to walk out the door, grinning to herself. "By the way," she called over her shoulder, "Jack wants you back at work today."

oOo

"I couldn't believe it and I was staring right at them!" Beverly exclaimed, laughing along with Jimmy and Brian.

“I knew something was going on,” Jimmy replied. “I mean, have you seen the way that psychiatrist looks at him?”

“Shh!” Brian scolded, beckoning towards the door just as Will walked into the examination room.

Will paused, narrowing his eyes at the three who had suddenly fallen silent. “What?” He asked.

“You’re just, uh, a bit late,” Brian said, giving a weak excuse. “No big deal.”

“Yeah, don’t worry about it,” Jimmy assured with a smile. “You were probably just… *preoccupied*.”

Beverly nearly choked while Brian bit his lip to stifle his laughter.

Will groaned, a pink color returning to his cheeks. “You told?” He glared at Beverly.

“I couldn’t help it,” she laughed. “It was too good of a secret to keep.”

As if things couldn’t get any funnier, at that moment Dr. Lecter walked into the examination room, smiling at the science team.

“Good evening,” he greeted.

“Did you two have fun on your days off?” Jimmy asked, visibly trying to fight off a grin.

Dr. Lecter gave a small smile. “We did, thank you for asking.”

“You’re not helping,” Will muttered.

All of the sudden Brian was leaning in to Beverly’s ear. “Hey, do you think we can embarrass the poor guy even more?” He whispered.

“Don’t you think we already put him through hell?” Beverly whispered back, not caring that everyone in the room was staring at them.

“Yeah, well. I’m curious,” Brian replied. “I’m gonna go for it.”

Beverly thought for a moment, then decided not to intervene. She instead just watched as Zeller moved around the examination table, pretending to be interested in the corpse. He then walked around to the side where Will and Dr. Lecter stood and as he walked by, used his foot to hook around Will’s ankle and pull his leg out from under him.

Will, of course, awkwardly tripped forward and fell against the psychiatrist. Dr. Lecter caught him and held onto him until the man regained his footing.

“Aw how cute!” Jimmy said with a smile.

Will shot him a glance before turning back towards the psychiatrist. “Come on, let’s go. They’re just mocking us here anyway.” The man's face and tips of his ears were beat red, and he was avoiding eye contact with all of them.

“Alright alright, I’m sorry,” Beverly apologized. “We’re just messing around.”

Will shook his head and finally let out a laugh. “Yeah, I know. We still have to leave though, Jack needs us.”

The two men turned to walk out, and Beverly observed that they walked beside each other just close enough for their arms to brush together.

“Hey Will,” she called out. “You guys are a cute couple.”

Will waved her off, acknowledging her statement but not turning around.

“No, seriously Will,” she said again. “You guys are great together.”

Will and Dr. Lecter slowed their pace. “I know,” Will called over his shoulder lightheartedly.

Beverly smiled and watched them walk off, seeing them smile at each other before intertwining their fingers and turning the corner, out of sight.

Language

Chapter Notes

> For Anon(s), one who asked for Hannibal forgetting words in english and another who asked for him playing Scrabble with Will and spelling things wrong. I thought these two prompts would go together pretty well, so here we go

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal pulled his cell phone out of his pocket, the light of the screen illuminating the completely dark room. He typed in the number he knew so well by heart and waited as it rang.

“Hello?”

“Good evening, Will,” Hannibal greeted, smiling when he heard the other man’s voice.

“Uh, hi,” Will replied through the phone.

“It appears I have a bit of a problem, and I was wondering if you knew how to go about fixing it,” Hannibal explained.

“Sure, I can try,” Will offered. “What’s wrong?”

“I lost…” Hannibal paused, finding himself at a loss for the word he needed. He frowned to himself.

“You lost what?” Will asked.

Hannibal racked his brain, but he simply couldn’t translate the word he needed. “Varyti,” he finished in Lithuanian.

“What’s a varyti?” Will asked, clearly confused. “Is that the name of a pet or something? I didn’t know you had any animals.”

“No, no it’s not a pet,” Hannibal confirmed. “I just… I don’t remember the English word for what I’m trying to say.”

Hannibal heard Will give a lighthearted laugh through the receiver. “Well do you know any synonyms or something?”

Hannibal sighed. “I believe in English it is used as both a noun and a verb, however Lithuanian is quite different. Whereas varyti means what I’m trying to say, I vaguely remember that galia is the same word in English but it is used in different context.”

“Dr. Lecter,” Will interrupted. “You’re making this worse, now I’m even more confused than before.”

“I do not know how to explain it,” Hannibal stated, getting irritated with himself. “If I am not mistaken, the same word in English also means įtaka, which also has a different meaning. English is too vague and has too few words.”

“Alright I think I know how we could figure this out. If those three things you said all are the same in English, use all of them in a sentence and I’ll try to find a word that fits them all,” Will explained.

Hannibal smiled. “Remarkable idea. A lack of varyti, which I am experiencing right now, means for instance that my refrigerator does not work. One who has high muscle capabilities would have galia. Lastly, the government would have a lot of įtaka.”

Will was quiet a moment on the other end of the line. “Okay so that didn’t help very much. High muscle capabilities would mean strength, right? Why wouldn’t your refrigerator be strong though?”

“It is not just my refrigerator, it is everything in my house right now,” Hannibal tried to assist.

“Wait so something is wrong with your entire house?” Will asked, sounding concerned.

“In a way, yes,” Hannibal clarified.

“Do you want to just come over then? Maybe we can figure it out and fix it tomorrow, it’s late anyway and I have the day off,” Will suggested.

Hannibal smiled. “Very well, I’ll be there in a while.”

Hannibal hung up his cell and tucked it back in his pocket. He shuffled around the dark room, managing to find shoes and hoping they matched. He followed along the right-hand wall until he reached the front door. From there, he grabbed his keys and walked out.

Rain poured down instantly, and thunder roared in the sky. Hannibal made his way to his car, his path only illuminated when lightning would strike across the sky. Finally he made it to his car and began the long drive to Wolf Trap.

oOo

Hannibal stepped up onto the porch and knocked on the front door. After just a moment’s hesitation, Will opened the door with a weak smile.

“Hey, sorry, with the storm and all it seems I’ve lost power,” he apologized, stepping aside to let Hannibal in the house. “I hope you don’t mind.”

A lightbulb went off in Hannibal’s head. “That’s it,” he said at last. “That’s the word I was looking for. Power.”

A small smile began to spread across Will's face. "Well that makes sense then. If you lost power, the fridge wouldn't work. A strong person would have physical power, and a government would have authority and power."

Hannibal sighed in relief, feeling a weight lifted from his chest.

"I don't really know how to entertain you though," Will mentioned, walking into his living room.

Hannibal noticed the room was dimly lit by a series of candles. "Your company is entertainment enough."

Will gave a short laugh. "Yeah, well I don't have the energy tonight. I just finished calming down all my dogs after they were frightened by the thunder. They're in the other room now, hopefully sleeping."

Hannibal nodded in understanding. "Anything you wish to do will be okay with me."

Will shrugged. "The only form of entertainment I have that doesn't require electricity is a board game. Do you like 'Scrabble'?

"I am aware of the game," Hannibal confirmed. "I don't play it often, but it can be interesting."

Will went over to the closet and pulled out the box. "Alright then, we might as well play." Will proceeded to sit down on the floor, placing the game on the ground in front of him.

"What, are you above sitting in something other than fine leather chairs made in Italy or something?" He mockingly accused at Hannibal's hesitation.

Hannibal held his chin high. "Of course not." After a moment, he reluctantly sat down on the floor across from his patient. The candlelit room provided sufficient vision as well as an atmosphere that blurs the lines of platonic and romantic.

They each picked seven tiles, and then the game began.

"Okay I'm positive that one's not right," Will commented after about twenty minutes of playing.

"What?" Hannibal asked, checking the word he'd placed on the board.

"I'll admit, I don't know if 'PIQUANT' or 'AYURVEDA' are words, but I know that 'ECKSEPT' isn't a word," Will stated.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. "Sure, it is. It is used to say that something is not included. You have probably said it before."

"Yeah, *except* is a word, but it sure as hell isn't spelled like that," Will argued.

Hannibal stifled a snarl. "My apologies," he replied. "How might it be spelled than?"

“E-x-c-e-p-t,” Will spelled out slowly.

A flicker or realization clicked in Hannibal’s mind. “Of course,” he began to explain. “I remember now that the sound of ‘ecks’ has its own letter in English.”

Will gave him a weird look, his eyebrows furrowing. “What do you mean?”

“Well languages that I know such as Lithuanian and Italian do not traditionally include the letter X that exists in English,” Hannibal informed.

Will smiled and rolled his eyes in mock annoyance. “Just admit I’m better at Scrabble than you are.”

Hannibal held his chin high, but allowed his eyes to relay a playful undertone. “I will do no such thing.”

Will smirked and narrowed his eyes. “Are you really too pretentious to admit defeat?”

“I’m pretentious due to the fact that I know the words ‘piquant’ and ‘ayurveda’?” Hannibal asked, the corners of his mouth turning up into a small smile.

“You’re pretentious for a lot of reasons,” Will refuted.

“I hardy think that having a knowledgeable vocabulary-”

Hannibal’s sentence was cut off when Will leaned over the board game and captured him in a kiss.

Hannibal internalized a smile, gently catching Will’s lip between his teeth before pulling away. “Does this mean that I won?”

Will scoffed, a light pink color touching his cheeks. “You wish. I just did that to shut you up.”

“If that was what I get for losing a game, I can’t imagine what the reward would be if I won,” Hannibal remarked slyly. He gazed fondly over at his patient, whose face was warmly illuminated by only the candles in the room.

Will raised an eyebrow and pushed the board between them aside. “I guess we’re just gonna have to play another game and find out.”

Chapter End Notes

Also, in case anyone was interested,
Piquant: (adj) having a pleasantly sharp taste or appetizing flavor
Ayurveda: (n) traditional Hindu system of medicine, which is based on the idea of balance in the bodily systems and uses diet, herbal treatment, and yogic breathing

Shopping

Chapter Notes

For lovelife17, who asked for Hannibal taking Will shopping for a suit.
Hope ya like it:)

“But I don’t even want to go!” Will protested.

Dr. Lecter ignored the comment. “It is a mandatory event hosted by the Jack Crawford and the FBI. You need to be there regardless, you might as well dress the part.”

Will huffed and averted his gaze. “Why can’t I just wear an old button up shirt or something?”

Dr. Lecter frowned. “The dress code is black tie and I hardly think anything in your wardrobe would fit that standard.”

Will shrugged, knowing the doctor was probably right. “Fine, we’ll go shopping.”

oOo

“I believe this would look exquisite with your figure,” Dr. Lecter suggested.

Will turned away from the rack he was looking through to see that the man was holding up a black and white pinstripe suit. “Yeah that’d be amazing if I wanted to dress like Jack Skellington,” he remarked sarcastically.

“Who?” The psychiatrist raised an eyebrow.

Will shook his head. “Nevermind.” The last thing he wanted to talk about was all the lonely nights watching cheesy holiday movies. Maybe someday the doctor would sit and watch movies with him, no expectations nor judgement. Will smiled at the idea.

“How about this one?” Dr. Lecter asked, holding up a rather vibrant suit and pulling Will out of his thoughts.

Will scoffed. “I don’t think you understand, my goal is to blend in and be ignored and here you are trying to make me stand out.”

Dr. Lecter gazed back at him. “Because I truly believe that you deserve to stand out. You have so much more to show, and your countenance alone is far above any others in the department. If anyone should stand out, it should be you.”

Will looked away and nervously reached a hand up to scratch at the back of his neck. He murmured a noncommittal response and went back to looking at the rack. “How many parts even are there to these suits?” He asked, changing the subject.

“It depends what you’re looking for,” Dr. Lecter replied.

Will awkwardly held up a vest-looking garment. “Well what do you usually wear?”

“Generally, I wear a dress shirt, waistcoat, suspenders, a tie, a jacket, and trousers,” the psychiatrist explained.

Will furrowed his brow. “Really? That can’t be comfortable to wear every day.”

Dr. Lecter offered a small smile. “I like to think that it’s worth it.”

Will shrugged nonchalantly. “Hm. I don’t know, I think I’d like to see you dressed down in sweats and a t-shirt for once.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” the man replied lightly, yet sincerely.

The corner of Will’s mouth turned up in amusement at the thought, but he turned away so the psychiatrist wouldn’t see.

A few moments later, Dr. Lecter handed Will a crisp, dark blue suit. Will eyed it as the doctor gave him a corresponding tie as well as a white dress shirt.

“If you insist not to stand out, this is a common style,” Dr. Lecter mentioned.

Will nodded in approval. “Alright, let’s go now.” He turned to walk off when a hand on his shoulder stopped him.

“Will, you need to try it on. I am not even sure if that is your size,” Dr. Lecter stated, beckoning towards the dressing room.

Will sighed. “Fine.” He was hoping he could skip that part. That way, if the suit didn’t fit, he’d have an excuse not to go to the event. He reluctantly walked into one of the small stalls and stuck the hanger on a little hook. He heard Dr. Lecter waiting outside the door.

It took an embarrassingly long amount of time to get all the components of the suit on, even to the point where the psychiatrist knocked on the door and asked if he needed help. He declined, of course, and after a few more minutes of struggling, the outfit was complete.

He looked in the mirror, musing at how the suit seemed to fit him perfectly. It was fitted tight to his chest and waist, but not obnoxiously so, and the blue tones made his eyes stand out prominently in contrast to his dark hair and scruff.

Will opened the stall door and nervously slid out from behind it.

Glancing up at Dr. Lecter, he saw the man’s pupils dilate as his gaze followed Will. The doctor subconsciously ran his tongue across his teeth, his jaw slack.

Will felt his face heat up, likely turning red. “So, uh, do you think it fits?”

Dr. Lecter began to slowly circle around Will. The man trailed his fingers along the curves of the suit, sending little sparks of electricity down Will’s spine. Will forced himself to stay still as the psychiatrist’s hands dipped along the small of his back, the edge of his hips, and up his ribcage.

Dr. Lecter’s hand’s dragged up and rested on Will’s collar bones when suddenly the man shoved Will backwards.

Will was pushed up into the stall and against the back wall next to the mirror. Dr. Lecter leaned into him, dropping his hands down to Will’s waist.

“You’re like a Siren, Will,” the psychiatrist mumbled into his ear, dragging his teeth along Will’s jawline. “Your unpredictability and beauty will be the death of me.”

Will tilted his head to catch Dr. Lecter’s lips with his own while he ran a hand through the man’s hair, happily messing it up. Any response he may have had got caught in his throat while the psychiatrist pressed up against him, and the only rational thought going through Will’s mind was that he *definitely* needed to wear suits more often.

Borrowing

Chapter Notes

For Jacindahb, who suggested Hannibal borrowing Will's clothes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal watched in silence as Will walked into the small bedroom. The victim lay in a large pool of her own blood, a wide smile cut across her cheeks. Hannibal stood patiently outside the room as Will shut the door behind him.

After a few minutes, Jack Crawford walked up beside Hannibal. “It’s been a while, maybe you should check on him,” the man suggested quietly.

Hannibal gave a curt nod and turned to walk into the bedroom. Opening the door, he saw his patient crouching above the victim, shaking and breathing heavily. Will’s own hands were dripping blood, successfully contaminating the crime scene. Curious, Hannibal walked closer and stood beside him. “Will? Are you alright?”

Will looked up, his eyes wild. The man quickly stood up and stumbled forward to get away from the corpse, colliding with Hannibal and toppling the two over.

Hannibal landed with a grimace into the lukewarm pool. He felt it seeping into his suit as Will scrambled beside him, his shoes slipping.

“What is going on in here?” A loud bellow sounded from the doorway. Hannibal looked up innocently at Jack.

The yelling seemed to pull Will out of his delusions, and the man immediately stood up and stumbled back against the wall. “I-I don’t know how I got here-“

Hannibal pushed himself up from the ground, feeling the blood stick to his jacket. “I came to check on Will as you asked,” he explained. “And we seemed to have lost our balance for a moment.”

Jack glared back at him, unbelieving. “Will, what did you do?” He asked, averting his gaze to the trembling man in the corner.

“I pushed him, I didn’t mean to, I fell, I was trying to get away,” Will stammered. “Did I kill her?”

Jack sighed, running a hand over his face. “Both of you, just go home and get cleaned up. We’re gonna try and fix the crime scene after the mess the two of you have just made.”

Hannibal nodded in understanding and put a hand of Will's shoulder, gently guiding him out the door. He could feel the fevered heat still radiating off the man.

In the doorway, Jack held out a hand to stop Hannibal in his tracks. "Have I broken him?" He asked quietly.

"Is there anyone that can do what he does unbroken?" Hannibal countered, offering a small smile before following his patient out the door.

"I'm really sorry about your suit," Will apologized, getting into the car on the passenger side.

Hannibal stepped into the driver's seat, ignoring how his pants stuck to the backs of his legs from the blood. "It was an accident, it's okay," Hannibal assured, starting up the car and driving down the street.

"If you want you can just come back to my place," Will offered, not meeting his gaze. "It's closer, plus I can lend you some clothes while yours get washed."

Hannibal turned his head briefly from the road to give his patient a warm smile. "Thank you."

The rest of the drive was peacefully quiet. Hannibal mentally reviewed how to remove bloodstains, a process he hadn't had to go over once he'd purchased his conveniently plastic suit.

He could feel Will watching him as he drove. Once in a while he'd glance over at the other man, only to watch his patient avert his gaze shyly.

Hannibal concealed a smile and continued to drive.

Arriving at Will's house, Hannibal turned off the ignition and got out of his car, hearing his suit unstick from the leather seats. He curled his lip at the mess but dismissed it nonetheless.

Hannibal followed Will into the house, staying behind him as Will beckoned him into the bedroom.

"I don't think I have many clothes that will fit you well," Will admitted, rummaging through his drawers.

Hannibal nodded in understanding. "I appreciate your effort regardless."

He regretted the comment the instant Will pulled out baggy gray sweatpants and an old, faded t-shirt. Will handed him the outfit, and Hannibal, trying to remain polite, forced a smile. "Thank you."

"Yeah, no problem. You can change in here if you'd like, I'll be in the living room," Will replied, walking out.

Hannibal grimaced as he held out the cotton pants. However, they couldn't possibly be more uncomfortable then his sticky suit. Reluctantly, he peeled off his trousers and slid into the

sweatpants. They hung low on his hips, and they were baggy around his legs.

He then slid out of his stained jacket and waistcoat, frowning when he saw the dark red had bled through all the way to his white dress shirt. Having no other options, he pulled the faded blue t-shirt over his head. It was definitely small, for Hannibal was broader than Will. The thin fabric clung to his chest and was just short enough to see a glimpse of the thin trail of hair disappearing below the waistline. Hannibal tugged at the short sleeves before sighing and going into the living room to join Will.

The instant he walked in, he saw Will's blue eyes widen. The younger man stood up and slowly approached Hannibal, shifting his stare away.

Hannibal tilted his head at the approach, but didn't comment.

"You look…" Will began, narrowing his gaze.

When the man didn't continue, Hannibal continued the sentence himself. "Like a destitute vagabond, I presume."

"…Human," Will finished, the corner of his mouth turning up into a smile.

Hannibal gave a small, amused laugh. "So what did I appear to be before?"

Will thought for a moment, his eyes trailing down the psychiatrist. "Godly. Untouchable. Standing among us with the illusion of being one of the same, yet on a pedestal taller than anyone can reach."

Hannibal mused at the statement. "Is that how you see me, Will?"

Will tried, and failed, to conceal a smirk. "It makes more sense than something about a mongoose and a snake hiding under a house."

"Fair enough," Hannibal replied, raising an eyebrow. He subconsciously shivered as Will trailed the tips of his fingers down the fabric covering his chest. Hannibal took a breath as his patient stepped closer, eliminating most of the space between them. "You're much more forward today," Hannibal mentioned.

Will smiled. "Like I said, you're much more approachable like this."

Hannibal contemplated the sentence, wondering how he could use this information to his benefit.

"However," Will continued, before Hannibal got too far in his thoughts. The small man reached out a hand towards Hannibal's head. "You're not quite complete yet. There's still one part of you that's far too… controlled."

Before Hannibal could duck away, Will used one hand to completely mess up his hair. Hannibal couldn't maintain a frown when he saw the smug, delighted look on his patient's face. Hannibal looked back in silent awe, his bangs falling loosely over his forehead.

“Much better,” Will commented, poorly concealing a smirk. The man tilted his head up, gently leaning forward but not wanting to be the one to fully commit.

Hannibal was more than happy to oblige. He wrapped his arms around Will, one hand sliding up to gently grab onto the hair at the back of Will’s head. He pulled lightly and leaned in to catch Will’s lips and lure him into a kiss.

In the back of Hannibal’s mind, he reminded himself to go shopping for more… casual… clothes.

Chapter End Notes

okay i know i'm writing pretty slowly but i promise i'll get to all the prompts, don't worry. if you think i've forgotten yours, trust me, i didn't. i've got them all written down on a list, i'm checking them off as i go.

No Food

Chapter Notes

> For GuesssWho (http://archiveofourown.org/users/GuesssWho/), who suggested this prompt. I hope you like it!

"This is exactly what he wanted," Will began, running a hand nervously though his hair. "You heard what he said in my living room while feeding my dogs. Remember what he said?"

Dr. Lecter nodded in response, but Will continued anyway. His voice echoed off the confining walls.

"He said he should've put us in a cage together with no food and see what we would do," Will recalled. "Did you hear what he did to those poor dogs? How they were friends but one died hungry while the other had a warm meal?"

Will circled the perimeter of the small cellar for the eighth time, still finding no possible exit. There were no windows, and the walls and floor were solid cement. The only exit was the steel door in the corner, locked shut from the outside.

"Will, we're going to be fine," Dr. Lecter comforted, placing a hand on Will's shoulder. "Mason will not reduce us to animals."

Will shook his head and pulled away from the doctor. "No, we're not going to be okay. He's not going to let us go, and clearly he has no intention to give us the basic necessities of life."

Dr. Lecter seemed unfazed. "We're going to get out of here. And we do have water," he mentioned, beckoning to a small pipe dripping onto the concrete at the back of the room.

"We're supposed to survive on water alone?" Will scoffed. "Yeah, right."

Dr. Lecter stood in the center of the cellar, watching Will pace around him. "Jack knows we are here."

Will shook his head, knocking his fist against the cement wall. "So? He knew we wouldn't find any evidence here; he's not going to bother checking in on us."

"He may call you if no other leads appear. And, since Mason took our phones, Jack will likely get sent to voicemail. Then he will try my phone, knowing we came here together. He will not reach me either, so he will know that something is wrong," Dr. Lecter explained calmly.

Will sighed, turning to face the psychiatrist. “What if he doesn’t call? That seems more likely in my opinion.”

Dr. Lecter’s head tilted slightly to the right. “Then when neither of us shows up to work on Monday, he will send officers here.”

“Okay but it’s only Friday, what are we supposed to do all weekend?” Will asked, raising an eyebrow.

The doctor remained unperturbed. “We will wait.”

Will shook his head again, retreating to the back corner of the room. “I’m supposed to spend three days without food alone with a cannibal?”

Dr. Lecter smiled, baring his teeth slightly. “Is that what has you so troubled?”

“Well in all fairness, we’re going to get hungry and you just so happen to eat people,” Will remarked, crossing his arms over his chest.

The psychiatrist stepped closer to Will. “If it’s any consolation, you’ve eaten people too.”

Will glared at the man, ignoring the nauseating feeling in his stomach as he stepped back to keep his distance. “No, that definitely is not a consolation, and I have no idea why the hell you thought it would be.”

“Do you think I plan on eating you?” Dr. Lecter asked, continuing to walk forward.

Will leaned against the cement wall and arched his back. “I think that you find the idea arousing,” he stated. “And I think that no matter what we become, you take pleasure in the fact that you will be the cause of my demise when the time comes.”

Dr. Lecter, though maintaining a neutral expression, almost looked proud. “If you think you know me so well, then you should have nothing to fear.”

Will narrowed his eyes, the cold wall behind him sending chills down his spine. “Why?”

Dr. Lecter leaned in close for a moment, making Will’s heart still, before pulling back and walking around to lean against the wall beside Will. “Because you would know that I care about you enough to give you a more beautiful end than this damp cellar,” he explained, turning his head to look at his patient.

Will bit his lip. “You’ll be hungry all weekend. Who knows what you’ll do?”

“I know,” Dr. Lecter assured. “I have more self-control than most. Humans can survive three weeks without food, and we have water here. We will be fine for three short days.”

Will sighed and slid his back down the wall until he was sitting on the concrete floor. “What if Jack doesn’t notice we’re gone on Monday?”

“He will,” the psychiatrist replied simply. The man took off his suit jacket and laid it out on the ground before sitting down on it.

Will rolled his eyes. “How do you know?”

Dr. Lecter turned to look at him. Will forced himself to meet the man’s gaze, and he was surprised when the amber eyes looked completely confident and comforting.

“Did you honestly think I would put you in a dangerous position with Mason without a backup plan?” Dr. Lecter asked. “I assure you, Jack will most definitely be looking for you by Monday, if not earlier.”

Will narrowed his eyes. “What did you do?”

Dr. Lecter gave a nearly imperceptible smirk. “I have a feeling that the Chesapeake Ripper may have struck again shortly before we drove to the Verger Mansion. Jack will, as always, want you to consult and examine the crime scene. Which, I assume, will be discovered by tomorrow night.”

Will stiffened, but didn’t outwardly express his displeasure. “Did you take someone’s life this morning?”

“Hardly,” Dr. Lecter scoffed. “What that man had was a poor excuse for a life. At least this way he could be of some use.”

Will sighed, not wanting to hurt his chances of surviving the weekend by arguing with the man. “Well, will you keep your mouth away from me until Jack gets us out of here? I know you keep your word, and I’d rather not spend the entire weekend paranoid that I’ll be your next dinner.” Will closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the wall.

“I will make no promises,” Dr. Lecter replied.

Will opened his eyes and shot a sideways glare at the psychiatrist, frowning. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Dr. Lecter raised an eyebrow innocently. He reached one hand over and held the back of Will’s neck, turning the man’s head to face him.

Will’s breath caught in his throat as he felt the doctor drag his teeth over Will’s jawline, continuing upwards before resting at his ear.

“All I’m saying,” Dr. Lecter whispered, “is that three days is a long time. It would be a shame not to take advantage of it.”

Will’s skin tingled as the man trailed his mouth down Will’s neck, stopping over his jugular vein. Will knew the doctor could easily bite down, break skin, and bleed him out right there on the concrete floor. Still, that knowledge didn’t stop Will from tilting his head back and further exposing his neck.

Will felt his pulse speed up under the psychiatrist's lips, the threat of teeth still scraping at his skin at the end of each kiss.

Yet, despite being locked up in the cellar, when Dr. Lecter leaned closer and caught Will's lips with his own, Will *almost* hoped that Jack wouldn't call at all.

Injury (Hannibal)

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took so long. This chapter is longer than usual so hopefully that makes up for my absence?

For Anonymous

Will hit him with his car.

It wasn't on purpose. Well, Will purposely drove the car into him but he didn't know it was Dr. Lecter.

Technically, what actually happened was that Will had lost time again and found himself in his car lost on a road unfamiliar to him. He pulled out his cell phone and called his psychiatrist, desperate for help. As expected, the man's Bentley pulled up on the shoulder of the road before too long. Dr. Lecter stepped out and walked over to Will's car to talk to him.

However, when Will's mind pulled back into semi-consciousness, he found himself face to face with the dark boney creature that had loomed in his nightmares. He made a quick decision out of weariness, anger, and irritation. Eyeing the monster, Will put his car in reverse and backed away from it. Then, shifting the gear forward, he floored the gas pedal in a vain attempt to kill the menace that haunted his subconscious.

And that's how Will's psychiatrist ended up through his windshield.

Everything after that happened so fast. There were sirens, red flashing lights, people who smelled like latex and at one point, the sharp edges of handcuffs digging into Will's wrists. It was all too vivid, too loud, too bright. There was a prick of a needle and then, as the sun rose over the horizon, Will slipped into a deep sleep.

Will woke up to fluorescent lights. He squinted against the brightness, his eyes slowly adjusting. He sat up in the small bed, barely acknowledging bandages wrapped around his hands.

"Ready to explain what the hell happened?"

Will turned his head to face Jack. "What do you mean?"

The man frowned, the stress induced creases under his eyes adding years to his appearance. "What do you think? You mean to tell me that you have no idea why Hannibal Lecter is in a

hospital bed in the next room? Will, they were about to arrest you until the man fought his way into consciousness to tell them not to."

Will narrowed his eyes and ran a hand over his face, sighing. "I, uh, didn't hit him on purpose. I thought it was someone else or rather something else."

"Will, the fact that you knew you were aiming for someone is confession enough to make me wary," Jack mentioned, his tone showing no signs of lightening up any time soon.

Will shook his head. "No, no it's not like that, it wasn't real. I wasn't actually going to hit anything."

Jack stood up, looming over Will and gesturing his hands for emphasis. "You didn't just hit him, you damn near ran him over! Hannibal could've died and you're trying to say it wasn't real?"

Will's eyes widened, the severity of what he did beginning to set in. "What do you mean he could've died, is Dr. Lecter okay? How badly did I hurt him?"

Jack sighed and closed his eyes. "You're impossible. I've got too many other things to deal with right now, I don't have time for this."

Will noticed a flash of pain in the man's eyes, but he didn't say anything else. Will remained silent as Jack shook his head and left the room.

Will slid out from under the covers of the cot, wrapping the thin hospital gown tighter around his waist. He walked out of his room and looked down the hall.

Before he could go anywhere else, a nurse caught him by the arm.

"When did you wake up?" She asked with a smile.

Will looked away. "Where's the man I came in here with? His name is Hannibal Lecter."

The woman raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, you beat him up pretty badly. Perhaps we should keep you two apart until we figure out what happened."

Will furrowed his brow and frowned. "No, you don't understand, I need to see him."

To his left, he heard a familiar voice.

"I assure you, I'm perfectly fine." "No, I just need to see if he's awake." "Are you sure he's not injured?"

Will followed the voice and ducked into the room next to his own, slipping away from the nurse.

"Dr. Lecter?"

The man turned away from the doctor he was conversing with to face Will. Dr. Lecter smiled, a bloodied lip turning upwards.

Will stood in silence, just staring. His psychiatrist was already dressed back in his suit, but he wore a thick cast over his right wrist and foot. He held crutches under his arms, and two dark red cuts sliced across his cheekbone and his forehead.

Will blinked, his tongue suddenly feeling too dry to talk. “I-I’m so sorry,” he stuttered quietly.

He saw Dr. Lecter’s face soften, and the man stepped closer with one hand outstretched towards Will.

Will backed away, afraid of causing more damage.

“It’s okay, Will. I know that you were not aware of what you were doing. I forgive you,” Dr. Lecter assured.

“No, no I hurt you,” Will whispered, flinching away.

The psychiatrist gave a soft smile. “I am okay. Why don’t we go back to my house? We can talk there. Also, I’m afraid I am not able to drive and I would appreciate the help.”

Will’s eyes flickered over to the medical doctor still standing in the room. “Is he good to leave? Or does he need more treatment?” He asked as if Dr. Lecter weren’t still in the room.

“We kept him overnight, but he insisted he was fine. Medically, he was fine to leave hours ago, but he was waiting for you,” the doctor explained, glancing over his clipboard. “Besides, if Dr. Lecter’s reputation in the medical field precedes him, I’m sure he’ll be fine.”

Will nodded and allowed Dr. Lecter to pass through the doorway. Will followed, wincing whenever the crutches would tap on the linoleum floors.

oOo

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Will asked, trying to help guide Dr. Lecter onto the expensive leather couch.

“I promise,” Dr. Lecter confirmed, taking a seat and setting the crutches down beside him.

Will paced around the room. “Do you need anything? Are you hungry or thirsty or anything?”

“Will, I’m fine. You may sit down and stop worrying,” Dr. Lecter stated.

Will hesitated a moment before finally sitting down on the couch next to his psychiatrist. He scratched nervously at the bandages on his hands, which covered the shallow cuts littering his skin from the broken glass of the windshield.

After two breaths, Will stood back up and began to pace again. “I’ll get you some water, yeah you might be thirsty.”

Before the psychiatrist could protest, Will had disappeared into the kitchen. He filled up a glass of water, ignoring how his hand would tremble under the stream.

He filled it to the brim, and as he raced back to Dr. Lecter, a few drops of water would splash onto the floor.

“Thank you,” Dr. Lecter said, grabbing the glass with good hand and giving Will an appreciative smile.

“Oh wait,” Will replied suddenly, snatching the glass of water back. “You probably want ice, I forgot the ice. Actually you’re in pain, you might want some relaxing wine or something.”

Without allowing the man to decline, Will started to run back into the kitchen. However, his shoes lost traction where he’d spilt some water and he crashed into the ground with the glass of water shattering beside him.

“Will!”

Will turned his head around just in time to see Dr. Lecter immediately stand up from the couch to run to Will, only for his cast to slip on the hardwood floor and send him to the ground as well.

Will mirrored the psychiatrist’s wince as Dr. Lecter landed with a thud. Will scrambled onto his feet and rushed over to the doctor.

“Dr. Lecter, I’m sorry again,” Will began to apologize, wrapping an arm around the man’s waist to help him up.

Will could tell the psychiatrist was fighting back a grimace of pain as he stood up. “No worries, Will, that time was entirely my own doing,” Dr. Lecter assured.

Will sighed, allowing the doctor to use him to help balance. “I know I’m responsible for this entire situation, I just want to make it up to you.”

Dr. Lecter offered him a small smile. “You don’t owe me anything.”

Will just gave a noncommittal shrug. “Hey, it’s getting late and you’ve had a long day. Maybe you should get some rest. At least then I can stop hurting you,” Will suggested after glancing at the clock.

Dr. Lecter hummed his agreement. “You’re more than welcome to stay. I’d appreciate the company.”

Will contemplated the offer, unsure of himself. In the end, he decided he would stay completely for assistance in case Dr. Lecter fell during the night or something. Clearly just a platonic friend helping him out.

Dr. Lecter grabbed his crutches and tucked them under his arms, making his way to his bedroom.

"Do you, uh, need any help?" Will asked.

Dr. Lecter paused for a moment, probably debating whether or not he was willing to risk his ego. "Possibly..." The man replied after a moment.

Will took a breath and then followed his psychiatrist to the bedroom.

He walked in to see the man sitting on the edge of his bed and struggling with his tie. After a heartbeat's time, Will stepped forward to help. His fingers quivered but he easily undid the knot in the fabric. He proceeded to undo the buttons of the dress shirt, ignoring how his face was heating up under the psychiatrist's gaze.

Will stepped back, allowing the shirt to hang loosely over the man's shoulders. Dr. Lecter locked eyes with Will as he shrugged out of his suit jacket. However, his dress shirt caught on his arm cast and was too narrow to be slid off.

Dr. Lecter frowned and shook his arm. Will cautiously reached out and pulled the fabric free of the cast, trying to cause as little pain as possible.

"How did you even get your suit on with these casts?" Will asked, exasperated.

Dr. Lecter gave a light hearted smile. "I must keep up my usual presentation."

Will laughed and rolled his eyes, his own tension beginning to relieve at the fact that the doctor seemed no less comfortable even being only half dressed.

"Do you plan on sleeping in your slacks? Because I highly doubt we can get them off around the cast on your foot," Will asked.

"I certainly wouldn't want them to wrinkle," Dr. Lecter replied.

Will scoffed. "You're ridiculous."

Dr. Lecter smiled, accidentally reopening the cut on his lip.

Will tried not to stare as the man's tongue peeked out to lick up a drop of blood.

Will sighed and sat down beside the psychiatrist. He reached out to grab Dr. Lecter's right hand, half concealed by the cast. Will gently ran his fingers across he man's arm.

"I really didn't mean to hurt you. I'm so sorry," Will apologized quietly.

"I know," Dr. Lecter relied, his maroon eyes brightening up.

Will turned his head to face the psychiatrist. He trailed his hand up to gently run a thumb over the cuts on Dr. Lecter's face. Will leaned up and placed a soft kiss on the cut on the

man's forehead, then followed it down and placed another over the slash on his carved cheekbone.

Without any hesitation, Will caught the doctor's injured lip between his own. He tasted blood and pain medication and something unidentifiable that could only be Dr. Lecter himself.

Will allowed Dr. Lecter to pull him closer, and as Will ran his tongue over the doctor's cut lip, he knew he wanted to make the psychiatrist feel something so much better than pain.

Post-Finale

Chapter Notes

> Thank you all so much for everything, I've loved sharing every second of this tv series with you and I hope that it will continue on. I, for one, am not leaving this fandom. I believe we will be revived somewhere, whether as a tv show or a movie. I am definitely going to continue this story because I'm confident that the Hannibal plot isn't over and that the fandom won't die.
>
> Now, what are your guys's thoughts on the finale?? I'm just throwing it out there, I'm a firm believer that Hannibal and Will are alive. The episode was filmed before cancellation, so a season 4 was in mind. Also, of course, the three place settings on the table after the credits. You guys are of course free to interpret it however you want, but just so ya know, this chapter is what could have happened if they survived.

The air in his lungs was forced out with a burning wave as Will crashed through the surface of the water. The ache spread throughout all of his limbs, and weariness instantly began to take its toll. The sheer pressure from the fall was enough to break Dr. Lecter from Will’s grasp, and he instantly felt the loss.

Blood isn’t the only thing that looks black in the moonlight. The dark water surrounding Will forbade any light from penetrating through, and Will found himself lost under the surface. He reached his arms out in each direction, desperate to find the psychiatrist. The water was breathtakingly cold, and within a few moments Will was numb.

The waves tossed him around like a ragdoll, and more than once Will would be thrown into the rocks around him. However, the only pain he could still feel was the clenching ache in his chest.

He was out of air, out of energy, and out of hope. Just as a hand clenched around his wrist, Will succumbed to the inky blackness of the waters.

oOo

Will awoke with a sputter, coughing out water and blood. Each spasm of his chest sent ripples of white hot pain throughout his body. He remained on the ground, too weak and too sore to bother sitting up. He furrowed his brow and opened his eyes, squinting against the sun beginning to rise on the horizon. The sky was painted beautifully in various shades of pinks and purples, and for a moment Will almost forgot about everything that had happened.

Almost. The gut wrenching realization ripped Will back into reality as he immediately sat up to look around. The loss of blood made him lightheaded, and he felt a brief moment of

vertigo. He felt sand beneath him, damp and cold.

“Hannibal?” His voice was raspy and felt raw as he called out.

“Though not completely unexpected, I must admit that I was rather disappointed.”

Will let out a relieved breath when he heard the familiar voice from behind him. He turned around to face the man, his shoulder screaming in protest.

Despite the setting sun casting an array of orange light, Dr. Lecter looked pale, and the blood shimmering across his mouth and jaw provided a sickening contrast.

“Would it be any consolation if I told you that I regretted it the instant we started to fall?” Will asked, feeling the cut along the side of his face stretch with every word.

Dr. Lecter tilted his head to one side, one arm wrapped along his stomach protectively. There were cuts along his brow and cheekbones, some from Dolarhyde, some from the rocks at the bottom of the cove. “I would prefer to know why you pushed us off to begin with. Did you predict that we would survive?”

Will dropped his head, his shoulders slumping. “No.”

“Did you want us to?”

The words hung in the air for a moment, the cool breeze from the water making Will shiver. “I wanted a happy ending. I figured this was the closest I would get, and I didn’t want to risk losing you again. I couldn’t picture a better death than one in your arms.”

Dr. Lecter just sat in silent contemplation for a few seconds. “And now? Our injuries are severe to say the least. Do you want us to die on this beach?”
Will’s eyes traveled up until they settled back on the psychiatrist. The man’s sleeve was entirely soaked in blood from being pressed against the bullet wound. Whether Will wanted them to die or not, he may not have a choice at this point.

“I already told you that I regretted falling,” Will replied quietly. He knew the instant his feet left the ground that he was going to fight for his life and the life of the man in his arms.

“What made you change your mind?” Dr. Lecter’s face twitched into a poorly concealed wince as the man stood up unsteadily, an arm still clutching his stomach.

Will grimaced, trying to follow suit and stand as well. His legs felt sore and weak beneath him, and he was covered in blood that could either be his or two other men’s. He walked shakily over to the psychiatrist. “You did. I felt your arms around me and I finally felt stable. For the first time in a long time, I knew who I really was meant to be. I never wanted to leave you.”

Dr. Lecter turned to face Will and raised the arm that wasn’t wrapped around his torso. He gently rested his hand against the uncut side of Will’s face, and Will leaned into the touch.

“Now you never have to,” he assured, a light smile ghosting over his blood smeared face.

Will let out a breath he felt like he'd been holding in since he'd first met the eccentric psychiatrist while working on the Minnesota Shrike case, unknowing that his life would be changed forever since then. He reached his arms around Dr. Lecter, embracing him in the same manner as he had done on the cliff. However, instead of toppling over, this time he tilted his head back and caught the man's lips with his own.

It wasn't deep, hungry, or messy. Just a light, reassuring kiss that said so much more than Will could put into words. He tasted the blood on the doctor's lips, the coppery flavor feeling warm and comfortable on his tongue.

After a moment, Will pulled away and smiled, not yet ready to release his hold on the man. "I think," he began slowly, "that the teacup has long since been shattered. The dust has been scattered too far to ever come together again."

At that, Dr. Lecter returned the smile. "Not quite. To become is to transform. I believe this dust has been returned to clay. Now you may begin to create something new."

Will bit his lip, his gaze briefly falling from the doctor's eyes before looking back up meekly. "Can I create it with you?"

Something unseen before flashed across the psychiatrist's maroon eyes, and Will caught it just in time: surprise. After running for so long, Will has finally agreed to go where he belongs.

Dr. Lecter then pulled away, yet kept one arm around Will's waist. Will allowed himself to be led down the beach, each step shooting pain throughout his body.

"Could it be possible that you could find your happy ending with me?" Dr. Lecter asked, walking slowly though the sand. The blood loss and pain was surely getting to him by now, yet the man continued to walk alongside Will.

Will wrapped his own arm around the psychiatrist, not wanting to ever separate. The two walked, leaning into one another for support. "Nothing would make me happier."

Singing

Chapter Notes

For heirtothethrone
(http://archiveofourown.org/users/heirtothethrone/pseuds/heirtothethrone) :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I- um, I didn't know where else to go."

Hannibal smiled to himself. "Will, you know you are always welcome in my home. Come in."

Hannibal stepped to the side, allowing his patient to walk into the house. The younger man was disheveled to say the least. His faded jeans were smudged with mud and his pale t-shirt was darkened with sweat and rain. His brown curls were plastered damply to his forehead and the dark circles under his eyes were a sharp contrast to his pale countenance. He smelled feverish.

"How did you get here?" Hannibal asked, shooting a glance at the clock on the wall. It read 9:48 P.M. There was no car besides his own in the driveway, and Will couldn't possibly have walked all the way from Virginia.

Will shrugged, and Hannibal saw that the man was shivering. "Come," he said, beckoning for Will to follow him upstairs.

Hannibal led the man to his bedroom, hearing Will's feet dragging on the floor behind him. "You should put on some dry clothes," Hannibal suggested.

"My dogs," Will muttered, his eyes squeezing shut.

"Pardon me?" Hannibal asked, tilting his head in curiosity.

Will grimaced. "I don't know how long I was gone, I don't remember. They might be hungry, or need to be let out. I should go."

Hannibal reached out a hand, catching Will's wrist before the man could turn to leave. "Allow me to go instead. You seem unwell, and I would hate for something to happen to you if you left," he stated, letting his hand stay for a moment longer before pulling away.

Will's eyes flickered up to meet Hannibal's before shying away. "I couldn't ask you to do that."

Hannibal gave a reassuring smile. "That's why I'm offering."

The corners of Will's mouth twitched up into an uncertain smile, so Hannibal took it as permission.

"Now, I recommend you stay here and take care of yourself. You may use my shower, and I'll get some clean clothes out for you to borrow," Hannibal instructed. "If you need anything, feel free to help yourself. I'll be back in couple hours."

Will nodded and rubbed nervously at the back of his neck. "Um, thank you, Dr. Lecter."

"My pleasure," Hannibal replied. "Now, the bathroom is just over there," he explained, beckoning to his left. "There are towels inside, as well as any self-care products you may need. I will leave clothes on the bed before I leave for when you are done."

Will gave a small smile before turning and disappearing into the main bathroom. Hannibal lingered for a while until he heard water running, then he walked over to a large wooden dresser and pulled open a drawer. He grabbed out a pair of striped pajama pants along with a matching maroon sweater. He hesitated before taking out a spare pair of boxer briefs as well.

After laying the clothes on the bed, Hannibal turned to leave the room. He was about halfway down the staircase when he heard a faint noise. It wasn't urgent or threatening, but enough to make Hannibal pause. As the minutes ticked by, the louder and more confident the noise got.

Hannibal slowly began to creep back up the stairs, avoiding any creaks in the floorboards. He followed the sound back into his bedroom, and Hannibal stopped just outside of the bathroom door.

"Oh once in your life you will find someone, who can turn your world around, pick you up when you're feeling down."

Hannibal leaned closer into the door, barely believing what he was hearing.

"Now nothing could change what you mean to me, oh there's so much that I could say, but just hold me now, 'cause our love will light the way."

Hannibal smiled. Will's voice was exquisite, like a siren luring him closer. He followed the urge and silently turned the handle and slipped in the door.

"And baby, you're all that I want, when you're lying here in my arms, I'm finding it hard to believe, we're in heaven."

The steam from the bathroom fogged up the mirrors, and Hannibal stayed conveniently out of sight leaning up against the sink. He closed his eyes and savored the sound of the voice singing on the other side of the shower curtain.

"Yeah and love is all that I need, and I found it there in your heart, it isn't too hard to see, we're in heaven."

Hannibal sighed, committing the song to memory to be played on loop in his mind palace.

"Hello?"

Hannibal remained motionless, slightly disappointed that the singing stopped. He heard the water turn off in the shower and an arm reached from behind the curtain to grab a towel.

After a moment, Will cautiously began to step out of the shower.

“Hannibal?” Will spoke quietly, seemingly doubtful whether anyone was even there. He then yelped when he caught sight of the psychiatrist standing in the corner. “Jesus Christ, Dr. Lecter you scared the hell out of me! I thought you left!”

Hannibal tilted his head to one side as Will stepped out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his waist. He briefly wondered why the man felt comfortable to address him by his first name only when he was uncertain of Hannibal’s presence. “You have a remarkable voice Will. I didn’t know you could sing.”

Will’s ears turned bright red and he averted his gaze, crossing his arms defensively over his bare chest. “I can’t.”

“I think you have already proved that you can,” Hannibal contradicted.

Will narrowed his eyes, raising his gaze to meet the older man’s. “Okay, but I *don’t*. You weren’t even supposed to be listening. Again, I thought you left.”

“I was just on my way out when I heard your voice. I’m quite glad that I stayed to listen,” Hannibal explained. “Do you sing often?”

Will huffed. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to put some clothes on before you start psychoanalyzing me.”

Hannibal nodded and allowed Will to pass by him and leave through the doorway. Hannibal followed him after a moment, his eyes wandering to where the towel hung low across Will’s hips.

Hannibal walked into the bedroom and went around to the opposite side of the bed, facing away to give Will some privacy. “Do you sing anywhere other than in a shower?”

He heard Will laugh. “Showers provide a sense of security. They’re small, warm, comforting. Anywhere else I feel too open and vulnerable. And, when in the shower, I’m presumably *alone*.”

Hannibal disregarded the accusatory tone. “Do you always sing in the shower?” Hannibal asked, hearing the ruffle of fabric.

“It’s kind of a combination deal. I have to feel… I don’t know… good? I mean, here, in your house, I automatically felt safer. The heat of the shower felt like it was cleansing away the sweat and nightmares and hallucinations, and I felt more at ease than I have in a while.”

Hannibal nodded in understanding. “Would you ever sing for me again? I truly enjoyed it, whether it was intended for me or not.”

“Hah, sure, if you ever get me in the shower when I’m happy.”

Hannibal didn’t hesitate to turn and walk around to the other side of the bed where Will was. The man had pajama pants on, but the sweater was still lying on the bed yet to be put on. Will shot him a questioning gaze, but Hannibal continued forward.

Hannibal tilted his head down to catch Will’s lips, wrapping his arms around his patient. Will was cautious at first before finally giving in and deepening the kiss.

Hannibal didn’t separate from him when he pushed Will backwards into the bathroom. He dropped his arms lower around Will’s back, lifting him over the edge of the bathtub and into the shower.

Trapping Will between the tile walls of the shower and himself, Hannibal reached around him and twisted a handle, turning on the water.

Will laughed against Hannibal’s mouth, and Hannibal took the opportunity to trail his lips downwards, nipping at Will’s jaw and neck. He didn’t care that his suit was getting drenched, and his hair was dripping with water.

“This isn’t what I meant,” Will sighed between breaths.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, placing light kisses along Will’s collar bone and dragging his hands down his ribcage. “Are you complaining?”

Will arched into the touch. “Not at all.”

Chapter End Notes

in case anyone is curious, the song Will sings is 'Heaven' by Bryan Adams
this is the cover of the song that i had in mind:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rS3xfwcdIOk

Dogs

Chapter Notes

> For Anonymous on tumblr, who wanted me to assert the idea that after season 3, Will is still going to want dogs.

The smell hit him as soon as he walked in the door. It was a vile attack on his heightened sense, and it struck Hannibal with as much force as he had felt when he'd hit the water at the bottom of the cliff.

"Will?" Hannibal called out, a clear warning tone in his voice. He heard the taps of many toenails on the hardwood floor of the manor. Hannibal narrowed his eyes and looked around the room, seeing a faint dust of fur covering the furniture.

Hannibal sighed, knowing the cleanliness of his and Will's new estate in Florence wouldn't persevere. He acknowledged the fact that it was enjoyable while it lasted. He had always wanted to show Will the beautiful city. Though the man had followed him here after Hannibal fled Baltimore, Hannibal hadn't had the opportunity to show his patient everything that he'd wanted to. Now, with Inspector Pazzi and Mason Verger out of the way, and having faked his death with Will, Hannibal could live the life he had planned to share with him.

"Will?" He called out again before seeing the man in question peek out from around the corner of the room.

A head of dark curls and a bright blue eye watched him, half covered by the wall he was hiding behind.

Hannibal frowned, giving the man a disapproving look. "Will, what have you done?"

"… Nothing," Will mumbled half-heartedly. His poorly concealed lie was revealed by the continued tapping of toenails on the floor. Will's figure moved awkwardly, as if he was holding something back on the other side of the wall.

That 'something' was soon discovered as it escaped Will's grasp and darted out from behind, running up happily to greet Hannibal at the door.

Hannibal studied the little animal. It had large brown eyes, perky triangular ears, and stood only about a foot and a half tall. Its fur was splotched with brown and black patches.

Hannibal sighed, but realized it could've been worse. After all, at least this dog was small.

As if on cue, Will then tumbled forward from behind the wall, collapsing onto the floor. Before Hannibal could step forward to help him, a flurry of dogs trampled over and ran

towards Hannibal.

Hannibal couldn't tell one from the other. There were some big, the largest coming just above his waist, and others were smaller like the first dog; they all ranged in size, color, and unfortunately, smell. A particularly curious one managed to jump up on its hind legs and land its forepaws on his shoulders while an excited tongue darted out to lick Hannibal's cheek. Hannibal flinched away in disgust.

He felt multiple tongues licking at his hands and brushing against his legs, surely leaving a trail of fur behind.

Hannibal took a deep breath, looking over at Will. The man sat meekly on the floor, his big blue eyes akin to those of all the dogs surrounding him. He looked up at Hannibal apologetically.

"Will, how many are there?" Hannibal asked, unable to count as the mob of dogs scattered everywhere.

Will averted his gaze to the floor. "Eleven," he muttered shamefully.

Hannibal sighed, running a thoroughly licked hand through his hair. He closed his eyes for a moment in contemplation. Opening them up again, he gave Will a stern look.

"I will be back in an hour. Fix this by the time I return," he stated curtly before walking out the front door.

oOo

After wandering the streets of Florence for precisely sixty minutes, Hannibal reluctantly returned home. He could still smell the animals on the other side of his front door. His nose twitched in irritation, but he walked into the house nonetheless.

Surprisingly, there wasn't a mad rush of dogs to the front door. Hannibal narrowed his eyes, but after a few seconds, only the same small brown and black dog ventured over to him. Hannibal stared down at it until it began to wander away. He followed the little creature, curious where it was going.

It led him up the staircase and Hannibal's dread began to grow. His fear was confirmed when the dog led him to the master bedroom.

Slowly, Hannibal opened the bedroom door. Will was laying in the center of the king sized bed, fast asleep. Surrounding him on the mattress, likely leaving behind piles of fur, were all the dogs. Some were asleep as well, while the others watched Hannibal as he silently entered the room.

He carefully strode over to the side of the bed and peered down at Will. Somehow, seeing the man in such a state of peace after all the havoc Hannibal had caused in his life made a large portion of Hannibal's initial anger dissipate.

He reached out and gently ran his hand along the side of the empath's face, feeling the sharp stubble against the pads of his fingers.

Will stirred beneath the touch and began to open his eyes. Upon catching the psychiatrist's gaze, guilt visibly washed over him.

"Will, you did not take care of this like I had asked you to," Hannibal accused softly.

Will shrugged and gave a small smile. "I didn't know what to do, so I didn't do anything."

Hannibal sighed and reached down to pick up a medium sized dog lying next to Will. With a poorly hidden grimace, he lifted it up and moved it onto the floor. He brushed off the blanket with his hand before taking a seat beside Will, close enough to where their sides were pressed up against one another.

"Where did you get them from?" Hannibal asked, frowning as the medium dog jumped back up and reclaimed it former place, lying down directly on Hannibal's lap.

Will reached out and pet the dog, smiling down at it. "I found a shelter a few blocks from here. It's being shut down, and all these little guys were going to be euthanized. I had to do something, so I took them."

Hannibal huffed out an exasperated laugh. All this time with Will, trying to mold the man into something new, had not taken away his compassion for animals. Will had killed because of him, killed with him, and killed for him, yet his love for dogs remained.

"You understand that we cannot possibly keep all these dogs, right?" Hannibal asked, finally extending an arm to pat one of the beasts.

Will slid down further beneath the covers and curled up beside Hannibal, resting his head on the man's chest. "But we're going to keep them all anyway," he replied confidently.

Hannibal shot him a glare, but the younger man was already beginning to fall asleep. Instead, Hannibal just wrapped an arm around him and pulled him closer, placing a gentle, almost undetectable kiss on the top of Will's head.

"I suppose I can try to live with eleven dogs," Hannibal agreed reluctantly.

Will sighed against his chest. "Hannibal?"

"Yes?"

"I might've lied a little bit," Will confessed. "There's actually fourteen."

Hannibal's jaw clenched, but he knew that he would never regret any of this. Even picturing a fur-covered pee-stained future couldn't deter Hannibal from never wanting to leave this odd little man that he had completely fallen in love with.

Temporarily Blinded

Chapter Notes

> First of all, over 600 kudos??? You guys are so amazing, thank you so much, I couldn't have gotten past chapter one without you. Yes, It's been over a month since I updated last, and for that I am so sorry. Anything I can do to make it up to you guys?
>
> For Anon, who wanted a blind, vulnerable, hannibal

“My vision is perfectly fine, I see no reason be here,” Hannibal argued, shifting in the cheap cloth chair in the waiting room.

Will rolled his eyes, sitting beside the older man. “Aren’t you supposed to see an eye doctor every couple of years for a checkup?”

“Checkups are only necessary if you’re having issues with your eyesight,” Hannibal argued, crossing one leg over the other in irritation.

Will huffed out a laugh. “So you, as a doctor, think that people should only go to the doctor’s office when they feel sick?”

Hannibal shot his patient a glare. “Of course not, there could be hidden issues that do not yet cause one to show any symptoms.”

“I’m glad we’re on the same page,” Will remarked with a grin.

Hannibal narrowed his eyes. “This is a completely different situation. I am a doctor, why would I pay to see another doctor?”

“You don’t have the resources or technology to examine yourself in this area,” Will replied.

Hannibal frowned, not wanting to admit that the younger man had a valid point. His gaze wandered around the small, unappealing waiting room covered floor to ceiling in posters of the anatomy and possible diseases relating to an eyeball. Finding the posters uninteresting, he turned back towards his patient.

“So why are you so determined to bring me here, nevertheless sit with me throughout?” Hannibal asked.

Will grimaced. “I needed a good excuse to get out of work today. Ever since Jack started using my *gift*,” he all but spat the word, “he hasn’t wanted to stop.”

“Ah, so the truth is revealed,” Hannibal replied, amused. “You do not actually care for my wellbeing; you only wanted to abandon your self-imposed responsibilities.”

Will turned his head towards the psychiatrist, looking hurt. “Of course I care,” he blurted out. “I mean, uh, how am I supposed to benefit from this whole ‘therapy’ thing if you can’t even see what causes me nightmares?”

Hannibal smiled as Will’s cheeks became flushed as the man played off his concern with a poorly crafted joke.

“Hannibal Lecter?”

Hannibal stood when the nurse called his name and entered the waiting room. He offered her a small smile, and in return received a practiced grin.

“And are you his ride or will he be needing a taxi?” The woman asked Will.

Will narrowed his eyes in confusion. “What do you mean?”

Hannibal looked at her as well, equally confused.

“Well one of our procedures, for pupil dilation, causes a temporary loss of vision. Surely you’ve heard of this before?” The woman responded casually. “It’s a routine test; there’s nothing to worry about.”

Hannibal frowned, further annoyed that he allowed Will to drag him here.

“Um, yeah sure I can drive him,” Will confirmed.

The nurse smiled. “Wonderful. Now,” she turned back towards Hannibal. “You can come with me; the doctor will be with you shortly.”

Hannibal shot Will one last desperate glance before being led into a private room.

oOo

“Can you see?”

“Would I be wearing this hideous eyewear if I could?” Hannibal remarked, adjusting the rectangular, pitch black, disposable sunglasses that the doctor had provided.
Hannibal felt a hand on the shoulder of his suit and he smelled cheap cologne.

“Do you need help?” Will asked, his voice sounding from only a foot or two away.

“No,” Hannibal assured, reaching a hand out to feel around in front of him. He stumbled forward a few steps before hitting his shin on the short table in the waiting room. “… Perhaps a little.”

He sensed his patient stepping closer and felt a hand clasp onto his arm.

“Come on, Dr. Lecter, I’ll lead you to the car,” Will instructed, and Hannibal then felt a tugging on his arm.

Hannibal’s first few steps were wary and uncertain, but before long he fell into the melody of Will’s lead. When he felt a cold rush of air, he assumed he’d made it outside.

“There we go, now just get inside the car,” Will ordered once Hannibal heard a car door open.

Hannibal reached one hand out, feeling around for the entrance of the car. He felt a nervous hand on the small of his back, gently guiding him forward. Hannibal slid into the familiar leather seats of his Bentley and waited until he heard Will get into the driver’s seat beside him.

“Alright let’s get you home,” Will said softly, giving Hannibal a reassuring tap on the arm.

The car ride was relatively peaceful, however Hannibal was on edge the entire trip. He hated losing any of his senses; he felt much too vulnerable. His only way to maintain sanity was by tracking each turn that Will made. By comparing the path they took with the map Hannibal had memorized, he was able to assure himself that the man was, in fact, driving him home.

Not that he had any reason to doubt the younger man; after all, it was nothing personal. It was simply Hannibal’s natural instincts to always be in control of the situation despite any odds.

“We’re here,” Will said at last, putting the car in park and turning off the ignition.

Hannibal fumbled with his seatbelt for a moment before his patient leaned over and unbuckled it for him.

“Thank you,” Hannibal responded quietly. He reached for the door handle and pushed it open, immediately stepping out of the vehicle. He proceeded about three steps before tripping over an uneven piece of concrete and crashing onto the driveway.

“Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal heard shoes on the cement as Will ran around to the other side of the car. He felt hands on his arms trying to pull him back onto his feet.

Hannibal huffed, finding his footing.

“Are you hurt?” Will asked.

“Only my dignity,” Hannibal replied softly.

He heard Will laugh. “Don’t worry, I’ll pretend it never happened. I’m only here to help.”

Hannibal smiled in appreciation.

“Here, I’ll just, uh,” Hannibal felt a clammy hand grab his own. “It’ll be easier this way,” Will mumbled.

Hannibal didn't have to have his vision to know that the younger man was likely blushing underneath the uneven stubble on his face. Hannibal gave the callused hand a reassuring squeeze before allowing Will to guide him onto the porch and, after giving him the key, into the house.

"If you want, I could stay here in case you need any help," Will offered after a few moments.

"I would certainly appreciate the company," Hannibal replied.

The hand holding his didn't remove itself yet. Hannibal turned his head towards the direction of Will's voice in curiosity.

"Would you like something to eat for dinner?" He asked. "I don't believe I can make anything myself, but I might be able to instruct you."

Will let out a laugh. "Something tells me I won't be able to follow your meticulous directions."

Hannibal didn't try to convince him, the younger man was probably right. "Reheated leftovers, perhaps?"

Will grasped Hannibal's hand tighter and began to lead him to the kitchen. "Yeah, leftovers are more my style anyway."

Once in the kitchen, Hannibal was more confident with each step. He probably could've maneuvered around the room on his own, even without seeing, yet he didn't necessarily want Will to let go of him yet.

"In the refrigerator there should be two plastic containers with blue lids. They simply need to be reheated in the oven at 350 degrees," Hannibal directed. He briefly wondered if all of his "other" ingredients were out of view. Will finally let go of his hand and Hannibal heard the fridge open. Will wandered around the kitchen for a while, and then before long the oven beeped.

"Do you have wine here somewhere?" Will asked from the other side of the kitchen.

Hannibal adjusted the plastic sunglasses over his eyes. "Yes, over in the other room there's a wine cabinet. Pick whichever you would like. However, a red wine will go best with this particular meat."

He heard Will disappear into the other room and then signal his return with the pop of a cork. There was a distinguishable sound of wine being poured into two glasses, then Will walked over to bring one to Hannibal.

"Thank you," Hannibal said with a smile, reaching out blindly to take the glass. Just as his fingers brushed the cooled surface, it disappeared from his grasp. "Is there something wrong?" He asked, furrowing his brow.

"Nope, you can grab it," Will said, only after a small amused laugh slipped out.

Hannibal huffed, reaching out again only for Will to pull the glass away once more. “You are acting as a child would, Will.”

“I think it’s amusing,” Will admitted, finally handing Hannibal the glass of wine.

Hannibal took a small sip, pleased with Will’s choice in wine. “Poking fun at my temporary disability? Rather rude of you.”

“Not ‘poking fun’, just taking advantage of you finally not being invincible,” Will replied, and by the sound of his footsteps, Hannibal presumed he was going to retrieve the dinner.

“I don’t see a difference,” Hannibal argued.

“Oh there’s a difference,” Will assured, returning to Hannibal’s side while carrying the food. “Poking fun would be to ridicule you or something. I’m just enjoying myself.” And, with that statement, Hannibal felt something warm get smeared across his cheek.

Hannibal recoiled, reaching a hand up to block further attacks. “What did you put on me?”

Will let out a laugh. “Oh calm down, it’s just some sauce. You just looked so unsuspecting, I couldn’t resist.”

Hannibal frowned. “Of course I didn’t suspect it, I can’t see anything.” He reached a hand out to the counter to find a napkin.

“Yeah, yeah,” Will scoffed. “It was funny nonetheless. Here, let me get that.”

Hannibal felt a towel gently wiping at his face, and Hannibal paused, almost shocked by the domesticity of Will’s actions.

Hannibal smiled at the other man when he felt fingertips trailing softly along the side of his cheekbone.

Will apparently realized what he’d done, and he cleared his throat and pulled his hand away.

“So, um, it’s getting late, how long do you want me to stay?” Will asked once they had finished eating.

Hannibal instinctually raised his wrist to look at his watch before dropping his arm back down in disappointment.

“It’s a quarter past eleven,” Will clarified, apparently having seen Hannibal’s sad attempt. “The optometrist said you probably won’t regain your vision for another hour or two”

Hannibal nodded in understanding. “You are more than welcome to stay the night if you wish.”

Will was quiet for a moment. “Well I mean the dogs are already fed, and I’d hate for something to happen to you during the night when you can’t see…”

Hannibal sensed something else in his patient's tone. He heard the slight drumming of the man's trembling fingers on the countertop. "Will, you cannot run from the nightmares that haunt you at night. However, I am more than happy to try and help chase them away."

Hannibal wished he could see the other man. He hoped he hadn't been too blunt and scared him away.

"Come on, let's get you to your bedroom," Will said at last, ignoring the comment as Hannibal's hand was taken and pulled forward again.

The stairs were slightly tricky, however by leaning on Will and the railing, he made it up without injury. In his bedroom, Hannibal felt more at ease.

With practiced efficiency, Hannibal slid off his tie and jacket. "You may borrow sleepwear if you would like."

"I think I'm okay with boxers and a t-shirt, but thank you," Will replied from the other side of the bedroom. He sounded unusually far away, and Hannibal presumed the man was facing away from him respectfully. Hannibal took the opportunity to slip into pajama pants and a maroon (or so he hoped) sweater. After folding up his suit to the best of his ability without his eyesight, he turned back towards his patient.

"Out of an inability to search the house for spare blankets, if you are comfortable with the idea, you may sleep in here with me," Hannibal offered, feeling his way around the room until he made it to the bed. "This method also may be more beneficial in keeping away nightmares."

He heard Will linger around the room for a moment before finally making his way to the other side of the bed.

"Here, I'll turn the light off so you can remove those plastic sunglasses," Will suggested, and Hannibal heard a click of a light switch.

"Thank you," Hannibal replied, removing the awful eyewear. He squinted into the darkness, but still had no vision whatsoever. He reached forward and felt for the bed, finally finding blankets and slipping underneath. He kept to one side of the bed, leaving plenty of room for his patient.

After a moment of hesitation, he felt the bed shift as Will slid underneath the covers on the opposite side. The two were silent for a few minutes, and Hannibal would have thought the man were asleep if his breathing weren't still erratic.

"Can you see?" Will whispered as if he wasn't sure if Hannibal was awake or not.

"No," Hannibal replied.

"Okay."

After another few minutes, Hannibal felt the bed rise and sink as Will crawled across it. Hannibal didn't move as he felt warm breath ghosting over his face. At first the younger man

was cautious and hesitant, but then he felt soft lips catching his own.

Hannibal smiled to himself, briefly thinking that maybe being a little vulnerable once in a while wouldn’t be too bad.

Shopping Contest

Chapter Notes

> I recognize that I am a horrible person for never updating, and I apologize. Still, I made a promise so I will get to every prompt request eventually. Thank you all for reading:*
>
> For yukti: I took a little bit of a spin off your prompt but I tried to maintain the original idea. I hope you like it!

Will stood in the corner of the forensics lab, watching Beverly, Brian, and Jimmy work from a distance. Another day, another killer, it was all beginning to blur to Will. He stared at the corpse in the center of the table, burnt to a crisp.

“Any progress?” Alana asked, walking into the lab through the heavy metal doors. “Jack sent me in here to see if there was any profiling I could try and help with.”

“Well, it’s difficult to gather DNA or material evidence when the murder scene is set up in flames,” Beverly remarked, taking off her gloves and letting out a resigned sigh. “I like your dress, by the way. Very cute.”

Jimmy nodded in agreement and Alana smiled politely. “Thank you, Hannibal bought it for me,” she replied, a hint of something else in her voice.

Beverly raised an eyebrow. “Oh? I didn’t realize you two had something going on.”

Will concealed a scoff. “Something tells me Dr. Lecter has an interest in… someone else.”

Alana shot him a confused glare. “Are you sure there are no past feelings influencing your opinion?”

Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian all turned to look at Will expectantly, all apparently eager for gossip.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re not compatible for me, nor I for you, I get it,” Will remarked sarcastically. “I’m not saying he couldn’t have feeling for you, he just, well, doesn’t.”

Brian gave an awkward cough. “I mean he isn’t completely unreasonable. Dr. Lecter is a genuinely nice person; he might buy stuff for all his colleagues.”

Alana was unimpressed. “You don’t see the way he acts, though. Even all the Ph. D. candidates we used to examine thought that the two of us were having an affair.”

“I didn’t mean to upset you,” Will replied, though not really meaning it. “All I’m saying is it’s a dress, not a proclamation of love.”

Alana wore a stern face. “So you think he would’ve done the same thing for anyone else?”

Will gave a halfhearted shrug. “Possibly.”

“Well I know how we can find out,” Jimmy piped up, poorly hiding his excitement. He walked around the examination table to stand between Alana and Will, smiling at both of them. “The two of you should each go shopping with the man. Then just see who he spends more on.”

“Whoa whoa, don’t you think that’s taking advantage of Dr. Lecter’s good intentions?” Brian asked, interrupting his colleague’s enthusiasm.

“Then let’s set some ground rules,” Beverly suggested. “Don’t express interest in anything over $100, and no straightforward asking if he’ll buy you something. Merely comment that a product seems interesting and move on. He has to offer.”

Will huffed and rolled his eyes, barely believing that they were actually having this conversation. Alana, however, seemed confident.

“Deal,” she replied instantly. “I’ll take him to the store this week, and Will, you ask him sometime next week. If we ask too soon, he’ll get suspicious.”

Will shook his head and turned to pace around the room. “This is ridiculous; I never agreed to this.”

“Alright, then I’ll ask Hannibal to dinner on Friday instead and we can pretend this conversation never happened,” Alana offered.

Will felt a pang of something he couldn’t quite distinguish between anger, jealousy, or pain. “No. Fine. I’ll do the shopping thing.”

“Can we place bets on this? I definitely want to place bets,” Brian laughed, though completely serious.

“$20 on Will Graham!” Jimmy instantly shouted out.

“My money is on Will as well,” Beverly commented with a sly smile, ignoring the disapproving look she received from Alana.

“Why do all of you seem to think Hannibal likes Will better?” Alana asked, clearly displeased. She crossed her arms over her chest and raised an eyebrow.

Will shrugged, hands in his pockets. He had to admit, it probably wasn’t fair to all gang up on Alana. Yet, he felt no need to stop Jimmy from his over exaggerated outburst.

“Can’t you just feel the tension between them?” Jimmy asked, dragging out the words. “It’s like watching a hunter eye his prey.” His nose crinkled in delight, looking about excited as he

is when he talks about bees.

Will furrowed his brow at the comparison, but decided to push the thought out of his head rather than analyze it.

Alana gave an unbelieving look. “But Will, aren’t you…?”

Her words trailed off, the unspoken assumption left to fade into air. Will sensed what she was implying, and again just shrugged.

“Isn’t he what?” Brian asked, a confused gaze flicking between Alana and Will.

Will saw Jimmy and Beverly shoot each other a smirk, but nothing was said out loud. Brian looked at everyone in the room, hopelessly lost.

“Well either way, this contest should settle it,” Alana resigned with a sigh. “I’ll update you guys in a few days; in the meantime, you may want to consider changing your wagers.”

Alana turned and walked briskly out of the room, leaving Will trying to conceal a grin.

oOo

Three days later, Will reentered the lab per request of Beverly. He wasn’t surprised to see the three scientists accompanied by Alana, with a handful of receipts.

“$182.50,” the psychiatrist declared with a smile. “All guidelines followed, he offered to buy each item and everything individually was under $100.”

Will gave a slight bow of his head in approval, honestly a little shocked that she got Dr. Lecter to spend that much. However, he wasn’t worried in the slightest.

“Congratulations,” he said, trying to sound sincere.

“I think I should become better friends with Hannibal,” Beverly commented, rummaging through the receipts. “If these are the benefits of a friendship, I’m certainly interested.”

“You still used the term ‘friendship’,” Alana mentioned, shooting her a glance.

Beverly brushed it off, ignoring the accusation.

“Well let’s see how things go next week with Will,” Jimmy said with a smile, briefly catching Will’s glance and winking.

Will averted his gaze, a smile fighting at the corners of his mouth. “Yeah, we’ll see.”

oOo

One week later, Will found himself back in the lab with a receipt clenched in his hand and hidden in his pocket. The three scientists looked extremely eager to see the verdict, and Alana, though attempting to appear confident, seemed slightly nervous.

“Well? How much did he spend?” Jimmy asked, patience definitely not one of his virtues.

“I mean it doesn’t really matter, maybe Dr. Lecter was just feeling a bit more generous than usual,” Will commented, trying to relieve the intensity in the room. However, Alana appeared to deflate.

“It does matter,” Beverly insisted. “How much did he spend?”

Will shrugged. “Well we only went to one store before I became exhausted with society. Dr. Lecter wanted to continue, but I made us go home. However, he did spend…” Will pulled the crumpled up receipt out of his pocket and pretended to read the number, though he had it memorized since it was printed. “$570”

“Ha!” Jimmy yelled, turning towards Brian and holding out his hand. The man opposite him groaned and took his wallet out, handing Jimmy $20.

Alana watched the exchange. “Brian, you bet on me?”

Zeller averted his gaze. “Not necessarily.”

“He bet that Hannibal wouldn’t spend more than $350,” Jimmy chimed in, looking quite pleased.

“I’m sorry, Alana, this was a dumb idea anyway,” Will apologized, looking reluctantly at her.

“No, no worries. I understand,” she replied with a small smile. “Besides, I met someone the other day who seemed to make me hope that you would win anyway.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “Really? Who?”

“Her name is Margot,” Alana replied.

The short silence that followed was interrupted by a clap from Beverly. “That’s amazing! So everyone’s a winner here,” she declared.

“Speak for yourself, I’m out twenty bucks,” Brian muttered, but Will could tell he wasn’t truly upset.

“I’m happy for you,” Will said to Alana, averting his gaze downwards. “I’m glad you found someone… mentally stable.”

Alana’s countenance softened. “Will, you know I didn’t mean that to be offensive. Besides, you’ve got Hannibal now. If anyone could be a better, more moral and sane person to suit you, it’s him.”

Will smiled, his eyes flicking up to meet hers. “Yeah, I guess I lucked out.”

oOo

“Hannibal? There’s something I should probably tell you,” Will began, leaning up against the counter. The warm scent of Italian spices gave the kitchen an elegant aroma.

Dr. Lecter paused from making dinner, turning to face the younger man. “Yes?”

Will shifted slightly under his gaze. “Some acquaintances at work had a little contest, and it involved you and me.”

The psychiatrist was quiet for a heartbeat. “You are speaking in past tense, which implies I either missed it or was unaware of my participation.”

Will felt the tips of his ears grow hot in mild embarrassment. “The latter is correct.”

Dr. Lecter nodded, unfazed. “Did we succeed?”

“Yes. Well no. I mean I did,” Will stuttered. “You were less of a contestant and more of the actual challenge.”

The doctor was quiet in contemplation, probably reflecting on the past few weeks. “And here I thought you actually enjoyed shopping and spending time with me.”

Will let out a small laugh, not in the least surprised that the man was able to infer what the contest was. “I do, trust me. It was just because Alana insisted that you were into her because you bought her a dress or something. So, as a result, I got sucked into a contest for who you would spend more money on.”

Hannibal turned the flames of the stove off, the vegetables now perfectly caramelized, and stepped closer towards Will. He tsked, clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth. “Now Will, I thought you knew better than to engage in a competition that you knew you would certainly have an unfair advantage.”

Will bowed his head, peeking up coyly at the psychiatrist. “I wanted her and everyone else to know.”

Dr. Lecter closed the gap between them, pressing up against the smaller man and looking down at him. “Know what? That I quite fancy you more than them? That I would certainly give anything to please you? That I could never be so consumed by someone other than yourself?”

“I wanted them to know that you are mine,” Will admitted at last, grinning at the man.

Dr. Lecter leaning in and captured Will’s lips in his own, reaching a hand up to tangle in Will’s hair.

“So you’re not mad?” Will murmured into the psychiatrist, his hands reaching out to wrap around the man’s waist.

“Never,” Dr. Lecter assured.

However, the hand in Will's hair suddenly tightened its grasp and pulled Will away so that Dr. Lecter could look him in the eyes.

"Though I hope you know, my money will not go to waste. You will wear *everything* that I have purchased for you," Dr. Lecter stated, though the crinkling at the corners of his eyes showed he was not entirely serious.

"I'd love to," Will agreed, again leaning in to kiss the psychiatrist. "But right now, I think I might still be wearing a little too much…"

Movie Night

Chapter Notes

> For Anonm who asked for Will showing Hannibal a cheesy movie.
> also sorry this chapter starts with a teeny bit of angst but it gets happy rather abruptly and inexplicably but oh well

"I feel like our fall has fixed the teacup," Hannibal mentioned in a casual tone. He leaned up against the kitchen counter. The room was still relatively foreign to him, nothing compared to his old kitchen back in Baltimore, however he would get used to it soon enough.

Will gave a small laugh into his cup of coffee before taking a small sip. "Trust me, the teacup has been shattered, crushed to dust, and drowned in the water at the bottom of the cliff."

Hannibal tilted his head, trying to catch the younger man's gaze. He placed his own coffee mug on the counter and nudged it away in disinterest. "Then why have you reverted back to your old ways? You avoid eye contact, you clearly stay away from personal conversations, and you've yet to come anywhere near me. I feel as though while your wounds from the dragon healed, the scars have sealed over all the progress that you have made. It's as if it is your first day of therapy again, with your sarcastic comments from the upper level of my old office."

At this confession, Will's blue eyes finally flicked up to meet Hannibal's. He placed his mug on the counter next to Hannibal's before crossing his arms over his chest. He gave a small shrug, but made no comment other than the nonverbal sorrow that his eyes expressed.

After the silence, Hannibal continued. "I thought we had become more intimate after all this time, yet you can no longer stand to look at me. You and I are just alike; I can only imagine how you treat yourself in the depths of your solitude. I surely hope that you do not regret anything that has happened."

Will sighed. "It's not anything to do with who you are, who I am, or what we've done. I now see the world through your eyes, and what we did, what you do, is beautiful. That's not the issue."

Hannibal stepped closer, invading Will's personal space. However, unlike all those years ago, the man no longer flinches away. Hannibal reached out tentatively and took hold of Will's hands. "Then please, Will, tell me what is wrong."

Will kept his head down, gazing emptily at the small space between them. He gave Hannibal's hands a squeeze before dropping them and turning away. "This is the issue," he exclaimed, his back to the psychiatrist. "We killed a man together in the moonlight, needless

to say that that was neither of our first kill by any means, and now we've run away together with the hopes of a normal relationship."

"Are you saying normalcy is impossible? I disagree," Hannibal countered. "Killing together brought us closer together, but there is no reason we cannot begin again from here."

Will gave an exasperated laugh. "Most people bond over movies and dinner dates, not murder and mutilation."

Hannibal once again stepped towards Will, this time placing a hand on the man's shoulder. "Then let us take in a movie. Let us go out to dinner."

Will finally turned around and looked at the psychiatrist, unconvinced. "You really want to attempt to be normal?"

"If that so pleases you, then I am more than happy to oblige," Hannibal agreed.

Will sighed, a soft smile pulling at the corners of his mouth. "Alright. Let's go watch a movie. I'm not really up for going out to a theater right now, so I hope you're content with just the TV in the living room."

Hannibal smiled. "As you wish."

oOo

"What will we be watching?" Hannibal asked, taking a seat on the leather couch and crossing one leg over the other.

Will clicked a button on the remote, starting the movie. He walked to turn off the lights before joining the psychiatrist on the couch. "Beethoven," he replied simply.

"The composer?" Hannibal asked hopefully.

Will smiled. "Not quite."

Hannibal was silenced when a bunch of paw prints raced across the screen. He narrowed his eyes, glaring at Will when a large beast of a dog appeared. "Will?"

The man didn't respond, rather he scooted closer to Hannibal on the couch, leaning alongside the man. He reached down and laced his fingers with Hannibal's. "I have been shot twice, stabbed in the face among other places, drugged, gutted, and almost had my face sliced off. All of which, might I add, was your fault. If I can handle all of that, you can survive one simple movie."

Hannibal placed his opposite arm around the younger man, allowing Will to rest his head on his shoulder. "Fair enough."

Now, Hannibal knew he had an appreciation for all forms of art whatsoever. Be it drawing, opera, music, plays, or literature, he could find something beautiful in almost anything. However, this movie was as far from beautiful as possible. The simple-minded plot could

barely entertain a seven year old child nevertheless an almost fifty year old man. The only thing that prevented Hannibal from leaving the room was Will lying against his chest sleeping.

Hannibal would have found it amusing that even Will fell asleep during this dreadful movie had he not fallen unconscious on top of the remote. Hannibal figured he could either attempt to dig underneath Will to try and locate the remote control and risk waking the man up, or he could sit and suffer through another hour of the movie. He chose the latter only due to how peaceful Will looked when asleep. He could watch the man sleep all night, and it was much more pleasing than the movie.

The true horror set in when the movie ended and Hannibal then discovered that the disk looped back to the beginning and began playing again. By 3:50 AM, Hannibal had seen that giant dog save the day three times. Just as it was beginning to replay again, Will stirred on his lap.

Will groaned and rubbed at his eyes. “What time is it? Why is the movie still on?”

Hannibal gently brushed a brown curl from the other’s face. “It’s nearly four in the morning, and this movie has been playing nonstop. Have I served my sentence long enough or will you still hold me to the pain that I have caused you?”

Will laughed. “If you’re asking if I’m still going to blame you for everything and use your guilt to make you do whatever I want, then yes, I am most definitely still going to do that. However, right now, you may go to bed.” He stretched out further on Hannibal’s lap like a cat, seemingly uninterested in moving out of the way.

Hannibal sighed and tucked an arm under the empath’s knees and shoulders, lifting him up bridal style akin to how he’d carried him away from the Verger estate. Will lazily wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck in response.

Hannibal walked into Will’s bedroom and put the man into his bed. He pulled the covers over him and gently ran his hand over the side of Will’s face. He leaned down and placed a light kiss to Will’s forehead before turning around to walk back to his own bedroom.

He was stopped when a hand shot out and grasped a handful of his sleeve and pulled him backwards. Hannibal turned back around to see Will looking up at him from under the covers.

“Stay.”

The one word was all Hannibal needed to instantly stride around to the other side of the bed and slide under the blankets. He stayed to one end, respectfully keeping his distance. However, after a moment he felt the mattress shift beneath him. He then felt Will roll up against his right side and settle against him. In response, Hannibal rolled onto his side and wrapped an arm around Will’s waist, holding him close.

This was his Will Graham. This was the man he’d spent years creating and evolving and deceiving and loving. This was the man he never wanted to let go.

Kidnapping

Chapter Notes

For Nadeshiko09, who asked for a fic where "Will is kidnapped by Hannibal in a jealous rage."

This chapter is a bit longer than usual, hope you don't mind
i hope you guys like it:)

“Mr. Graham? Is that you?”

Will looked up from the boxes of cereal all lined up perfectly down aisle 10 of the grocery store. “Matthew?”

The man bowed in greeting. “The one and only.”

Will looked down the rest of the aisle, before meeting Matthew Brown’s gaze. “If you don’t mind me asking, why are you here?”

The former nurse shrugged. “I've always liked Florence, however I never would've expected you to. You know, everyone back home still thinks you’re dead from that little tumble over the cliff."

Will fought the habitual urge to avert his gaze and scratch nervously at the back of his neck. “Well I’d like to keep it that way if you don’t mind. However, what I meant to ask is why you are here and not in prison for murder and attempted murder.”

Matthew gave a cheeky smile. “I could ask you the same thing, couldn’t I? To be fair, isn’t it your fault that I was caught attempting murder? I was only carrying out a favor for a friend.”

Will narrowed his eyes in irritation. “Matthew.”

“Oh alright, fine,” The nurse gave in with a laugh. “I plead insanity and got sent back to the BSHCI. I got out early after a few years of ‘good behavior.'”

Will raised an eyebrow, though not really shocked with the inefficiencies of the legal system back in the U.S. anymore.

“Now, I think we have some catching up to do, do we not?” Matthew continued. “After all, I do believe we had an intriguing conversation about a pair of hawks. What would you say to dinner at my place tonight?”

“He’s busy.”

Will didn’t have to turn around to feel the looming presence of Dr. Lecter joining the two men. He must've walked up silently behind him after he'd finished shopping in the previous aisle.

“Well if it isn’t the Chesapeake Ripper himself,” Matthew greeted with mock sincerity.

The psychiatrist stepped forward so that he was standing a few inches in front of Will. “I would prefer it if you would not use that title so amply.”

Matthew grinned, raising an eyebrow. “My apologies, Hannibal the Cannibal.”

Will saw Dr. Lecter stiffen up, barely noticeable unless one was looking for it. Will pushed back in front of the older man. “Alright Matthew, we’ll accept your invitation for dinner. Is 8:00 good for you?”

“I’m sorry but I’m afraid there’s only room for two at my dinner table,” Matthew commented, putting on a face of fake sorrow. “Your friend is going to have to stay behind.”

“Fine,” Will agreed before Dr. Lecter could interrupt. “Just us, then.”

Matthew smiled, darting a hand out and snatching Will’s arm.
Will heard Dr. Lecter growl, but the man didn’t move yet. Instead, Matthew held tight to his arm while he pulled out a pen. He scrawled down some writing on the skin of Will’s forearm before giving one last squeeze and dropping his grasp.

“There’s my address. I’ll see you at eight,” Matthew gave a childish wink before turning and striding away.

Once the nurse was out of sight, Dr. Lecter walked up to stand closely behind Will, his hands reaching up to hold onto the younger man protectively. “You’re not actually considering going, are you?”

Will shrugged, pulling away from the psychiatrist’s hold. “Yeah, why not? I’m, oh how do you so elegantly put it, ‘curious what will happen?’”

Dr. Lecter shot him an icy glare before turning away. “Get the rest of the groceries, please. I’ll see you back at home.”

oOo

The rest of the evening was spent in unsettling silence. Dr. Lecter hadn’t spoken to Will since they left the grocery store. Still, Will tried not to let it affect him.

At 7:30, Will was getting ready to leave for Matthew’s house. He didn’t really want to go, but at this point he knew he couldn’t just back out.

Will cautiously approached the psychiatrist, who was reading in an armchair in the corner. “I, uh, I’m going to leave now.”

Dr. Lecter didn’t even glance up. “Have fun.”

Will sighed and was about to turn away when the doctor's hand reached out and caught his own. Dr. Lecter put down his book before reaching out his other hand to fully envelope Will's. He looked up, his eyes just as sincere as they had been when they were standing at the top of the cliff. "I'm sorry, Will. Please, don't go."

Will swallowed and his heart went still in his chest. The amount of emotion the psychiatrist portrayed as he begged him to stay almost was enough to make Will forget he even planned to leave to begin with. Almost.

"I have to go," Will replied softly, pulling his hand away from the psychiatrist.

Almost instantly, the warm light drained from Dr. Lecter's eyes and he turned away. He picked his book back up and waved a hand in dismissal of Will.

Will frowned, but walked away nonetheless. He gave one last glance towards the psychiatrist before opening the front door.

"If you leave, you will regret it."

The words were spoken so casually that they sent spikes of cold fear down Will's spine. Yet he knew he couldn't give in to the psychiatrist so easily. He wasn't a child; he could make his own decisions without asking permission. So, Will took a deep breath and walked out the door.

oOo

"Mr. Graham, glad you could make it," Matthew greeted, stepping aside to let Will in the house. The house was relatively small, at least compared to the domain that Will and Hannibal had acquired. "Dinner is on the table, you're just in time."

Not surprisingly, the table was plenty big for more than two people, so clearly Matthew had just not wanted Dr. Lecter to come along.

Will sat down across from Matthew, eyeing him suspiciously. "Are you planning on killing me tonight?" Abrupt, yes, but Will was never one for subtleties.

Matthew raised his eyebrows in mock surprise. "Killing you? Of course not. I'm just here to talk, and possibly reunite what could have been."

Will looked down at his plate and used a fork to nudge around a piece of meat. "I'm not interested in hunting with you."

Matthew leaned across the table. "No, no see we've talked about this. The downfall of hawks is that they are solitary; together we can be unstoppable."

Will shrugged. "I'm not solitary."

Matthew scoffed and stood up from his chair, pacing around the room. "What, you mean Dr. Lecter? I easily could've killed him. I'm stronger than him, I'm better than him, and I'm better for you."

Will didn't flinch as the man walked up behind him, leaning over him.

"You know I'm right," Matthew murmured in his ear, reaching a hand up to caress the edge of Will's jaw.

Suddenly there was a sickening thud and the warm being looming behind Will disappeared. A rough sack was thrown over Will's head and he was enveloped in darkness. A large arm snaked around his neck, constricting until Will lost consciousness.
oOo
The bag was ripped off Will's head and he squinted into the light. He tried to reach his hands up to rub at his eyes, but he found that they were fastened to the wooden chair beneath him. The forearm that once had Matthew's address on it had been smudged into a smear of ink. He coughed, his throat still sore.

"Hello?" He rasped, trying to look around. His captor stood behind him, completely out of sight. The room was completely bare, and the walls were all concrete.

After a few heartbeats, the figure walked away, its heavy steps echoing as it left the room.

Will didn't know how long he'd been waiting. Minutes, hours, days; he couldn't tell. He was hungry, thirsty, and tired. He called out until his throat went numb, but no one ever answered.

Finally, he heard his captor return. It walked towards him with a familiar squeaking sound of plastic that Will didn't quite recognize until it stopped behind him and doused him with a large bucket of water.

Will sputtered, shaking water out of his hair and breathing heavily.

"I can still smell him on you."

"Hannibal?! What are you doing? Let me go!" Will yelled angrily, rage building as the older man walked into his view.

He was wearing his plastic suit, which explained the squeaking sound. It was splattered in some places with blood, not yet washed off. "You reek of that boy. I am simply solving that issue."

"Then untie me and I'll take a shower," Will retorted bitterly. "We didn't even do anything; we just sat there at the table."

Dr. Lecter tilted his head. "That's not what it looked like to me."

"Well you were wrong," Will stated blandly, water still dripping from his hair. "Now what's your problem? Don't you think this is a little extreme?"

The psychiatrist stepped closer, gently running a hand down Will's cheek, wiping away a few drops of water "My problem is that you and I both know what Matthew had done to me. I still have the scars. Yet you joined him for dinner anyway."

Will narrowed his eyes. "No, you're lying. Or at least, you're not telling the whole truth."

Dr. Lecter frowned and pulled away, turning to wander around the chair. “Is that so? Is a near death experience not enough to validate my feeling towards that man?”

“No,” Will confirmed. “It’s not. You’re proud of those scars because, by proxy, I gave them to you. I think the problem is that you’re jealous.”

Dr. Lecter scoffed. “What have I to envy of him?”

Will twisted his wrists under the bonds, testing their strength. “Me,” he replied nonchalantly. “You don’t like that he invited me on a dinner date.”

“It wasn’t a date,” Dr. Lecter growled, turning away from Will.
Will lifted his chin defiantly, feeling water run down from his hair down the back of his neck. “It was a date and you knew it. You didn’t want me to spend time with him, or anyone for that matter. You don’t want me to have anything in my life but you. So as a result, you kidnapped me and left me down here for God knows how long as my punishment.”

Will could tell the psychiatrist’s heart rate was elevated. The man concealed it well, but after spending so long with him, Will learned the signs.

After a long silence, Dr. Lecter finally spoke up. “Is that so wrong?”

“I think the obvious answer is ‘yes’,” Will replied.

Dr. Lecter turned back around to face his former patient, slowly striding forward. The blood on his plastic suit was beginning to dry and cement itself to the material. “I disagree. I believe it’s completely understandable to get defensive when someone tries to take away something that I love.”

Will averted his gaze, feeling blood rush up his neck and to the tips of his ears. “I think your methods of being defensive are a little unorthodox.”

Dr. Lecter knelt down in front of Will so that they were eye level. “Have we not always been a little unorthodox?”

Will longed to reach out and run his fingers through the man’s silky hair in gentle reassurance, but his tied wrists prohibited him. It never ceased to amaze him how he always ended up forgiving the psychiatrist despite all the horrible things he’d done.

Will looked down at Dr. Lecter’s apologetic maroon eyes. “I promise you, Hannibal, I’m not going to leave you. You don’t need to protect me as if any little thing could set me off to run away.”

Dr. Lecter leaned forward to briefly catch Will’s lips in his own. “You will never understand how much it means to hear you say that.”

Will smiled. “So, uh, can you untie me now?”

The psychiatrist gave Will one last peck on the lips before standing up and starting to walk away. “I’ll go grab some scissors.”

“Oh and Hannibal? Who’s blood is that on your plastic suit?” Will called out behind him.

Will heard the footsteps pause for a moment in their tracks. Dr. Lecter cleared his throat. “Needless to say, Matthew should not be bothering you ever again.”

Protection

Chapter Summary

> For Hannigraaaaaaam, who requested a fic where "Detectives at a crime scene are being rude to Will and won't let up until Hannibal steps in to protect his precious Mongoose"

Will could feel them watching him. He heard their snickers behind his back. He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to block them out, choosing to instead try and focus on the crime scene.

“He’s crazy, just look at him.”

“Did you see that quote in the paper? This guy thinks about killing people for a living. We all work for the FBI but I certainly wouldn’t say that I think about killing all the time.”

“I heard somewhere that he doesn’t even need glasses, he just uses them to avoid eye contact.”

“Yeah I’ve heard that too. Y’know I was told pretty early in training that if a suspect avoids eye contact, he’s guilty. What do you think Graham’s guilty of?”

Will buried his face in his hands, unable to stop the inhumane whine that slipped out of his mouth. Did these other detectives think he was deaf? He knew he should just face them; talk to them like a mature adult and put an end to all the accusations. But at the same time, there were four of them and one of him. He could never stand his own ground.

He felt cold sweat trailing down his spine. He kept his back to the other detectives, trying to remain passive. He took a deep breath, looking back down at the mutilated corpse. The golden pendulum swung back and forth under his eyelids as he began to slip into the killer’s mind.

“Hey buddy-”

Will jolted at the contact of a hand on his shoulder. He was breathing heavily now, and his hands couldn’t stop shaking.

“Hey hey, calm down, freak. We don’t got all day here, you almost done with your psychopathic mojo shit?”

Will looked down, casting his gaze aside. He wished Jack were here. Jack always made the other detectives leave the room. Where was Jack?

“Hey, I’m talking to you?” The detective shoved him back.

“Um, yeah, sorry,” Will muttered. He searched his pockets, fishing out his glasses and putting them on.

“Hah, get a load of this,” The detective called back to his colleagues. “He’s doing the glasses thing.”

Stupid stupid stupid stupid. Will clenched his fists in frustration, knowing that he was only feeding in to their ridicules. He just had to act normal and this would all go away. What would a normal person do in this situation?

“Is something wrong, detectives?” A familiar voice instantly calmed Will.

The detective sneered. “And who might you be?”

“Doctor Hannibal Lecter. I’m a psychiatrist helping out the FBI for this case.” Dr. Lecter only stood an inch or two higher than the detective, but his ego and confidence made it clear that he was the alpha of the room.

“Psychiatrist, huh?” A second detective stepped forward. “That’s good, I think that shaky little creep could use some mind-healing.”

Dr. Lecter frowned. “Well that’s unusual, because it seems to me that that man has been able to solve countless crimes when working for the FBI. He couldn’t possibly be of a lower mentality than anyone else here. How many have you solved, Mr.-?”

The detective shifted awkwardly. “That’s besides the point. I can still act normally and function like a normal human being.”

Dr. Lecter stepped closer to him, his presence looming. “I think that’s where you’re wrong. A ‘normal’ human being would have enough decency to know how to behave in a mature manner.”

The detective rolled his eyes. “Fine, whatever you say Doctor Pretentious. We’ll just be on our way then.”

Each of the four detectives walked back towards the door, but not before the last one gave Will a particularly hard shove on the way out.

“Excuse me,” Dr. Lecter called out to the last detective. “Could you come back here a moment?”

The detective shifted in his place, hesitant. He looked to his colleagues for reassurance, but they just shrugged. Finally he walked back towards the psychiatrist. “Yeah?”

“I believe you owe Mr. Graham an apology. You seem to have run into him on your way out the door.” Dr. Lecter stated.

Will looked away and crossed his arms defensively. “It’s fine, don’t worry.”

Dr. Lecter turned back to face Will. “Nonsense. This man was rude and should apologize for his actions.”

“Sorry,” The man muttered, barely comprehensible.

Dr. Lecter stepped up to him, his arm darting out and catching the detective’s collar in his fist. He leaned in close to the man’s ear.

Will, only a foot or two away, heard everything.

“And if I *ever* again hear of you harassing this man, I can promise you, you won’t live to regret it,” the psychiatrist snarled before shoving the detective away.

The young detective stumbled to rush out of the room, tripping over his own feet.

“One more thing before you go,” Dr. Lecter continued. “By any chance do you have a business card?”

The detective shook his head and darted out of the room.

Will stood wide eyed, amazed by how frightened the man seemed to be. At last, he turned to face the psychiatrist. “Um, thank you,” he murmured.

Dr. Lecter smiled in return. “You cannot keep hiding within yourself when these pigs deride you. If only they could see the potential I see in you, then they would know better than to try and belittle you.”

Will gave a half-hearted laugh. “Don’t you think your threat was a little extreme though?”

“Not at all,” Dr. Lecter replied decidedly. He stepped closer to the younger man, putting his arms around him.

Will accepted the invitation, leaning his head onto the psychiatrist’s chest. “You know that I don’t need you to fight my battles for me, right? I could’ve handled them.”

Dr. Lecter hummed, and Will could feel the vibrations through his chest. “There is not a doubt in my mind that you could have easily defended yourself. However, you need to choose your battles, and this was not one of them. There will never be a day in my life that I will not fight for you.”

Will knew that logically, this should feel emasculating, yet somehow it didn’t. He felt comfortable and safe. He had spent so many years looking out for himself, so it was nice to have someone willing to do that for him.

He felt Dr. Lecter place a light kiss on the top of his head. It was strange, really, how he could be standing in a foreign room with a bloodied corpse on the ground, yet still feel so at home in the psychiatrist’s arms.

Roommates

Chapter Summary

Surprise!

"This is big, I want both of you on this case," Crawford instructed, shooting his glare at Hannibal and Will.

"For how much longer? My flight for Virginia leaves tomorrow morning and my current hotel is already booked for the weekend," Will argued, shuffling his feet away from the corpse in front of him. The girl had her skin completely removed, and she was just one of many others to be found like this.

"No, think bigger, Will," Jack replied. "This guy is already the headline of every newspaper and tabloid within a 500 mile radius. We can't go home with him still out there. I need you two to find somewhere around here to stay until further notice."

Hannibal looked the man in the eyes, confident but not quite defiant. "'Until further notice' may be rather vague for most of my clients. I do have other obligations that I must respect."

"And I have dogs to feed-" Will intruded.

Jack gave out an irritated huff. "We all have personal responsibilities. Make it work. Dr. Lecter, I suggest finding a substitute for your practice *until further notice*."

Hannibal gave a polite smile and nodded. After all, none of his current patients were particularly fascinating. None of them had any potential and none were particularly needy of his personal assistance. A temporary replacement would be more than sufficient, and he had a few colleagues in mind who would be willing to help him out. "Will, I'm sure Dr. Bloom would be thrilled to look out for your dogs for a little while," he suggested.

"Perfect," Jack stated without giving Will another opportunity to complain. "I'll see you two bright and early tomorrow morning."

At that, Jack left the crime scene.

Hannibal turned and began his exit as well, the scent of the body becoming too pungent for his delicate sense of smell. He heard Will jog to catch up with him.

"Where are you gonna stay? Who knows how long we'll be here." Will asked.

Hannibal contemplated for a moment. Hotels were costly for extended stays, and had rather insufficient dining options. Apartments may not allow for short leases. "How about we rent a

cabin? We may stay in one together if you'd like to cut costs," he offered. Of course, Hannibal could afford his own, but he was interested in how Will lived on a daily basis. This would be a wonderful opportunity.

"Um, yeah sure," Will agreed after some hesitation. "I'm sure it'll be fine."

***

It had only been one week and Hannibal was going crazy.

When they arrived, the cabin was clean and organized. Hannibal specifically chose one with an open floor plan, with two beds in opposite corners of the large space. He didn't want bedrooms where Will could stay reserved and secretive. Hannibal wanted to peek behind the curtain of Will's personal life.

However, now Hannibal would give anything for a wall or two in between them.

As predicted, Will was a delight. It was eternally fascinating to try and watch how the man's brain worked throughout the day. His morning routine was absolutely intoxicating. The limber man would get out of bed in just his boxer briefs, and Hannibal's eyes could follow him all the way into the bathroom. However his view would be cut short as the door closed and locked while Will showered. But Hannibal was patient. He would take his seat in the armchair by the fireplace and pretend to drink coffee and read the newspaper until the door reopened with a cloud of steam. His eyes could dart subtly between the newspaper and the man walking out with nothing but a towel wrapped low on his waist, with a few droplets of water still dripping from his hair and trailing down the curves of his back. These rare moments Hannibal knew he could never tire of in a million lifetimes.

Nor would he ever tire of those late nights with the lights casting long shadows across the cabin as Will's tired eyes would scan the case file countless times at the dinner table. Those beautifully dark circles seemed permanently etched on Will's countenance, carrying the burden of hundreds of lives that the man truly had no control over. Hannibal would sit across the table, his own file untouched except for a few purposeful shuffles to make it appear as though he were actually reading through it instead of staring at the top of Will's brown curls, waiting for the occasional flicker of blue eyes to appear as the man looked up after a particularly intriguing detail.

In addition, Hannibal would absolutely never grow bored of those nightmares that come to life in Will's mind in the darkest hours of the night. Hannibal would lie awake, hands crossed gently over his chest as he stared into the shadows and listened to the whimpering and rustling coming from the opposite bed. He could only imagine what wonders haunted the man's fevered thoughts. He would give anything to get a better look inside his mind instead of just listening in silence and pretending to be asleep when Will woke up and changed his sweat soaked t-shirt.

These moments, Hannibal wouldn't trade for the world. He would do anything to experience them all every day of his life.

Unfortunately, Will was a slob.

Hannibal had a day and a half of neat, organized peace before that monster ruined everything. Clothes littered the floor; he found multiple socks without matches and old t-shirt thrown across the room from the bed. Hannibal couldn't tell if the clothes were dirty or clean, and he was pretty certain Will couldn't either, but the man would pick up random articles to accumulate an outfit for the day. This, Hannibal supposed, could be tolerable if Will only messed up his own personal belongings.

"Is that one of my undershirts?" Hannibal asked one morning at breakfast, seeing the (formerly clean and unwrinkled) white shirt hanging too big on Will's shoulders.

Will gave out a small laugh. "Huh, I guess so, I must've accidentally grabbed it instead of mine."

Hannibal smiled, torn between loving how the man looked in his clothes and hating to have to reconfigure whichever outfit he had packed that required that exact shirt.

A day later, when going into the closet to take out one of his suits, Hannibal looked in dismay to find that many garments had been pulled and/or fallen from their hangers and lay in a heap on the floor.

"Will?" Hannibal called out. "Did you happen to go into my side of the closet at all?"

Will yelled out from the bathroom. "Oh yeah, sorry I was looking for a pair of pants that I couldn't find, I was hoping they would be hanging up in there."

Hannibal let out a sigh and began hanging his belongings back up, hoping they weren't too wrinkled.

Also Hannibal soon discovered that Will believes trash doesn't necessarily have to make it to the trash can. This includes old beer cans and fast food wrappers scattered around the cabin. Also, Will seems to think that wadding up old paper into a ball and throwing it in the same general direction of the trash can is "good enough" regardless of whether or not the ball actually makes it into, or anywhere near, the wastebasket.

On multiple occasions, Hannibal would be crouched to the floor picking up all of Will's failed tosses when another wad of paper would bounce off his head as Will launched it from the kitchen table.

A few aspects Hannibal has just come to accept. He accepts that Will's dishes don't get washed until they overflow from the sink, or, the more common scenario, Hannibal washes

them himself. He accepts that Will doesn't care if the toothpaste slides off the brush and solidifies on the inner edge of the sink. He accepts that Will does not mind soap scum in the showers or hair in the drain. However, Hannibal views the kitchen as his territory. While Will may pour a bowl of cereal or make a simple meal there, Hannibal is generally the master of the kitchen and the cooking. So when he came one afternoon to see that Will had caught a fish and was currently shaving the scales off of it like a madman, spraying scales and lakewater everywhere, Hannibal was not pleased. Even less so when the mess remained even after Will had finished cooking and consuming his meal.

Perhaps even all of this Hannibal could happily endure in order to enjoy the best aspects of living with Will. However, Hannibal was on his last straw when Will came home with another stray he'd found. The beast was filthy, caked in mud and God knows what else. Of course, the slimy bastard slipped out of Will's arms and took off around the cabin. It jumped on the chairs and the beds, leaving a trail of mud behind every step. It slobbered on the kitchen counters and the dinner table, happily panting and sprinting around the cabin as Will made weak attempts to stop it, instead just watching and laughing in amusement.

Hannibal bit his tongue, trying his best to maintain his composure. He sent angry glares to Will but the man either didn't notice or didn't care. Will didn't look at him at all until the furry beast leaped at Hannibal, the two crashing down in a muddy heap. Hannibal grimaced at the brown paw prints covering his suit, and the dark fur littered across the floors. The creature licked at his face, leaving a rope of saliva between his cheekbone and it's mouth. Instantly Hannibal pushed the beast off of him with a growl, returning to his feet and beginning to storm towards the dog. Hot anger built up inside him only to melt away the second he felt a warm hand on his arm. He turned to meet clear blue eyes, soft and apologetic.

"I'm sorry about the mess, Dr. Lecter. I'll clean it up." Will said softly.

Hannibal scoffed. "Like you've cleaned up everything else so far?"

Will's apology broke into a grin. "You're too uptight."

Hannibal turned to face the man, using his slight height advantage to seem more intimidating. "Excuse me?"

Will just laughed and tugged on Hannibal's sleeve, leading him towards the bathroom. "You heard me. You've been cleaning up my messes all week without saying a word to me, yet look who ended up covered in mud and slobber?"

Hannibal yanked his sleeve back. "If you knew I disliked the mess, why would you intentionally irritate me?"

"I was curious what would happen," Will smirked. "I wondered which side would outweigh the other." He grabbed Hannibal's sleeve again and pulled him to the doorway of the bathroom. "The side that hated my messes, or the side that can't seem to draw his eyes off of me when I walk into the bathroom every morning."

Hannibal's breathing grew heavier as he was pulled closer to Will. "I consider it an agreement to ignore the worst in you in order to continue enjoying the best."

Will dragged his lips up the edge of Hannibal's jaw, trailing up to his ear. "You've been cleaning up after me all week, I think it's only fair to clean you up too."

Hannibal wanted to say "*technically this is due to the dog, so it's still your mess,*" but the words caught in his throat when Will's thin fingers grazed down the front of Hannibal's dress shirt, undoing each button on the way.

"And perhaps tomorrow morning," Will continued, "you should follow your eyes and join me."

Hannibal stepped forward and closed the distance between them, catching Will's lips in his own, and deciding that he doesn't quite mind the mess anymore.

Self-Medication

Chapter Summary

Post-fight with Tobias Budge, Hannibal writes himself some prescriptions for the pain

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I feel like I've dragged you into my world," Will stated with a sigh, looking remorsefully at the battered Dr. Lecter.

"I got here on my own," Dr. Lecter replied, giving Will a reassuring smile. "But I appreciate the company."

Will ran a hand through his dark curls, slightly damp from stress and worry. The man's smile did nothing to alleviate the guilt that he felt. "Are you sure there's nothing I can do? Any medicine I can pick up to alleviate the pain? Are you sure you don't need to go to the hospital?"

Dr. Lecter shook his head. "I am alright, I've been in worse shape than this before."

Will scoffed. "Yeah, right. I'm sure you regularly get into fights and get stabbed in the leg. This was just a regular Thursday night for you." He rolled his eyes, failing to catch the brief glisten in Dr. Lecter's gaze. "Come on, you don't have to lie for my sake. I feel bad enough already; the least I can do is go pick up something to make you feel better."

The doctor paused in consideration, longer than Will would have expected. He figured the man was likely debating taking the hit to his pride and accepting help for once. Anyone who carries himself the way Dr. Lecter does would be averse to showing weakness. "I suppose you're right, Will." He turned towards his desk and opened the drawer, taking out a prescription pad. He quickly wrote out a few long words and tore the pages from the pad, handing them to Will. "I believe these would do the trick."

Will was hesitant taking the papers, narrowing his eyes at Dr. Lecter. "Are you supposed to be writing prescriptions for yourself? Isn't that some kind of ethical violation?"

The corners of Dr. Lecter's eyes crinkled in amusement. "You realize what I have just done to Mr. Budge, correct? Are you sure you want to propose a debate in ethics at this time?"

Will gave a short laugh, his stress finally starting to edge away. He grabbed the papers, taking a quick glance over the scribbles but not recognizing the drugs. He tucked them into his pants pocket and stood up. "How about I take you home? I can get these filled on the way, then I can get out of your hair."

Dr. Lecter stood up to follow, and for a moment Will thought the man almost exaggerated the slight limp.

“Are you sure no one needs to ask me any more questions?” Dr. Lecter asked, beckoning at the swarm of FBI agents and forensic scientists at all corners of the room taking pictures and collecting evidence.

Will took a quick survey of the room, locating Jack on the opposite side talking with Zeller. “Now’s our chance. Keep your head low and follow me out. By the time they realize, you’ll be long gone,” he said, looking back at the doctor with a grin.

Dr. Lecter smiled in return and quickly followed Will out of the office.

Will’s eyes flicked away from the road as he heard a pill bottle being shaken. Dr. Lecter had opened the first bottle and popped a couple pills into his mouth before opening the second bottle.

“Are you sure that’s safe?” Will asked, starting to get nervous again. The doctor must truly be in pain to take so many.

Dr. Lecter just smiled. “Am I not a doctor?” He popped a pill from the second bottle before putting the lid back on and settling back in his chair.

Will felt his ears get hot. “Well, yeah.” He looked back at the road, trying to tell himself to mind his own business. Before a minute passed, his curiosity got the better of him. “What are you taking?”

A content sigh slipped from the doctor’s lips. “My own little concoction that I discovered back during my residency. If you were concerned about my pain level, I can guarantee you that now that will not be an issue.”

Will shrugged to himself. After all, the man was right. He was a doctor; he must know what he’s doing.

By the time Will pulled into Dr. Lecter’s driveway, he felt a clearly different energy in the car than the one the doctor usually gives off. Will pulled the key from the ignition and looked to his right. The doctor’s presence seemed like a different person entirely. Dr. Lecter’s usually perfect posture had slumped, and for the first time in his life the man looked relaxed and at ease. His clothes were still ruffled from the fight, and dried blood was still at the corner of his mouth and the bridge of his nose, adding to the oddity of the doctor’s presentation. His head lolled to the side to glance back at Will, and Will could see a faint glaze over the man’s eyes.

“Dr. Lecter?” Will asked quietly, as if he wasn’t entirely certain that the man next to him was the psychiatrist he had been getting to know so well. “Are you feeling okay?”

There was a moment of lag-time before the doctor reacted, but then he grinned with a smile that showed his teeth. Will was taken aback, having been accustomed to the man’s usual

closed-lipped half-smiles.

“Dear Will, I feel phenomenal,” Dr. Lecter stated, his head rolling back against the headrest of the seat.

Will closed his eyes and ran a hand over his face, his scruff abrasive against his palms. He took a deep breath, assessing his options. He could just let the psychiatrist into the house and drive away; he had done his part to ensure the man got home safely. Then again, he couldn’t be certain that Dr. Lecter wouldn’t fall or hurt himself somehow in this state, and Will felt partly responsible for supplying the medications. Not the mention the fact that Will was strangely drawn to how at ease the psychiatrist seemed, and it was alluring how unusually he was behaving.

“Alright Dr. Lecter, let’s go inside and get some rest.” Will opened he car door and stepped out, pausing when he realized the doctor didn’t do the same. He peered through the window at the man just sitting in the car, gazing out the passenger side window with zero intention on moving. Will huffed in amusement and walked to the passenger side door and pulled it open, shooting the doctor inside an exasperated look.

Dr. Lecter gazed back up at him with wide eyes. “Oh, you meant right now? My apologies.” He swung his legs out to the side and climbed out, his injured leg shaking for a moment from the unexpected weight. He strode confidently to the front door, and Will found it almost comedic due to the man’s clear struggle to keep on a straight path. Will followed closely behind in case the doctor should fall.

Once inside, Will hurried to try and get Dr. Lecter onto the couch.

“Would you like some wine?” Dr. Lecter asked, veering away from the path to the couch to make his way towards the kitchen.

“Oh no you don’t,” Will quickly reached out to grab the man’s wrist and stop him. He grasped onto the cuff of his dress shirt and tried to pull him back towards the living room, frowning when Dr. Lecter suddenly centered his weight and wouldn’t budge. The psychiatrist whipped his head back towards him and Will instantly released the shirt, stumbling back as he saw a dark, dangerous look heavily cloaking the man’s eyes, nearly turning them a crimson hue.

But, just as quickly as it had glistened in his glare, the look was gone and replaced with a wide-eyed, harmless gaze. “Did you say something?” Dr. Lecter asked, his voice sounding relaxed and genuine.

Will blinked and shook his head. He must’ve imagined it. He reached out his hand. “Come here, let’s just sit down for a second.”

The doctor’s eyes lit up and he smiled, happy to take hold of Will’s hand and be guided to the couch. Will sat down and patted the cushion next to him, beckoning for the doctor to sit as well. He complied, but to Will’s shock, sat down directly next to him, his side pressed snug against Will’s. Dr. Lecter turned his head to the side to look happily at his companion.

Will smiled, amused with how unconcealed all the doctor's emotions were. "Wait here," he instructed, standing up and walking towards the bathroom, pretending not to notice how the doctor instinctively reached his arm out to try and prevent Will from leaving.

Will grabbed a towel from the rack in the bathroom and dampened one section, then returned to the living room. He walked over to the couch and sat back down beside Dr. Lecter. "Look here."

Dr. Lecter turned his head towards him with a grin, allowing Will to gently wipe the dried blood from his mouth and bridge of his nose. Will fought the urge to run a hand through the man's mussed up hair.

"There, all better." Will set the towel down on the end table by the couch and settled back into his seat.

"You know," Dr. Lecter began, crossing one leg over the other and stretching an arm behind Will to rest along the backrest of the couch, "You could've just dropped me off and went home."

Will gave a short laugh and looked at the floor directly in front of him, still adjusting to the close proximity of the doctor. "I considered it, but I'm not convinced you're safe to be alone right now."

Will felt a barely perceptible gust of air at his neck and he was startled to find that Dr. Lecter had leaned in closer. "I don't think that's why you stayed," he said softly in a lighthearted tone before smiling to himself.

Will raised an eyebrow, turning his head to glance at the doctor. It was so bizarre to see the man like this. It was as if his person-suit had been removed. The man's emotions came easily to the surface and were unobstructed by any self-control. Will was able to read his expressions without difficulty, which was definitely not something he had been able to do before. The ability to read Dr. Lecter was intoxicating. "No? Well, please do enlighten me."

Dr. Lecter's expression suddenly became quite serious as he held his finger to his lips as if to tell Will to be quiet. Then using his one finger, he beckoned Will to come closer. Will rolled his eyes and complied, leaning towards the doctor.

After half a minute of silence, Will pulled back and scoffed. "Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Aren't you going to whisper something to me?" Will asked, incredulous.

Dr. Lecter furrowed his brow. "Why would I whisper? There's no one else here." Suddenly the doctor's eyes went wide. "Will, do *you* see someone else here?"

Will dropped his head against the back of the couch with a sigh, running his hands through his hair. This was absolutely ridiculous. His head shot up when he felt another hand run through his hair. He quickly turned to Dr. Lecter, who was absentmindedly stroking his curls

while looking at Will with what could only be described as admiration. Will felt his cheeks grow hot as he averted his gaze and shook the man's hand off of his head.

"You know, Will," Dr. Lecter said with a sigh. "You're quite lovely when you're flustered."

Will gave a laugh that sounded harsher than he intended it to. "Yeah, well, you're quite doped up on God knows what; you won't believe that tomorrow."

Dr. Lecter frowned and reached up to cup Will's jaw in his hand, forcing the younger man to turn towards him. The psychiatrist sat up straight on the couch and leaned closer. "Nonsense, dear Will." The doctor's eyes were suddenly clear and focused, intent on staring into Will's own. "I have always thought you to be quite lovely."

Will's heart stopped at the compliment stated with such seriousness. "Well, uh, thank you," Will finally replied, turning his head to the side and averting his gaze. He still wasn't entirely convinced it wasn't the drugs talking. It was best to just tell himself it was the drugs to avoid getting his hopes up. "-Hmph!"

Will startled and stiffened when a weight landed on him. He whipped his head forward to see the psychiatrist had thrown his leg over Will and now sat straddling his thighs. The doctor once again took Will's jaw in his hand and forced eye contact.

Dr. Lecter looked concerned, his eyes scanning over Will's face. "You do not believe me. You cannot fool me, Will."

Will stared wide-eyed back at the doctor, still processing the man on his lap whose face was just inches from his own. "I, uh-" Will stammered, unsure how to respond. "I'm sorry? I don't know."

"May I?" Dr. Lecter asked, his hand caressing the side of Will's cheek. His eyes were filled with pure affection.

Will's heart raced in his chest. May he what? "Um, okay?"

Dr. Lecter smiled and leaned in. Will's heart stopped and he instinctively closed his eyes. He felt warm breath ghost over his face before hearing the man inhale deeply then pull away. Dr. Lecter then grabbed onto Will's hand, raising to his lips and placing a soft kiss against his knuckles before allowing the hand to drop from his grasp.

"Thank you," the doctor sighed in content. He flipped off of Will's lap and settled back into the couch right beside Will. His limbs seemed loose and his entire body was at ease. As if a switch was flicked, a light haze settled over the doctor's gaze. Will couldn't look away, infatuated with how unhindered the usually composed psychiatrist's emotions were right now. He felt like this was the most real version of the doctor that he had ever seen and would ever see again. He struggled to regain control of his breathing, unbelieving of what had just happened.

Dr. Lecter's eyes flicked towards Will and caught him staring. A slow smile spread across his face, once again flashing his teeth. "You like me like this, do you not?"

Will let out a short laugh, drying his sweaty palms off on the thighs of his pants. “It’s definitely a side of you that I haven’t seen before.”

The doctor narrowed his eyes at Will, tilting his head to the side. “Do you now trust me more than you had before? Being able to see me as I am now, without my usual composure?”

Will shrugged, giving a small smile. “Yeah I suppose so. I trust you.”

Once again, Dr. Lecter’s visage lit up with content. He readjusted himself on the couch, pulling his legs up onto the seat and laying down to rest his head on Will’s lap. “Then it worked,” the man mumbled.

“What?” Will asked, looking down at the man now nuzzling into his thigh.

Dr. Lecter turned to face upwards and sighed. He reached a hand up to brush against Will’s stubble. Will inadvertently leaned into the touch, then felt his ears grow pink when he realized what he did. The man below him just gave another toothy grin. “So beautiful.”

Will laughed it off and shook his head, looking anywhere but down. “You won’t remember any of this once you’ve sobered up.”

The hand against his cheek reached back to the nape of his neck, entwining with the hair there and giving it a short tug, forcing Will to meet Dr. Lecter’s gaze again.

“Then give me something worth remembering.”

Will froze, feeling suspended in time. The eyes locked on his were clear and Will could easily register the man’s desire. His breath caught in his throat as he subconsciously licked his lips and bit at his own tongue. He could feel his heart racing in his chest as he began to feel a distinct loss in the quantity of blood being sent to his brain. Finally he shook his head again and pushed the doctor off his lap, standing up from the couch to get some much needed distance before he did anything he would regret.

He paced around the room, trying to regain control of his breathing. After all, this was *Hannibal.* The man who never let his guard down and expertly concealed his emotions at all times. So why was this man deliberately making himself vulnerable in front of Will? Why was he allowing Will to see all the feelings that the man had never acted upon, or even spoken into existence?

He watched Dr. Lecter rise from the couch, wobbling for a moment before regaining stability. He walked with languid strides, almost like a cat; smooth and controlled with an alluring, relaxed saunter mixed into each step. He didn’t slow his pace as he approached Will, stopping just inches short of bumping into him. Without hesitation, the man wrapped his arms around Will’s waist and pulled him closer.

Will tensed up, turning his head away to try and get some air.

“Why are you fighting, Will?” Dr. Lecter asked, ducking his head down to inhale near the crook of Will’s neck.

Will gave a shaky laugh. “’Cause you’re not in the right headspace for this. You’ll wake up tomorrow and not have any memories of this.” He felt the heat of the doctor’s chest pressing against his own, and he couldn’t tell if it was his heart or Dr. Lecter’s that was pounding so loudly.

“Then the way I see it,” Dr. Lecter purred at his ear. “You’ve got nothing to lose.”

Will let his head fall back as he swallowed down a likely embarrassing sound. He felt teeth nipping at the side of his neck, followed by the gently press of lips.

Will squeezed his eyes shut but couldn’t convince himself to push away. “What if you do remember? What if you remember and you regret it, or worse, you never wanted it to begin with?”

The hand at his waist reached up to the back of his head, once ahead grabbing a handful of hair and tugging it back.

“I promise you these drugs do not put ideas into my head,” Dr. Lecter explained between nips at his earlobe. “Anything that I want now, I’ve always wanted.”

That was all that Will needed to hear.

Chapter End Notes

lmao does anyone even still read this? It's been a few years but I had some free time. Hope you enjoyed it!

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